

THE
F A M O U S
HISTOR'Y
OF THE
Seven Champions
OF
CHRISTENDOM.

Saint GEORGE of *England*, Saint DENIS of *France*,
Saint JAMES of *Spain*, Saint ANTHONY of *Italy*,
Saint ANDREW of *Scotland*, Saint PATRICK
of *Ireland*, and Saint DAVID of *Wales*.

Shewing their Honourable Battels by Sea and
Land : their Tilts, Jufts, Turnaments, for Ladies : their
Combats with Gyants, Monsters and Dragons : their Adventures
in forraign Nations : their Enchantments in the *Holy Land* :
their Knight-hoods, Prowesse, and Chivalry, in
Europe, Africa, and Asia; with their Victories
against the Enemies of *Christ*.

Whereunto is added by the first Author, the true manner
of their Deaths, being seven Famous Tragedies : and how
they came to be called the seven Saints of
CHRISTENDOM.

The first Part.

LONDON,
Printed by Richard Bishop.

G. STEEVENS

Seven Champions OF CHRISTIANITY

Saint George of England, Saint Andrew of
Scotland, Saint Patrick of Ireland, Saint
Peter of Rome, Saint John of the Evangelist,
and Saint James of Spain.

Showing their Honors, the Battle by St.
George: the Honors of the Battle by St.
Andrew: the Honors of the Battle by St.
Patrick: the Honors of the Battle by St.
Peter: the Honors of the Battle by St.
John: the Honors of the Battle by St.
James.

With a Description of the Battle of the Marston,
and the Battle of Tewkesbury, and the
Battle of Tewkesbury, and the Battle of Tewkesbury.

London

LONDON

Printed by Richard Dyer.



To all Courteous Readers,

RICHARD JOHNSON

wiltheth encrease of vertuous

Knowledge.



Entle Readers, in kind-
nesse accept of my La-
bours, and be not like the
chattering Cranes, nor
Momus mates, that carp
at every thing. What the simple say,
I care not: what the spightfull speak I
passe not: onely the censure of the
conceited I stand unto, that is the mark
I aym at: whose good likings if I ob-
tain, I have won my race: if not, I
faint in the first attempt, and so lose the
quiet of my happy goale.

Yours in kindnesse to command,

R. I.



The Authors MUSE upon the HISTORY.

THe famous facts, O *Mars*, deriv'd from thee,
By weary pen, and painfull Authors toyle,
Enroll'd we find such feates of Chivalrie,
As hath been seldom seen in any soyle.

Thy Ensignes here we finde in field displaide,
The Trophies of thy victories erected:
Such deeds of Armes, as none could have assaide,
But Knights whose courage Feare hath ne're dejected.

Such Ladies sav'd, such Monsters made to fall,
Such Gyants slaine, such hellish suries queld:
That humane force, few or none at all,
In such exploits their lives could safely shield.

But vertue stirring upon their noble mindes,
By valiant conquest to enlarge their fames:
Hath caus'd them seek adventures forth to finde,
Which registreth their never dying names.

Then Fortune, Time, and Fame agree in this,
That Honours gaine, the greatest Glory is,

The

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CHAP. I.

Of the wonderfull and strange birth of Saint George of England: how he was cut out of his Mothers womb, and after stoln from his Nurses by *Kalyb* the Lady of the Woods: Her love to him, and her gifts: and how he inclosed her in a Rock of stone, and redeemed six Christian Knights out of prison.



After the angry Greek hath ruinated the chief Citie in Phrigia, and turned King Priams glorious buildings to a wast and desolate wilbernesse, Duke Eneas exempted from his native habitation, with many of his distressed Countrey men (like Pilgrims) wandered the world to find some happy Region, where they might erect the Image of their subberbed Troy: but before that labour could bee accomplished, Eneas ended his dayes in the confines of Italy, and left his son Askanius to govern in his stead: Askanius dying, left *Silvius*

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Silvius deceasing, left the noble and adventrous Brute: which Brute (being the fourth descent from Eneas:) first made conquest of this Land of Brittain, then inhabited with Monsters, Giants, and a kind of wild people without government, but by policie, he overcame them, and established good Lawes: where he founded the first foundation of new Troy, and named it Troynovant, but since by processe of time called London. Thus beganne the Ile of Brittain to flourish, not onely with sumptuous buildings, but also with valiant and courageous Knights, whose adventures and bold attempts in Chivalry, Fame shall describe what oblivion buried in obscuritie. After this the Land was replenished with Cities, and divided into Shires, & Counties: Dukedomes, Earledomes, and Lordships, were the patrimonie of high and noble mindes: wherein they lived not then like Cowards in their Mothers bosomes, but merited renowne by martiall discipline: For the famous City of Coventry was the place wherein the first Christian Champion of England was borne, and the first that ever sought for forraigne adventures, whose name to this day all Europe highly hath in regard: and for his bold and magnanimous dares at armes, gave him this Title, The valiant Knight Saint George of England, whose golden Charter is not onely weorne by Nobles, but by Kings: and in memory of his Victories the Kings of England fight under his Banner. Therefore Caliope, thou Sacred Sister of the Muses, guide so my pen, that it may write the true Discourse of this worthy Champion.

When nature by true Consanguinitie had created him in his Mothers womb, she dreamed to be conceived of a Dragon, which should bee the cause of her death: which dreame she long concealed and kept secret, untill her painefull burden grew so heavie that her womb was scarce able to indure it, so finding opportunity to reveale it to her Lord and Husband, being then Lord high Steward of England, she revealed her dreame after this manner. My honourable Lord,

you

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you know I am by birth the King of Englands Daughter, and for these one and twenty years have I been your true and lawfull wife, yet never was in any hope of child till now, or that by me your name should suruide: Wherefore I conjure you by the pleasures of your youth, and the deare and naturall love you bear to the Infant conceived in my womb, that either by Art, wisdom, or some other inspiration, you calculate upon my troublesome Dreames, and tell what they signifie: For these thirty nights past, my silent slumbers have been greatly hindered by grievous Dreames: for night by night no sooner could sweet sleep take possession of my senses, but me thought I was conceived with a dreadful Dragon, which would bee the cause of his Parents death: even as Hecuba the beauteous Queen of Troy, when Paris was in her womb, dreamed to be conceived with a fire-brand, which indeed was truly verified: for Paris having ravished the Parragon of Greece, and brought Helena into Troy, in revenge thereof the Grecians turned the towers of Illium into blazes of fire. Wherefore most deare and well-beloved Lord, prevent the like danger, that I be not the mother of a viperous Sonne. These words struck such terror to his heart, that for a time he stood speechlesse, but having recovered his lost senses, he answered her in this manner:

My most deare and beloved Lady, what Art, or Learning can perform, with all convenient speed shall be accomplished, for never shall rest take possession in my heart, nor sleep close up the closets of mine eyes, till I understand the signification of these thy troublesome dreames. So leaving her in her Chamber, in company of other Ladies that came to comfort her in her melancholy sadness, he took his journey to the solitary walks of Kalyb, the wise Lady of the woods, without any company except another Knight that bore under his arme a white Lamb which they intended to offer to the Inchantresse. So travailling for the space of two dayes they came to a thicket beset about with old, withered, and hollow Trees, wherein they were entertained with
such

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such dismall croking of night Ravens, hissing of Serpents, bellowing of Bulls, and roaring of Monsters, that it rather seemed a wilderness of furies then a woolloly habitation: by which they knew it to be the Incharnted vale of Kalyb, the Lady of the woods. So pacing to the middle of the thicket, they came to a Cave, whose Gate and Entry was of Iron, whereon hung a Brazen Horn for them to wind that would speak with the Sorceresse. First, offering their Lamb with great humility before the postern of the Cave, then emptying all fear, they winded the Brazen Horn, the sound whereof seemed to shake the foundation of the Earth: after which they heard a loud and hollow voyce that uttered these wordes following:

Sir Knight from whence thou cam'st return,

Thou hast a Sonne most strangely born:

A Dragon that shall split in twain,

Thy Ladies womb with extream pain:

A Champion bold from thence shall spring,

And practise many a wondrous thing.

Return therefore, make no delay,

For it is true what I here say.

This dark Riddle, or rather mysticall Oracle, being thrice repeated in this order, so much amazed them that they stood in doubt whether it were best to return, or to wind the Brazen Horn the second time: but being perswaded by the other Knight, not to move the impatience of Kalyb, he rested satisfied with that answer.

Thus he left the Encharnted Cave to the government of Kalyb, and with all speed dispatched his journey to his native habitation: but in the mean time his Lady being overcharged with extream pain and bitter anguish of her labour some womb, was forced either to the spoyle of her Infant, or decay of her own life: but regarding more the benefit of her Countrey, then her own safety, and for the

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The preservation of her childe, shee most willingly committed her tender womb to be opened, that her infant might be taken forth alive.

Thus with the consent of many learned Chirurgions, this most noble and magnanimous Lady, was cast into a dead sleep, her womb cut up with sharp Razors, and the Infant taken from the bed of his creation. Upon his best nature had pictured the lively form of a Dragon, upon his right hand a blood red Crosse, and on his left leg a golden Garter; they named him George, and provided him three purses, one to give him sack, another to keep him asleep, and the third to provide him food. Not many dayes after his nativity, the fell Enchantresse Kalyb, being the utter enemy to true Nobility, by charmes and witchcrafts, stole this Infant from his careless purses: At which time (though all too late) her noble Lord and Husband returned, in good hope to heare a joyful delivery of his Lady, and a comfort of a sonne: but his wished joy was turned into an unlookt for sorrow, for he found not only his Lady dismembred of her womb, but his young sonne wanting, without any newes of his abode, which woeful spectacle bereaved him of his wits, that for a time he stood senselesse, like weeping Niobe, but at last brake into these bitter exclamations.

O heavens! why cover you not the earth, with everlasting night? why doe these accursed eyes behold the Sunne? O that the waves of Oedipus might end my dayes, or like an exile, joy in banishment, where I may warble forth my sorrowes to the whispering Woods, that senselesse Trees may record my losse, and untamed Beasts grieve at my want. What Monster hath bereaved me of my childe? or what Tyrant hath been gluttred with his Tragedy? O that the wind would be a Messenger, and bring me happy newes of his abode: if hee bee dzencht in the deepest Seas, thither will I dive to fetch him up: if hee bee hidden in the Caverns of the Earth, thither will I digge to see my sonne: or if he, like a feathered Fowle, lie hovering in the Ayre, yet thither will I flie, and embrace him that never yet my eyes beheld. But why doe I thunder forth my exclamations thus in vaine, when neither Earth, nor Seas, nor any thing in Earth, nor Seas will grant me comfort for his recovery?

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Thus complayned hee many Moneths, for the losse of his Sonne, and sent Messengers into every Circuit of the Land, but no man proved so fortunate as to return him happy tydings. He thus being frustrate of all good hopes, stored himselfe with ieiuels, and so intended to travell the wide world, either to spend in his iourney, or to leaue his bones in some forraign Region. Thus leauing his native Countrey, wandered from place to place, till the hairs of his head were grown as white as silver, and his beard like to the chistle down, but at last he ended his travell in Bohemia, where, what for age and excessive grief, he laid himself down under a ruinated Monastery wall, and dyed: the Commons of that Countrey having knowledge of his name (by a Jewell he wore in his bosome) engrav'd it in Marble stone right over his Sepulchre, where we leaue him sleeping in peace, and turn to his Sonne remainyng with Kalyb the Lady of the Woods in the enchanted Cave.

Now twice seven yeeres were fully finished since Kalyb first had in keeping the noble Knight Saint George of England, whose many times thirsted after honourable adventures, and often attempted to set himself at liberty, but the fell Inchantresse tending him, as the apple of her eye, appoynted twelve surdy Satyres to attend his person, so that neither force, nor policy could further his intent: shee kept him, not to triumph in his Tragedy, nor to spend his dayes in slavery, but feeding his fancy with all delights and pleasures that Art and Nature could afford: For in him shee fired her chiefe felicity, and lusted after his beauty: But hee seeking to advance himself by Partiall discipline and Knightly attempts, utterly refused her proffered courtesies, and highly disdain'd to affect so wicked a creature. Shee seeing her love bestowed in vaine, upon a time being in a secret corner of her Cave, began to flatter him in this manner.

Thou knowest (my deare George) how worthily I have deserbed thy love, and how for thy sake I have kept my Virginitie unstained, yet thou more cruell than the Tygers bred in Lybia, rejectest me, Dear Knight, fulfill my desires, and at thy pleasure my charmes shall practise wondrous things, as to move Heaven, to raine Showers of Stones upon thy Enemies,

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Enemies, to convert the Sun to fire, the Moon to blood, or make a desolation of the whole world.

The noble Knight Saint George considered in his minde that love would make the wisest blind: Therefore by these faire promises he hoped to obtain liberty, the which moved him to make her this Answer.

Most wise and learned Kalyb, thou wonder of the world, I condescend to all thy desires, upon this condition, that I may bee sole Protector and Governour of this Enchanted Cave, and that thou describe to me my birth, my name, and parentage: thereto shee willingly consented, and began her Discourse in this manner: Thou art by birth said shee, Sonne to the Lord Albert High Steward of England, and from thy birth to this day have I kept thee as my child, within these solitary Woods: so taking him by the hand, shee led him into a Brazen Castle, wherein remained as Prisoners, six of the bravest Knights in the World. These are, said shee, six worthy Champions of Christendom; the first, is Saint Dennis of France; the second, Saint James of Spaine; the third, Saint Anthony of Italy; the fourth, Saint Andrew of Scotland, the fifth, Saint Patrick of Ireland; the sixth, Saint David of Wales; and thou art born to bee the seventh; thy name being Saint George of England, for so thou shalt be termed in time to come. Then leading him a little further, she brought him into a large faire roome, where stood seven of the goodliest Steeds that ever eye beheld, six of these (said shee) belong to the six Champions, and the seventh will I bestow on thee, whose name is Bayard: likewise shee led him to another roome, where hung the richest Armour in the World: so choosing out the strongest Collet from her Armozy, she with her own hands buckled it about his bzeast, laced on his Helmet, and attired him with a rich Caparison: then fetching forth a mighty Fauchton, she put it likewise in his hand. Now (said shee) art thou armed in richer Furniture than was Ninus the first Monarch of the World: thy Steed is of such force and invincible power, that whilest thou art mounted on his back, there can be no Knight in all the World so hardy as to conquer thee: thy Armour is of the purest Lydian Steele, that neither weapon can pierce, nor Battle are bruise: thy Sword which is called Ascalon, is made of the Cyclops that

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It will separate and cut the hardest Flint, and hew in sunder the strongest Steele: for in the pummell lies such precious vertue, that neither Treason, Witchcrafts, nor any other violence can be offered the, so long as thou wearest it.

Thus the lustfull Kalyb was so blinded in her own conceit, that shee not only bestowed the riches of her Caba upon him, but gave him power and authority through a Silber Wand which shee put in his hand, to work her owne destruction: for coming by a huge great Rock of Stone, this valiant Knight strook his charming rod thereon: whereupon it opened, and shewed apparantly before his eyes a number of sucking Babes, which the Enchantresse had murdered by her Witchcraft and Sorceries. O said shee, this is a place of horror, where nought is heard but screeks and rufull groans of dead mens soules: but if thy eares can endure to heare them, and thy eyes behold them, I will lead the way. So the Lady of the Woods, boldly stepping in before, little doubting the pretended policy of Saint George, was deceived in her own practises: for no sooner entred she the Rock, but he stroke his Silber Wand thereon, and immediatly it closed, where shee bellowed forth Exclamations to the senselesse Stones, without all hope of deliverie.

Thus this noble Knight deceived the wicked Enchantresse Kalyb, and set the other six Champions likewise at liberty, who rendred him all knightly courtesies, and gave him thanks for their safe deliverie. So foring themselves with all things fitting to their desires, took their journeyes from their enchanted Globe, whose proceedings, fortunes, and heroicall Adventures shall bee shewed in the Chapters following.

CHAP.

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CHAP. II.

Kalybs Lamentation in the Rock of Stone, her Will and Testament, and how she was torn in peeces by Spirits: with other things that hapned in the Cave.



At after the departure of the seven worthy Champions, Kalyb seeing her selfe fast closed in the Rock of Stone, by the policy of the English Knight, grew into such extreame passion of minde, that she cursed the hour of her creation, and bitterly banned all motions of Coniuration, the earth she wearded with her cries, whereby the very Stones seemed to relent, and as it were, wept pearled tears, and sweat with anguish of her grieffe: the blasted Dakes that grew about the Enchanted Rock, likewise seemed to rue at her Exclamations; the blustering winds were silent: the murmuring of Birds still, and solitary Dumbnesse took possession of every creature that abode within the circuits of the Woods, to hear her wofull lamentations, which she uttered in this manner.

O miserable Kalyb! accursed bee thy destiny: for now thou art inclosed within a desolate and a darksome Den where neither Sunne can lend thee comfort with his bright beames, nor Ayre extend breasting colenelle to thy wofull body, for in the deep foundations of the Earth thou art for evermore inclosed that hast been the wonder of time for Magick: I that by Art have made my iourney to the deepest dungeons of Hell, where multitudes of ugly, black, and fearfull Spirits have trembled at my Charms: I that have bound the Furies up in beds of Steele, and caused them to attend my pleasure like swarms of Hornets, that overspzed the Mountaines in Egypt, or the Fliss upon the parched Hills, where the tawny

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Salony tanned Mozes do inhabit, am now constrained to languish in eternall darknesse : Woe to my soul, woe to my Charms, and woe to all my Magick Spels, for they have bound me in this hollow Rock : pale be the brightnesse of the cleer Sunne, and cover the Earth with everlasting darknesse : Skies turn to pitch, Elements to flaming Fire, roze Hell, quake Earth, swell Seas, blast Earth, Rocks rend in twain, all creatures mourn at my confusion, and sigh at Kalybs wofull and pitifull Exclamations.

Thus wearied the the time away, one while accusing Fortune of Tyranny, another while blaming the falshood and trechery of the English Knight, sometimes tearing her curled locks of bristled haire, that like a wreath of Snakes hung dangling down her deformed neck, then beating her breasts, another while rending her Ornaments, whereby she seemed more like a Fury than an earthly creature, so impatient was this wicked Enchantresse Kalyb, but being frustrate of all hope of recovery, began afresh to thunder forth these terms of Coniuration : Come, come you Princes, of the Elements, come, come and tear this Rock in peeces, and let me not bee inclosed in this eternall languishment : appear you shadowes of black misty night, Magoll, Cumoth, Helveza, Zontomo : Come, when I call, venite, festinate, inquam. At which words, the Earth began to quake, and the very Elements trembled, and all the Spirits both of Ayre, of Earth, of Water, and of Fire, were obedient to her Charms, and by multitudes came flocking at her call : some from the Fire, in the likenesse of burning Dragons, breathing from their fearfull Nostrils, Sulphure and flaming Brimstone; some from the water in shape of Fishes, with other deformed Creatures, that have their abidings in the Seas; some from the Ayre, the purest of the Elements, in the likenesse of Spirits and other bright shadowes; and other some from the grosse Earth, most ugly, black, and dreadfull to behold. So when these Legions of Spirits had incompassed the wicked Enchantresse, Hell beg in to roze such an infernall and harsh melody, that the enchanted Rock burst in twaine, and then Kalybs Charms lost their effect, her Magick no longer endured than the term of an hundred peere, the which as then were fully finished and brought to an end : then the Obligation which shee

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She subscribed with her dearest blood, and sealed with her own hands, was brought as a witness against her, by which she knew, and fully perswaded her selfe, that her life was fully finished: therefore in this most fearfull manner she began to make her last Will and Testament.

First, welcome (said she) my said Executors, welcome my grave and everlasting Tomb, for you have digg'd it in the fiery lakes of Phlegeton, my winding sheet wherein to shrowd both my body and condemned soule, is a Cauldron of boiling lead and brimstone, and the wormes that should consume my Carcasse, are the fiery Forks which tolle burning fire-brands from place to place, from Furnace to Furnace, and from Cauldron to Cauldron, therefore attend to Kallybs wofull Testament, and engrave the Legacies she gives in brasse Rolls, upon the burning banks of Acheron. First, these eyes, that now too late weep helpelesse teares, I give unto the watry Spirits, for they have rakt the Treasures hidden in deepest Seas, to satisfie their most insatiate looks: next, I bequeath these hands which did subscribe the bloody Obligation of my perpetuall banishment from toy unto those spirits that hover in the Ayre: my tongue that did conspire against the Majesty of Heaven, I give to those Spirits which have their being in the fire: my earthly heart, I bequeath to those grosse Demons that dwell in the dungeons of the Earth, and the rest of my condemned body, to the torments due to my deservings. Which strange and fearfull Testament, being no sooner ended, but all the Spirits generally at one instant, seized upon the Enchantresse, and dismembred her body to a thousand pieces, and divided her limbs to the four Elements; one member to the Ayre, another to the water, another to the Fire, and another to the Earth, which was carried away in a moment by the Spirits, that departed with such a horroz, that all things within the hearing thereof suddenly died, both Beasts, Birds, and all creeping Wormes which remained within the compasse of those enchanted Woods: the Trees which before were wont to flourish with green Leaves, withered away and dyed, the blades of Grasse perished for want of naturall moisture, which the watry clouds denied to nourish in so wicked a place.

Thus by judgement of the Heavens, senselesse things perished.

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riched for the wickednesse of Kalyb, whom we leade to her end-
lesse torments, and return to the seven worthy Champions
of Chriskendom, whose laudable Adventures fame hath in-
rolled in the books of Memory.



CHAP. III.

How Saint George slew the burning Dragon in Egypt, and
Redeemed Sabrah the Kings Daughter from death: How he
was betrayed by Almidor the black King of Morocco, and
sent to the Souldan of Persia, where he slew two Lyons, and
remained seven years in prison.

After the seven Champions departed from the En-
chanted Cave of Kalyb, they made their abode in
the City of Coventry, for the space of nine Months,
In which time they erected a costly Monument,
ouer the Herse of Saint George's Mother, and so in that time
of the year, when the spring had ober-sped the Earth with the
mantles of Flora, they armed themselves like wandring
Knights, and took their iourney to seek for forraign adven-
tures, Iaccounting no dishonour so great, as to spend their
dayes in solenesse, atchieving no memorabile accident. So
travelling for the space of thirty dayes without any adventure
worthy the noting, at length they came to a broad plaine,
whereon stood a brazen Pillar, where seven severall wayes
met, which caused the seven Knights to forsake each others
company, and to take every one a contrary way: where we
leave six of the Champions to their contented travels and
wholly discourse upon the fortunate successe of our worthy
English Knight, who after some few Months travell, hap-
pily arrived within the Territories of Egypt, which Countrey
as then was greatly annoyed with a dangerous Dragon: but
before he had iourneyed fully within the distance of a mile,
the silent night approached, and solitary stillnesse took posses-
sion of all living things: at last he espied an old pooze Hermit-
tage, wherein hee purposed to rest his horse, and to take some
repass

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repast after his weary iourney, till the Sunne had renewed his mornings light, that hee might fall to his travell againe: but entring the Cottage, he found an aged Hermit ober-worn with yeeres, and almost consumed with griefe, with whom in this manner he began to confer.

Father, (said he) for so you seem by your Gravity, may a Traveller for this night crave entertainment within your Cottage, not only for himselfe but his Horse: or is there some City neare at hand, whereto I may take my iourney without danger? The old man starting at the sudden approach of Saint George, Replyed unto him in this order:

Sir Knight (quoth hee) of thy Countrey I need not demand, for I know it by thy Burgonet, (for indeed thereon was graven the Armes of England,) but I sorrow for thy hard fortune, that it is thy destiny to arrive in this our Countrey of Egypt, wherein is not left sufficient alibe to bury the dead, such is the distresse of this Land, through a dangerous and terrible Dragon now ranging up and downe the Countrey, which if hee be not every day appeased with the body of a true Virgin, which hee devour eth down his benedictious bowels, that day so neglected, will hee breake such a stinck from his Nostrils, whereof growes a most grieuous plague and mortality of all things, which use hath bene observed for these foure and twenty yeers, and now there is not left one true Virgin but the Kings only Daughter throughout Egypt, which Damosell to morrow must be offered up in sacrifice to the Dragon: therefore the King hath made Proclamation, that if any Knight dare prove so adventuresome as to combat with the Dragon, and preserve his Daughters life, hee shall in reward have her to his wife, and the Crown of Egypt after his decease.

This large proffer so encouraged the English Knight, that hee vowed either to redeem the Kings Daughter, or else to lose his life in that honourable Enterprize. So taking his repose and nightly rest, in the old mans Hermitage till the chearefull Cock, being the true messenger of day, gave him warning of the Sunnes up-rise, which caused him to buckle on his Armour, and to furnish his Steed with strong habiliments of Warre, the which being done, he took his iourney, guided only by the old Hermit to the Valley where the

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Kings Daughter should be offered up in sacrifice; But when he approached the sight of the Valley, he espied a farre off a most faire and beautifull Damsell, attyzed in pure Arabian Silk, going to Sacrifice, guarded to the place of death only by Sage and modest Patrons: which woofull sight encourag'd the English Knight to such a forwardnesse, that hee thought every minute a day, till he had redeemed the Damsell from the Dragons tyranny: so approaching the Lady, he gave her comfort of deliverie, and returned her back to her Fathers Pallace againe.

After this the Noble Knight, like a bold advencherous Champion, entred the Valley, where the Dragon had his residence, who no sooner had a sight of him, but hee gave such a terrible yell, as though it had thundered in the Elements: The bignesse of the Dragon was fearfull to behold, for betwixt his shoulders and his taile were fifty foot in distance, his Scales glittered as bright as Silver, but far more harder than Brasse, his Belly of the colour of Gold, but more bigger than a Sun. Thus welcured hee from his hideous Den, and so fiercely assailed the sturdy Champion with his burning Wings; that at the first Encounter hee had almost felled him to the Ground: but the Knight nimbly recovering himself, gave the Dragon such a thrust with his Speare, that it shivered in a thousand peeces. Whereat the furious Dragon so fiercely smot him with his venomous Tayle, that down fell man and horse, in which fall two of Saint Georges Ribs were sore bruised: but yet stepping backward, it was his chance to leap under an Oenge Tree, which Tree had such precious vertue, that no venomous Worme durst come within the compasse of the Branches: nor within seven foot thereof, where this valiant Knight rested himself, untill he had recovered his former strength: who no sooner feeling his Spirits revived, but with an eager courage smot the burning Dragon under his yellow burnisht Belly, with his trusty Sword Ascalon, whereout came such abundance of ugly venome, that it sprinkled upon the Champions Armour, whereby immediatly through the im-poisoned strength of the venome, his Armour burst in twaine and the good Knight fell into so grievous a dead swoond, that for a time he lay breathlesse: but yet having that good

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god memory remaining that hee tumbled under the branches of the Drenge Tree, in which place the Dragon could proffer him no further violence. The fruit of the Tree being of such an excellent vertue, that whosoever tasted thereof, should presently be cured of all manner of Diseases and infirmities whatsoever. So it was the noble Champions good and happy fortune, a little to recover through the vertue of the Tree, and to espy an Drenge which a little before had dropped downe, wherewith he so refreshed himselfe, that he was in short time as sound as when hee began the Encounter. When kneeled hee downe, and made his divine supplication to Heaven, that God would send him (for his deare Sonnes sake) such strength and agility of body, as to slay the furious, and terrible Monster: which being done with a bold and couragious heart, he smote the Dragon under the wing, where it was tender without scale, whereby his good sword Ascalon, with an easie passage, went to the very Hilts through both the Dragons heart, liver, bone, and blood, whereout issued such abundance of purple gore, that it turned the Grasse, which grew in the Valley, into a crimson colour, and the ground which was before parched, through the burning kind of the Dragon, was now drenched with over-much moisture proceeding from his venomous bowels, where at last through want of blood, and long continuance in fight, the Dragon yielded his vitall spirits to the force of the conquering Champion. The which being happily performed, the noble Knight Saint George of England, first yielding due honour to Almighty God, for the Victory, then with his good sword Ascalon cut off the dead Dragons Head, and pitcht it upon the truncheon of a Speare, which at the beginning of the battell he shivered against the Dragons scaly-back. During this long and dangerous Combat, his trusty Steed lay altogether in a swoon without any moving, which caused the English Champion with all speed to crush the wyce of an Drenge into his cold mouth: the vertue wherof presently expelled the venomous popson, and recovered his former strength again.

There was as then remaining in the Egyptian Court one Almidor, the black King of Morocco, who long had prosecuted (in the way of marriage) the love of Sabra the

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Kings Daughter, but neither, by policy meanes, nor manhood,
 could hee accomplishe what his heart desired: and now find-
 ing opportunity to expresse his treacherous minde intended
 to robbe and spoyle Saint George of his Victory, whereby
 hee thought to attaine the gracious favour and singular good
 liking of his Lady and Mistresse, who loved his company
 like the detested Crocodiles: even as the Wolfe, though
 all in vaine barks at the Moon, so this fantastick and
 cowardly Almidor, through many rich gifts and faire pro-
 mises, hired twelue Egyptian Knights to beset the Valley
 where Saint George slew the burning Dragon, and by force
 to bereave him of his conquest, and so when this magnani-
 mous Champion of England came riding in Triumph from
 the Valley, expecting to have bene entertained like a Con-
 querour, with Drums and Trumpets, or to have heard the
 Bells of Egypt King a topfull sound of Victory, or to have
 scene the Streets beautified with Bonfires, contrary to
 his expectation, hee was met with Troupes of Armed
 Knights, not to conduct him peaceably to the Egyptian
 Court, but by falshood and treachery to dispoyle him of his
 life and honour: for no sooner had hee ridden past the entry
 of the Valley, but he espied how the Egyptian Knights han-
 dished their Weapons, and divided themselves, to intercept
 him in his tourney to the Court: by which he knew them
 to be no trusty Friends, but bowed Enemies. So tying
 his Horse to a Hathorn-tree, hee intended to try his fortune
 on foot, for feare of disadvantage, they being twelue to
 one: in this Skirmish Saint George so valiantly behaved
 himselfe with his trusty Sword Ascalon, that at one stroke
 he slew three of the Egyptian Knights, and before the golden
 diamond of Heaven had wandred the Zodiack the compasse
 of an houre, some hee dismembred of their heads, some
 had their limbs lopt off, some their bodies cut in twaine,
 and some their intrals trayling down; so that not one was
 left alive to carry newes to Almidor the black King, which
 stood (during all the time of Skirmish) a far off upon a Moun-
 taine top, to behold the Successe of his hired Champions.
 But when hee saw the Egyptians bloody Tragedies, and
 how the happy fortune of the English Knight had wonne the
 honour of the day, hee accursed his destiny, and accused
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the Quene of Chance with cruelty, for disappointing his pretended enterprize: but having a heart still fraught with all wicked motions, secretly vowed in his soule, to practise by some other treachery Saint George's utter confusion. So running before to the Court of King Ptolome, not revealing what had hapned to the twelve Egyptian Knights, but crying in every place as he went, Victoria, Victoria, the Enemy of Egypt is slaine. When Ptolomy immediately commanded every Street of the City to be hung with rich Arras and interlarded Tapestry, and likewise provided a sumptuous Chariot of Gold, the wheeles and other timber work of the purest Ebony, the covering thereof of pure Silk, crosse-bard with staves of Gold: likewise an hundred of the noblest Horses of Egypt attyred in Crimson Velvet, mounted on milk-white Coursers, with rich Caparisons, attended the coming of Saint George. Thus were all things appointed for his honourable Entertainment, which they performed in such sollemne order, that I lack Eloquence to describe it: for when hee first entred the Gates of the City, hee heard such a melodious Harmony of heavenly sounding Musick, that it seemed in his conceit to surpass the sweetness of all the Musick that ever hee had heard before. Then they most royally presented him with a sumptuous and costly Ball of Gold, and after bestowed him in that Ebony Chariot, wherein hee was conducted to the Palace of King Ptolomy, where this noble and Princely minded Champion, surrendered up his Conquest and Victory to the choise hands of the beauteous Sabra: where she with like courtesie and more humility requited his bounty: For at the first sight of the English Knight, she was so ravished with his Princely countenance, that for a time she was not able to speak: Yet at last taking him by the hand, she led him to a rich Pavilion, where she unarmed him and with most precious salves unbalanced his wounds, and with her teares washed away the blood: which being done, she furnished a Table with all manner of delicacies for his repast, where her Father was present, who enquired of his Countrey, Parentage, and Name: after the Banquet was ended he enstalled him with the honour of Knight-hood, and put upon his feet a paire of golden Spurres. But Sabra who fed

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upon the banquet of his love, conducted him to his nights repose, where she sat upon his bed, and warbled forth most heavenly melody upon her Lute, till his senses were overcome with a sweet and silent sleep, where she left him for that night, after his late dangerous battell. No sooner did Morraes radiant blush distance the beauty of the East, and the Sunne shew his morning countenance, but Sabra repaired to the English Champions lodging, and at his first up-rising presented him with a Diamond of most rare and excellent vertue, the which he wore upon his finger. The next that entered his Lodging, was the treacherous Almidor the black King of Morocco, having in his hand a bottle of Greekish Wine which he offered to the noble Champion Saint George of England: but at the receipt thereof, the Diamond the Lady gave him, which he wore upon his finger, waxed pale, and from his nose fell three drops of blood, whereat hee started, which sudden accident caused the Kings Daughter to suspect some secret popson compounded in the Wine, and thereupon so vehemently shrieked, that a suddaine uprore presently overspread the whole Court: whereby it came to the Kings intelligence of the proffered treachery of Almidor against the English Champion: But so deare was the love of the Egyptian King, to the black King of Morocco, that no belasse of treachery could enter into his minde.

Thus Almidor the second time was prevented of his practice, whereat in minde he grew more enraged than a chafed Boar; yet thinking the King should pay for all, he expected a time wherein to work his wicked purpose which hee brought to passe in this manner:

Many a day remained Saint George in the Egyptian Court, sometimes rebelling among Gentlemen, dancing and sporting with Ladies, other times in Tilts, and Tournaments, with other honourable Exercises: Likewise long and extreame was the love that beauteous Sabra bore to the English Champion, of the which this treacherous Almidor had intelligence by many secret practices, and many times his eares were witness of their Discourses. So upon an Evening, when the gorgeous Sunne lay leuell with the ground, it was his fortune to walk under a Garden Wall, to take the coolenesse of the Evenings Ayre, where unlame
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of the two Lovers, hee heard their amorous Discourses as they sat dallying under a bowyer of Roses, courting one another in this manner:

My soules delight, my hearts chiefe comfort, sweet George of England, said the Love-sick Sabra: Why art thou more obdurate than the flint, whom the teares of my true heart can never mollifie: how many thousand sighes have I breathed for thy sweet sake, which I have sent to thee as true messengers of love, yet never wouldest thou requite me with a smiling countenance: Refuse not her, dear Lord of England, that for thy love will forsake Parents, Countrey, and inheritance, which is the Crown of Egypt, and like a Pilgrim follow thee throughout the wide World. O therefore knit that Gordian knot of Wedlock, that none but death can afterwards untie, that I may then say, The Sunne shall lose his brightnesse, the Moone her splendant beames, the Sea her tydes, and all things under the cope of Heavens grow contrary to kinde, before Sabra the Heyze of Egypt prove unconstant to sweet George of England.

These words so fired the Champions heart, that hee was almost intangled in the snares of love, which before-time only affected Partiall Discipline: hee yet to try her patience a little more, made her this Answer: Lady of Egypt, canst thou not be content, that I have ventured my life to set thee from death, but that I should linke my future fortunes in a womans lap, and so bury all my honours in oblivion: No, no, Sabra, George of England is a Knight, born in a Country where true Chivalry is nourisht, and hath sworn to search the World, so farre as ever the lamp of Heavens doth lend his light, before hee tie himselfe to the troublesome state of Marriage, therefore attempt mee no more that am a Stranger and a Wanderer from place to place: but seek to ayme at higher States, as the King of Morocco, who will attempt to cline to Heavens to gaine thy love and good liking: at which speeches shee suddenly Replied in this manner:

The King of Morocco is as bloody minded as a Serpent, but thou more gentle than a Lamb, his tongue as ominous as the screeching night Owle, but thine more sweeter than the morning Lark: his kinde embracings like the
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Kinging Snakes, but shine more pleasant than the creeping
Time. What if thou beest a Knight of a strange Countrey?
thy body is more precious to mine eyes, than Kingdomes
to my heart. There stay (Replied the English Champion) I
am a Christian, thou a Pagan: I honour God in Heaven,
thou earthly shadowes here below: therefore if thou wilt ob-
taine my love and liking, thou must forsake thy Mahomet, and
bee christned in our Christian Faith. With all my soule,
(answered the Egyptian Lady) I will forsake my Countrey
Gods, and for thy love become a Christian: and therewith-
all shee burst a Ring in twaine, the one half shee gave to him
in pledge of love, and kept the other half her self: and so for
that time departed the Garden.

During all the time of these their Discourses, the trea-
cherous minded Almidor stood listening to their speeches, and
fretted inwardly to the very gall, to heare the Mistresse of
his heart reiect his former courtesies: Therefore intending
now or never to infringe their plighted band, went in all
haste to the Egyptian King, and in this manner made his sup-
plication.

Know great Monarch of the East, that I have a secret to
unfold, which toucheth narely the safe-guard of your Coun-
treys. It was my chance this Evening at shutting up of Titans
golden gates, to take the comfort of the Western breathing
Ayze under your private Garden-walk, where I heard (though
unfath) a deep pretended Treason betwixt your Daughter and
the English Knight, for shee hath vowed to forsake her Gods,
and beleve as Christians doe, and likewise shee intends to flie
from this her native Countrey, and to goe with this wandring
Traveller, which hath been so highly honoured in your Court.

Now by Mahomet and all our Countrey Gods wee Egyp-
tians commonly adore (said the King) this damned Christian
shall not gaine the conquest of my Daughters love, for he shall
lose his head, yet not in our Egyptian Court, but by violence
elsewhere. Therefore Almidor be secret in my intent, for I
will send him to my Cousin the Persian Souldan, from whence
hee shall never return to Egypt again, except his Ghost
bring newes of his bad successe unto my Daughter: and there-
upon they presently contrived this Letter:

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The Letter to the Souldan of Persia.

I Ptolomy King of Egypt, and the Easterne Territories, send Greeting to thee the mighty Souldan of Persia, great Emperour of the Provinces of bigger Asia. This is to request upon the League of Friendship betwixt us, to shew the Bearer hereof, thy Servant, Death, for hee is an utter Enemy to all Asia and Affrica, and a proud Contemner of our Religion. Therefore faile not in my request, as thou wilt Answer on thy Dash, and so in haste farewell.

Thy kinsman Ptolomy the
King of Egypt.

Which Letter being no sooner subscribed and sealed with the Great Seale of Egypt, but Saint George was dispatched with Embassage for Persia, with the bloody Sentence of his own destruction: to the true delibery whereof he was sworn by the honour of his Knight-hood, and for his pawne he left behinde him his good Steed, and his trusty Sword Ascalon in the keeping of Ptolomy the Egyptian King, only taking for his purbay and easie travell one of the Kings Horses.

Thus the innocent Lambe betrayed by the wily Foxe, was sent to the hunger starved Lyons Den, being suffered not once to gibe his Lady and Mistresse understanding of his sudden departure, but travelled day and night through many a long and solitary Wildernesse, without any adventure worthy the memory, only hearing the dismal cry of Night-Ravens thundring in his eares, and the fearefull sound of Schrich Owles in the crevices of the Earth, and such like messengers of mischance, which foretold some fatall accident to bee at hand: yet no feare could daunt his noble minde, nor danger hinder his intended travell, till he had a sight of the Souldans Pallace, which seemed more like Paradise, than any other earthly Habitation; for as the History reports, the Walls and Towers of the Pallace were of the purest Marble Stone, the Windows of carved Albor Work, enameled

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emanelled with Indian Pearle, beset with latten and chrysell
Glasse, the outward walls and buildings painted with Gold,
the Pillars and Gates were all of Masse; about the Pallace
was a River of a great breadth and depth, over the same
stood a stately Bridge erected up with sumptuous workman-
ship of graven Images, under the Bridge a hundred Silver
Bells were hung by Art, so that no creature might passe into
the Pallace but they gave warning to the Souldans Guard;
at the end of the Bridge was built an Alabaster Tower,
whereon stood an Eagle of Gold, his Eyes like the richest pre-
cious Stones, the brightnesse whereof glistered so much, that
all the Pallace did shine with the light thereof.

The day that Saint George entred the Souldans
Court, was when the Persians solemnly Sacrificed to their
Gods Mahomet and Apollo, which unchristian Procession
so moved the impatience of the English Champion, that
hee took the Ensignes and Streamers wherupon the Per-
sian Gods were pictured, and trampled them under his
feet: whereupon the Pagans presently fled to the Souldan
for succour, and shewed him how a strange Knight had de-
spised their Mahomet, and trampled their Banners in the
dust. Whereupon hee sent an hundred of his armed Knights
to know the cause of that suddaine uprore, and to bring the
Christian Champion bound to his Majesty: but the Persian
Knights were entertained with such a bloody banquet, that
some of their heads tumbled in the miry Streets, and the
Channels overflowed with streams of their blood: the
Pavements of the Pallace were overspread with slaugh-
tered men, and the Walls besprinkled with purple gore: so
victoriously hee behaved himselfe against the Enemies of
Christ, that ere the Sun had declined the West, he brought
to ground most part of the Souldans Knights, and enforced
the rest like frightened Sheep, to flee to the Souldan for ayd and
succour, which as then remained in the Pallace with a
Guard of a thousand Souldiers: who at the report of this un-
expected uprore furnished his Souldiers with Habilliments of
War, and came marching from his Pallace with such a
mighty power, as though the strength of Christendome had
beene come to invade the Territozy of Asia. But such was
the invincible courage of Saint George, that hee encountred
with

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with them all, and made such a Passaere in the Souldans Court, that the Pavements were covered with slaughtered Persians, and the Pallace Gate stuffed with heaps of murdered Pagans. At the last, the larum Bells were caused to be rung, and the Beacons set on Fire, whereat the Commons of the Countrey rose in Armes, and came flocking about the English Champion like swarms of Bees: where at last through his long Encounter, and the multitude of his Enemies, his never daunted courage was forced to yield, and his restlesse arm wearied with fight, constrained to let his weapon fall to the ground.

Thus hee whose fortitude sent thousands to wander about the Banks of Acharon, stood now obedient to the mercies of his Enemies, which with their brandishing Weapons and sharp edged Fauchions environed him about.

Now bloody minded Monster (said the Souldan) what Countrey man soever thou art, Jew, Pagan, or misbelieving Christian, look for a Sentence of severe Punishment, for every drop of blood thy unhappy hand hath here shed: First, thy Skin with sharp Razors shall be pared from thy flesh alive: Next, thy flesh with burning Irons seared from thy bones: and lastly, thy cursed Limbes drawne in pieces, ioynt from ioynt, with untamed Horses. This bloody iudgement pronounced by the Souldan, moved Saint George to Reply in this manner:

Great Potentate of Asia, I crave the liberty and Law of Armes, whereto all the Kings of the Earth are by Oath ever bound: First, my descent in my native Countrey is of Royall Blood, and therefore challenge I a combat: Secondly, an Embassadour I am from Ptolomy the King of Egypt, and therefore no violence should be proffered me: Lastly, the Lawes of Asia grant me safe Conduct back to Egypt: therefore what I have done, Ptolomy must Answer: And thereupon he delivered the Letter sealed with the great Seale of Egypt, the which was no sooner broken up and read, but the Souldans eyes sparkled like Fire, and upon his countenance appeared the Image of wrath and discontent.

Thou art by the Report of Ptolomy (said the Souldan) a great Contemner of our Gods, and a Despisers of our Lawes: Therefore his Pleasure is, that I should end thy dayes by

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some inhumane death : the which I sweare by Mahomer, and all my Countrey Gods to accomplish : and thereupon he gave him in keeping to an hundred of the Janissaries, till the day of Execution, which was appointed within thirty dayes following. Hereupon they disrobed him of his apparell, and attyzed him in simple and base Array : his Armes that late were employed to wield the mighty Target, and tolle the waighty Battell-Axe, they strongly fettered up in Iron Bolts : and those hands, which were wont to be garnished with Steely Gantlets, they bound up in hempen bands, that the purple blood trickled down from his fingers ends, and so being dispoyled of all knightly Dignity, they conbaud him to a deep, dark, and desolate Dungeon, wherein the golden Sunne did neber shew his sprident Beames, nor never could the comfortable light of Heaven be sen : betwixt the day and night, no difference could bee make ; the Summers parching heat, and Winters freezing cold, were both alike : his chiefeest comforts were to number the Persians hee had slaine in the conflict, one while pondering in his restless thoughts the ingratitude of Ptolomy the Egyptian King, another while remembzing his Love, his Woe and deep affection that hee bare to the Egyptians Daughter, and how unkindly shee took his departure, carving her Picture with the nayles of his fingers upon the Walls of the Dungeon : to which senselesse substance hee many times would thus complaine :

O cruell Destinies ! why is this grieuous punishment allotted to my Penance : Have I conspired against the Majesty of Heaven, that they have thzown this vengeance on my head : Shall I neber recover my former Liberty, that I may bee revenged upon the Causers of my imprisonment : froton angzy Heavens, upon these bloody minded Pagans, these daring Miscreants, and professed Enemies of Christ, and may the Plagues of Pharaoh light upon their Countreys, and the misery of Oedipus upon their Princes : that they may be eye-witnesses of their Daughters Ravishment, and behold their Cities flaming like the burning Battlements of Troy. Thus lamented he the losse of his Liberty, accursing his birth-day, and houre of his creation, wishing that it never might be numbred in the year, but counted ominous to all ensuing

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ensuing Ages: his sighes exceeded the number of the Ocean sands, and his tears the water bubbles in a rainy day, as one diminished, another presently appeared.

Thus sorrow was his companion, and despatre his chiefe solicitor, till Hyperion with his golden Coach had thirty times rested in Theris purple Pallace, and Cynthia thirty times danc't upon the Chrystall waves: which was the very time when as his moanes should end, according to the severe and cruell iudgement of the Souldan of Persia. But by what extraordinary meanes hee knew not. So expecting every minute to entertaine the wished messenger of death, hee heard a far off the terrible roaring of two hunger starved Lyons, which for the space of fourtene dayes had bene restrained from their food and naturall sustenance, only to deboure and stanch their hunger starved bowels with the body of this hytce renowned Champion: which cry of the Lyons so terrified his minde, that the hayze of his head grew stiffe, and his browes sweat water through anguish of his soule, so extreamply hee feared the remorselesse stroke of death, that by violence he burst the Chaynes in sunder where-with hee was bound, and rent the curled Tresses from his Head, that were of the colour of Amber, the which hee wrapped about his Armes against the assault of the Lyons, for hee greatly suspected them to be the Messengers of his Tragedy, which indeed was so appointed, for at that same instant they descended the Dungeon, being brought thither by the Guard of Jannissaries, only to make a full period of the Champions life. But such was the invincible fortitude of Saint George, and so politick his defence, that when the starved Lyons came running on him with open Jaws, hee valiantly thrust his sinewed Armes into their throats (being wrapped about with the hayze of his head) whereby they presently choaked, and so hee pulled out their hearts.

Which Spectacle the Souldans Jannissaries beholding, were so amazed with feare, that they ranne in all haste to the Pallace, and certified the Souldan what had hapned, who commanded every part of the Court to be strongly Guarded with Armed Souldiers, supposing the English Knight rather to be some Pouster, ascended from the deepe, then any Creature of humane substance, or else one possessed with some

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Some Divine Inspiration, that by the force of Armes had accomplished so many aduenturous Stratagems: such a terror assailed the Souldiers heart, seeing hee had slaine two Lyons, and slaughtered two thousand Persians with his own hands, and likewise had intelligence how he slew a burning Dragon in Egypt, that he caused the Dungeon to be closed up with Barres of Iron, lest he should by Policy or Fortitude recover his Liberty, and so endanger the whole Countrey of Persia: where hee remained in want, penury, and great necessity, for the term of seven Winters, feeding only upon Rats and Mice, with other creeping Worms which he caught in the Dungeon.

During which time hee never tasted the bread of Corn but of Bran, and Channell water, which daily was serued him thozow the Iron Gates, where now we leaue Saint George languishing in great misery, and return againe into Egypt, where we left Sabra the Champions betrothed Lady, lamenting the want of his company, whom she loved dearer than any knight in the world.

Sabra that was the fairest Maid that euer mortall eye beheld, in whom both Art and Nature seemed to excell in curious Workmanship, her body being straighter than the stately Cedar, and her Beauty purer than the Paphian Queenes: the one with over-burthened griefe was quite altered, and the other stained with clouds of blackish teares, that daily trickled down her faire Cheeks: whereupon came the very image of discontent, the map of woe, and the only mirror of sorrow: shee accounted all company lofsome to her sight, and excluded the fellowship of all Ladies, only betaking her selfe to a solitary Cabinet, where she sate sowing many a wofull story upon a crimson coloured Sampler: whereon sometimes shee bashing wounded hearts with lukewarme teares: that fell from the conduits of her eyes, then presently with her crisped locks of hayze which dangled down her Ivory neck, she dried up the moisture of her sorrowfull teares: then thinking upon the plighted promises of her dearly belched knight, fell into these passions and pittifull complaints.

O Love (said she) more sharp than the pricking byar, with what inequality dost thou torment my wounded heart,

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heart, not linking my deare Lord in the like affection of minde? O Venus if thou be imperious in thy Deity, to whom both Gods and men obey, command my wandring Lord to returne againe, or grant that my soule may flie into the Clouds, that by the Winds it may bee blowne into his sweet bosome, where now liues my bleeding heart. But foolish fondling that I am, he hath reiected me, and shuns my company as the Syrens (else had hee not refused the Court of Egypt where he was honoured as a King) and wandred the World to seek another Love. No, no, it cannot be: he beares no such unconstant minde, and I greatly fear, some treachery hath bereaved me of his sight, or else some stony Prison includes my George from mee. If it be so, sweete Morpheus; thou God of golden Dreames, reveale to mee my Loves abiding, that in my sleep his shadow may appeare, and report the cause of his departure. After this passion breathed from the mansion of her soule shee committed her watchfull eyes to the government of sweet Sleep, which being no sooner closed, but there appeared, as she thought, the shadow & very shape of her dearly beloved Lord, Saint George of England, not as he was wont to be flourishing in his glittering Burgonet of Steele, nor mounted on a stately Jennet, deckt with a Crimson Plume of spangled Feathers, but in over worn and simple Attire, with pale looks and lean body, like to a Ghost risen from some hollow Grave, breathing as it were, these sad and wofull passions:

Sabra I am betraid for love of thee,
And lodg'd in hollow Caves of dismall night:
From whence I never more shall come to see,
Thy loving countenance and beauty bright.
Remaine thou true and constant for my sake,
That of thy love they may no conquest make.

Let Tyrants think if ever I obtaine,
What here is lost by Treasons cursed guile:
False Egypts scourge I surely will remaine,
And turn to streaming blood Moroccoes smile,
That damned dogge of Barbary shall rue,
The balefull stratagems that will ensue.

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The Persian Towers shall smoak with fire,
And lofty Babylon be tumbled downe:
The Crosse of Christendome shall then aspire,
To weare the proud Egyptian triple crowne,
Ierusalem and Iuda shall behold,
The fall of Kings by Christian Champions bold.

Thou Maide of Egypt, still continue chaste,
A Tyger seekes thy Virgins name to spill:
Whilst George of England is in prison plac't,
Thou shalt be forc't to wed against thy will.
But after this shall happen wondrous things,
For from thy wombe shall spring three mighty Kings.

This strange and wofull Speech was no sooner ended but she awaked from her sleep, and presently reached forth her white hands, thinking to embrace him, but she caught nothing but brittle Ayze, which caused her to renew her former complaints. Wherefore died I not in this my troublesome dreame (said the sorrowfull Lady) that my Ghost might have haunted those inhumane Monsters which have thus falsly betrayed the bravest Champion under the Cope of Heaven: For his sake will I exclaime against the ingratitude of Egypt, and like the ravisht Philomell, fill every corner of the Land with Echoes of his wrong: my woes shall exceed the sorowes of Dido Queen of Carthage, mourning for Aeneas. With such like passions wearied she the time away, till twelve Months were fully finished: at last her Father understanding what fervent affection she bore to the English Champion, began in this manner to dilate.

Daughter (said the Egyptian King,) I charge thee by the hand of Nature, and the true obedience thou oughtest to beare my age, to banish and exclude all fond affections from thy mind and not thus to settle thy love upon a wandring Knight that is unconstant, and without habitation: thou seest he hath forsaken thee, and returned into his own Countrey, where he hath wedded a Wife of that Land and Nation: therefore I charge thee upon my displeasure to affect and love the black King of Morocco, that rightfully hath deserved thee in marriage, which shall be shortly honourably holden to the honour of Egypt; and so departed

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departed without any Answer at all : By which Sabra knew he would not be crost in his will and pleasure : therefore shee sighed out these Lamentable words :

O unkinde Father, to crosse the affection of his Child, and to force love where no liking is : Yet shall my minde continue true unto my deare betrothed Lord ; although my body be forced against nature to obey, and Almidor have the honour of my Marriage Bed, English George shall enjoy my true Virginitie, if ever hee return againe to Egypt; and thereupon shee pulled forth a Chaîne of Gold, and wrapt it seven times about her Ivory Neck. This (said she) hath seven dayes been kept in Tygers blood, and seven nights in Dragons milk, whereby it hath obtained such excellent vertue, that so long as I weare it about my Neck, no man on Earth can enjoy my Virginitie : though I be forced to the state of Marriage, and lie seven yeares in Wedlocks Bed, yet by the vertue of this Chaîne I shall continue a true Virgin.

Which Words were no sooner ended, but Almidor entered her sorrowfull Chamber, and presented her with a Wedding Garment, which was of the purest Median Silk, imbost with Pearle and rich refined Gold, perfumed with sweet Syzian Powders : it was of the colour of the Lillie, when Flora hath bedeckt the Fields in May with Natures ornaments : glorious and costly were her Vestures, and so statefully were her Nuptiall Rights Solemnized, that Egypt admired the bounty of her Wedding : which for seven dayes, was holden in the Court of King Ptolomie, and then removed to Tripolie, the chiefe City in Babary, where Almidors forced Bride was crowned Quene of Morocco : at which Coronation the Conduits ran with Greekish Wines, and the Streetes of Tripolie were beautified with Pageants and delightfull Shewes. The Court resounded such melodious Harmony as though Apollo with his Silber Harpe had descended from the Heavens : such Tilts and Tournaments were performed betwixt the Egyptian Knights, and the Knights of Barbary, that they exceeded the Nuptialls of Hecuba the beauteous Quene of Troy : which honorable proceedings we leave for this time to their own contentments, some Masking, some Dancing, some Rebelling, some Tilting, and some Banqueting. Also leaving the Champion of

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of England Saint George, mourning in the Dungeon in Persia
as you heard before, and return to the other six Champions of
Christendome, which departed from the Brazen Pillar, ebery
one his severall way, whose knightly and noble Adventures, if
the Muses grant mee the bounty of fair Castilians Springs, I
wil most amply discover, to the honour of all Christendome.



CHAP. IIIL.

How S. Denis the Champion of France lived seven years in the
shape of an Hart, and how proud Eglantine the Kings
Daughter of Theffalie, was transformed into a Mulberie
Tree, and how they both recovered their former shapes by
meanes of Saint Denis his horse.



Alling now to memozy the long and weary
Travels Saint Dennis the Champion of
France endured, after his departure from
the other six Champions at the brazen Pil-
lar, as you heard in the beginning of the
former Chapter, from which he wandred
thzough many a desolate Grove and Wal-
dernelle, without any adventure worthy
the noting, till he arrived upon the Borders of Theffalie, (being
a Land as then inhabited only with wild Beasts:) wherein he
endured such a penury and scarcity of vituals, that hee was
forced the space of seven years to feed upon the Herbs of the
Field, and the Fruits of Trees, till the haire of his Head
were like to Eagles feathers, and the naitles of his fingers to
birds clawes: his drink the dew of Heaben, the which hee
licked from the Flowers in the Heddwes, the Attyze hee
cloathed his body withall, bay leaves and broad Docks, that
grew in the Wood, his Shoes the barks of Trees, whereon he
trabelled thzough many a thorny brake: But at last it was his
fortune or cruell destiny, (being over-pressed with the extremity
of hunger) to taste and feed upon the Berries of an Enchanted
Mulberry Tree, whereby he lost the lively Form and Image of
his

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his humane substance, and was transformed into the Shape and likeness of a wilde Hart: Which strange and suddain Transformation, this noble Champion little mistrusted till he espied his mishapen forme in a cleere Fountaine, which Nature had erected in a coole and shady Valley: but when he beheld the shadow of his deformed substance, and how his head late honoured with a Burgonet of Steele, now dishonoured with a paire of Siluane hornes: his face whereon the countenance of true Nobility was late charactred, now covered with a beast-like similitude, and his body late the true Image of magnanimity, now overspread with a hazy hide, in colour like to the fallow fields: which strange alteration, not a little perplexed the minde of S. Denis, that it caused him with all speed (having the naturall reason of man still remaining) to repaire back to the Mulbery Tree again, supposing the Berries he had eaten, to be the cause of his Transformation, under which Tree the distressed Knight laid his deformed limmes upon the bare ground, and thus woefully began to complaine:

What magick Charmes (said hee) or other bewitching Spels, remaine within this accursed Tree: whose wicked Fruit hath confounded my future Fortunes, and conuerted mee to a miserable estate: O thou Celestiall Director of the World, and all you pittifull Powers of Heauen, look down with kindly countenance upon my haplesse Transformation, and bend your bowes to heare my wofull Lamentation: I was of late a Man, but now a horned Beast, I was a Souldier, and my Countreys Champion, but now a loathsome Creature, and a prey for Dogs; my glittering Armour is exchanged into a Hide of Beare; my brave Array, more baser then the lowly Earth: henceforth in stead of Princely Pallaces, these shady Woods must serue to shroud mee in: wherein my Bed of Downe must be a heap of Sunne-burn'd Masse: my sweet recording Musick the blustering of the Winds, that with tempestuous Gusts doe make the Wildernesse to tremble: the Company I daily keep must be the Siluane Satyres, Diades, and fayry Nymphes, which never appeare to worldly eyes, but in twilight, or at the prime of the Morn: the Stars that beautifie the Chyistall Way of Heauen shall henceforth serue as Torches to light mee to my wofull Bed: the scowling Clowdes shall be my Canopy: my

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clock to count how time runnes stealing on, the sound of hissing Snakes, or else the croaking of Toades.

Thus described hee his owne misery till the watry teares of calamity gushed out in such abundance from the Conduits of his eyes, and his scorching sighes so violently forced from his bleeding breast, that they seemed as it were to constrain the untamed Beares, and merclesse Tygers to relent at his moanes, and like to harmlesse Lambs sit bleating in the Woods to heare his wofull exclamations.

Long and many dayes continued this Champion of France in the Shape of a Hart, in more distressed misery than the unfortunate English Champion in Persia, not knowing how to recover his former likenesse, and humane substance. So upon a time, as hee lamented the losse of Natures Dynaments, under the Branches of that Enchanted Mulberry Tree, which was the cause of his Transformation, hee heard a most grievous and terrible groane, which hee supposed to be the indiction of some admirable accident that would ensue: So taking truce for a time with sorrowes, hee heard a hollow voyce breath from the Trunk of that Mulberry Tree, these words following.

The Voyce in the Mulberry Tree.

Cease to lament, thou famous man of France,
With gentle eares come listen to my moane:
In former times it was my fatal chance
To be the proudest Maid that ere was known:
By Birth I was the Daughter of a King,
Though now a breathlesse Tree and sencelesse thing.

My Pride was such that Heaven confounded me,
A Goddesse in mine own conceit I was:
What Nature lent, too base I thought to be,
But deem'd my selfe all earthly things to passe:
And therefore Nectar and Ambrosia sweet,
The food of Heaven, for me I counted meet,

My Pride contemned still the bread of Wheat,
But purer Food I daily sought to finde,

Refined

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Refined Gold was boyled in my meat,
Such selfe conceit my Fancies fond did blinde :
For which the Gods above Transformed mee,
From humane substance to this sencelesse Tree,

Seven yeares in shape of Hart thou must remaine,
And then the purple Rose by Heavens decree,
Shall bring thee to thy former shape againe,
And end at last thy wofull misery:

When this is done be sure thou cut in twaine,
This fatall Tree wherein I doe remaine.

After the voyce had breathed these Speeches from the Mulberry Tree, hee stood so much amazed at the strangenesse of the words, that for a time his sorowes bereaved him of his speech, and his long appointed punishment constrained his thoughts to lose their naturall understanding: But yet at last recovering his senses, though not his humane likenesse, he bitterly complained of his hard misfortunes.

Unhappy creature (said the wofull Champion) more miserable then Progne in her Transformation, and more distressed then Aëon was, whose perfect picture I am made: His misery continued but a short season, for his own Dogs the same day tore him in a thousand pieces, and buried his Transformed Carcasse in their hungry bowels: mine is appointed by the angry Destinies, till seven times the Summers Sunne hath yearly replenisht his radiant brightnesse, and seven times the Winters Raine hath washt me with the showres of Heaven. Such were the complaints of the Transformed Knight of France, sometimes rememb'ring his former fortunes, how hee had spent his dayes in the honour of his Countrey: sometimes thinking upon the place of his Nativity, renowned France, the Nurse and Mother of his life: sometimes treading with his foot (as for hands he had none) in sandy ground, the print of the words the which the Mulberry Tree had repeated, and many times numbring the minutes of his long appointed punishment, with the Flowers of the Field. Tenne thousand sighes hee daily breathed from his breast, and still when the black and pitchy mantles of dark night had over-spread the Azure Firmaments, and drawne her Sable Curtains before the bright
some

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Some windowes of the Heavens, all Creatures took their sweet reposed rest, and committed their tyred eyes to quiet sleepes: All things were silent, except the murmuring of the running Waters, whose sounding Musick was the chiefest comfort this distressed Champion enjoyed: the glistering Quene of Night, clad in her chrysell Robes three hundred times a yere, was witnessse of his nightly Lament tions: the wandring Howlet, that never sings but in the Night, late yelling over his Head: the rusfull weeping Nightingale with mournfull melody, cherefully attended on his Person: for during the limitation of his seven years misery, his trusty Steed never forsook him, but with all diligence and true love attended upon him day and night, never wandring away, but ever keeping him company: If the extream heat of Summer grew intollerable, or the pinching cold of Winter violent, his Horse would be a shelter to defend him.

At last, when the tearme of seven yeares was fully finished, and that hee should recover his former Substance, and humane Shape, his good Horse which hee tended as the apple of his eye, clambered a high and steep Mountaine, which nature had beautified with all kinde of fragrant Flowers, as odoriferous as the Garden of Hesperides: from whence hee pulled a branch of purple Roses, and brought them betwixt his teeth to his distressed Master, being in his former passions of discontent, under the Mulberry Tree: The which the Champion of France no sooner beheld, but he remembred that by a purple Rose he should recover his former similitude; and so joyfully received the Roses from his trusty Steed: then casting his eyes up to the Celestiall Throne of Heaven, hee consecrated these consecrated Flowers into his empty Stomack.

After which hee laid him down upon the bosome of his Mother Earth, where he fell into such a sound sleep that all his Senses and vitall Spirits were without moving for the space of foure and twenty houres. In which time the Windowes and the Doores of Heaven were opened, from whence descended such a shoure of Raine, that it washed away his hazy Form and beast-like Shape: his horned Head and long visage were turned againe into a lively Countenance, and all the rest of his members, both Arms, Legs, Hands, Feet, Fingers, Toes, with all the rest of Natures Gifts, received their former Shape.

But

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But when the good Champion awaked from his Sleep, and perceived the wonderfull workmanship of the Heavens, in Transforming him to his humane likeness: First, hee gave honour to Almighty God: next kissed the Ground, whereon hee had liued so long in misery: then beholding his Armour which lay hard by him, bestained and almost spoyled with rust: his Burgenet and haene edged Curtles-Are besmeared ober with dust: Then lastly, pondzing in his minde, of the faithfull service his trusty Steed had done him, during the time of his calamity, whose sable coloured Mane hung frizling down his brawny Neck, which befoze was wont to be pleated curiously with artificiall knots, and his forehead which was wont to bee beautified with a tawny Plume of Feathers, now disfigured with ober-grown hayze: whereat the good Champion Saint Denis of France so much grieved, that he stroked down his Jetty back, till the hayze of his body lay as smooth as Arabian Silk: then pulled hee out his trusty Fauchion, which in many fierce assaults and dangerous Combats, had bene bathed in the blood of his Enemies, which by the long continuance of time idle, was almost consumed with cackered Rust, but by his labour and industrious paines, he recovered the former beauty and brightness again.

Thus both his Sword, his Horse, his martiall Furniture, and all other Habilliments of War being brought to their first and proper qualities, the noble Champion intended to persevere and goe forward in the adventure, in cutting downe the unhappy Mulberry Tree: So taking his Sword, which was of the purest Spanish Steele, gave such a stroke at the root thereof, that at one blow hee cut it quite in sunder, whereout presently flashed such a mighty Flame of Fire, that the Mane from his Horse Neck was burned, and likewise the hayze of his own Head had ben fired, if his Helmet had not preserved him: for no sooner was the Flame extinguished, but there ascended from the hollow Tree a naked Virgin (in Shape like Daphne which Apollo turned to a Bay Tree) fairer than Pigmaliions Ivory Image, or the Northern driven snow, her Eyes more cleere than the Aie Mountaines, her Cheeks like Roses dipt in Milk, her Lips more lobblier than the Turkish Rubies, her Alabaster Teeth like Indian Pearles, her Neck seemed an Ivory Tower, her dainty Breasts a Garden where milk white

Doves

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Dobes sate and sung: the rest of Natures lineaments a staine to Iuno, Pallas, or Venus, at whose excellent beauty, this valiant and undaunted Champion more admired than at her wonderfull Transformation: For his eyes were so ravished with such exceeding pleasure, that his tongue could endure no longer silent, but was forced to unfold the secrets of his heart, and in these tearms began to utter his minde.

Thou most divine and singular ornament of Nature, said he, fairer than the feathers of the silver Swans that swim upon Mæanders Chrysell Streams, and far more beautifull than Auroraes morning countenance, to thee the fairest of all fairees, most humbly and only to thy beauty do I here submit my affections: Also I swear by the honour of my Knight-hood: and by the lobe of my Countrey France (which now I will not violate for all the Treasures of rich America, nor the golden Pines of higher India) whether thou beest an Angel descended from Heaven, or a Fury ascended from the vast Dominions of Proserpine: whether thou beest some Fairy or Silbane Nymph, which inhabits in these fatal Woods, or else an Earthly Creature, for thy sins Transformed into this Mulberry Tree, I am not iudge. Therefore sweet Saint, to whom my heart must pay his Devotion, unfold to me thy Birth, Parentage, and Name, that I may the boldlier presume upon thy Courtesies. At which demand, this new born Virgin, with a shamefast look, modest gesture, sober grace, and blushing countenance, began thus to reply.

Sir Knight, by whom my life, my lobe, and fortunes are to be commanded, and by whom my humane Shape and naturall Form is recovered: First, know thou magnanimous Champion, that I am by Birth the King of Thessalies Daughter, and my Name was called for my Beauty, proud Egiantine: For which contemptuous pride, I was Transformed into this Mulberry Tree, in which grane substance I have continued fourtene year. As for my lobe, thou hast deserved it, before all other Knights in the World, and to thee doe I plight that true promise before the Omnipotent Judger of all things: and before that secret promise shall be infringed, the Sunne shall cease to shine by day, and the Moone by night, and all the Planets forsake their proper nature.

At which words the Champion gave her the courtesie of his Countrey, and sealed her promises with a loving kisse. After

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After which, the beautifull Eglantine being ashamed of her nakednesse, weaved her selfe a Garment of græne Rushes, intermixed with such variety of sundry Flowers, that it surpassed for workmanship the Indian Maidens curious Webs: her crisped Locks of hayze continued still of the colour of the Mulberry Tree: whereby she seemed like Flora in her greatest royalty, when the fields were bedecked with Pastures Capistray.

After which she washed her Lilly Hands, and Rosie coloured Face in the Dew of Heaven: which she gathered from a Bed of Violets. Thus in her Græen Vestiments, she intends in company of her true Love (the vallant Knight of France) to take her journey to her Fathers Court, being as then the King of that Countrey: where after some few dayes Travell, they arrived safe in the Court of Thessaly, whose welcomes were to their store wishes, and their entertainments most honorable: for no sooner did the King behold his Daughters safe approach, of whose strange Transformation he was ever ignorant, but he fell into such a deadly swoon, through the exceeding joy of her presence, that for a time his senses were without all vitall moving, and his heart embraced so kindly her dainty body, and proffered such courtesie to the strange Knight, that Saint Denis accounted him the mirror of all Courtesie, and the pattern of true Nobility.

After the Champion was amazed, his stiffe and weary Limbs were bathed in new Milk and white wine, he was conveyed to a sweet smelling fire made of Juniper, and the fair Eglantine conducted by the Maidens of Honor to a private Chamber where she was disrobed of her Silbare Attire, and apparelled in a Pall of purple Silk: In which Court of Thessaly we will leave this our Champion of France with his Lady and goe forward in the Discourse of the other Champions, discovering what Adventuzes hapned to them during the time of seven yeares: But first how Saint Iames the Champion of Spaine fell in love with a faire Jew, and how for her sake he continued seven yeares dumb: and after, if Apollo grant my Muse the gift of Scholersism, and dip my Pen in the Inke of Art, I will not rest my weary hand, till I have explained the honorable proceedings of the Knights of England, France, Spaine, Italy, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, to the honour of Christendom, and the dishonour of all the professed Enemies of Christ.

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CHAP.

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CHAP. V.

How Saint Iames the Champion of Spaine, continued seven years dumb for the love of a faire Iew, and how he should have beene shot to death by the Maideris of Ierusalem, with other things which chanced in his Travels.



Now must my Muse speak of the strange Adventures of Saint Iames of Spaine, the third Champion and renowned Knight of Christendom, and what hapned unto him in his seven years Travels through many a strange Countrey, both by Sea and Land, where his honourable Acts were so dangerous and full of wonder, that I want skill to expresse, and Art to describe: also I am forced for brevities sake, to passe over his fearfull and dangerous battell with the burning Drake upon the flaming Mount in Sicill, which terrible combat continued for the space of seven dayes and seven nights. Likewise I omit his Travell in Capadocia, through a Wildernesse of Monsters: with his passage over the red Seas, where his Ship was devoured with Worms, his Marriners drowned, and himselfe, his Horse and Furniture safely brought to Land by the Sea Nymphs and Mermaids: where after his long Travels, passed Perils, and dangerous Tempests, amongst the boysterous billowes of the raging Seas, he arrived in the unhappy Dominions of Iuda, unhappy by reason of the long and troublesome misery he endured for the love of a faire Iew. For coming to the beautifull City Ierusalem, (being in that Age the wonder of the World, for brave Buildings, Princely Pallaces, gorgeous Mountaine, and time-wondring Temples) hee so admired the glorious Situation thereof (being the richest place that ever his eyes beheld) that he stood before the Walls of Ierusalem, one while gazing upon her golden Gates glittering against the Sunnes bright countenance, another while beholding her stately Pinnacles whose lofty pearing tops seemed to touch the Clouds; another while wondring at her Towers
of

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of Jasper, Jet, and Ebony, her strong and fortified Walls three times doubled about the City, the glittering Spires of the Temple of Sion, built in the fashion and similitude of the Pyramides, the ancient Monument of Greece, whose Battlements were covered with Steele, the Walls burnisht with Silber, and the ground paved with Tinne. Thus as this enobled and famous Knight at Arms stood beholding the Situation of Ierusalem, there suddenly thundred such a peale of Ordinance within the City, that it seemed in his ravished conceit, to shake the Wayl of Heaven, and to move the deep Foundations of the fastned Earth: whereat his Horse gave such a sudden start, that he leapt ten foot from the place whereon he stood. After this he heard the sound of Drums, and the cheerefull Echoes of brazen Trumpets, by which the valliant Champion expected some honourable Pastime, or some great Turnament to be at hand, which indeed so fell out: for no sooner did he cast his vigilant eyes toward the East side of the City, but he beheld a Troop of well appointed Horse come marching through the Gates: after them twelve armed Knights mounted on twelve warlike Coursers, bearing in their hands twelve blood red Streamers whereon was wrought in Silk the Picture of Adonis wounded with a Boze: after them the King drabone in a Chariot by Spanish Jennets, (which being a certaine kinde of Steeds engendred by the Wind,) The Kings Guard were a hundred naked Moores, with Turkish Bowes and Darts, feathered with Ravens wings: after them marched Celestine the King of Ierusalem's faire Daughter, mounted on a tame Unicorn, in her hand a Iavelin of Silber, and Armed with a Breast-plate of Gold, artificially wrought like the Scales of a Porcupine, her Guard were an hundred Amazonian Dames clad in greene Silk: after them followed a number of Squires and Gentlemen, some upon Barbarian Steeds, some upon Arabian Palfreys, and some on foot, in pace more nimble than the tripping Doeze, and more swifter than the tamelesse Hart upon the Mountaines of Theffaly.

Thus Nabuzaradan great King of Ierusalem (for so was hee called,) solemnly hunted in the Wilderness of Iuda, being a Countrey very much annoyed with wild Beasts, as the Lyon, the Leopard, the Boze, and such like; in which exercise, the King appointed as it was proclaimed by his chiefe

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Barrold at Armes, (the which hee heard repeated by a Shep, heard in the Field,) that whosoever slew the first wild Beast in the Forrest, should have in reward a Collet of Steele, so richly engzaved, that it should be worth a thousand sickles of Silber. Of which honourable enterprize when the Champion had understanding, and with what liberall bounty the adven-
turous Knights would be rewarded, his heart was fraughted with invincible courage, thirsting after glorious attempts, not onely for hope of game, but for the desire of honour, at which his illustrious and undaunted minde aymed at, to eternize his Deeds in the memorable Records of Fame, and to shine as a Chrysall Spire to all ensuing Times. So closing doونه his Weber, and locking on his Furniture, scoured over the Plaines before the Hunters of Ierusalem, in pace more swifter than the winged Winds, till he approached an old solitary and unfrequented Forrest, wherein he espied a huge and mighty wild Boe lying before his Mossy Den, gnawing upon the mangled toynts of some Passenger, which hee had murdered as he travelled through the Forrest.

This Boe was of wonderfull length and bignesse, and so terrible to behold, that at the first sight he almost daunted the courage of the Spanish Knight: for his monstrous head seemed ugly and deformed, his eyes sparkled like a fiery Furnace, his Tuskes more sharpe than pikes of Steele, and from his Nostrils fumed such a violent breath, that it seemed like a tempestuous Whirle-wind, his Whistles were more harder than seven times melted Masse, and his Talle more loathsome than a wreath of Snakes: near whom when Saint Iames approached, and beheld how he drank the blood of Humane Creatures, and devoured their flesh, he blew his Silber Hoorne, which as then hung at the Bummell of his Saddle in a Scarfe of Greene Silk: whereat the furious Monster roused himselfe, and most fiercely assailed the Noble Champion, which most nimbly leaped from his Horse, and with his Speare strooke such a violent blow against the breast of the Boe, that it shivered into twenty pices. When drawing his good Fauchion from his side, hee gave him a second encounter: but all in vaine, for hee strooke as it were on a Rock of Stone, or a Pillar of Iron, nothing hurtfull to the Boe: but at last with staring eyes (which sparkled like burning

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ning Steele,) and with open Jawes, the greedy Monster assailed the Champion, intending to swallow him alive: but the nimble Knight as then trusted more upon policy than to fortitude, and so for advantage skipped from place to place, till on a sudden he thrust his keene edged Curtle-Axe downe his intestine throat, and so most valiantly split his heart in sunder. The which being accomplished to his owne desire, he cut off the Bores Head, and so presented the honour of his Combat to the King of Ierusalem, who as then with his mighty Train of Knights, were but now entred the Forrest: who having graciously accepted the gift, and bountifullly fulfilled his promises, demanded the Champions Countrey, his Religion, and place of his Nativity: who no sooner had intelligence that he was a Christian Knight, and borne in the Territories of Spaine, but presently his patience exchanged into extream fury, and by these words he expressed his cankered stomach toward the Christian Champion.

Knowest thou not, bold Knight (said the King of Ierusalem) that it is the Law of Iuda to harbour no uncircumcised man, but either to banish him the land, or end his dayes by some untimely death: Thou art a Christian and therefore shalt thou die: not all thy Countrey Treasures, the wealthy Spanish Mines, nor if all the Alpes, which divide the Countreys of Italy and Spaine, were turned to Hills of burnisht Gold, and made my lawfull Heritage, they should not redeeme thy life. Yet for the honour thou hast done in Iuda, I grant thee this favour, by the Law of Armes to choose thy death, else hadst thou suffered a rigorous torment. Which severe iudgement so amazed the Champion, that desperately he would have killed himselfe upon his owne sword, but that hee thought it a more honour to his Countrey to die in the defence of Christendome. So like a true enobled Knight, fearing neither the threats of the Jewes, nor the impartiall stroke of the fatall Sisters, he gave this sentence of his owne death. First hee requested to be bound to a Pine-Tree with his breast laid open naked against the Sunne: then to have an houres respite to make his supplication to his Creator, and after wards to be shot to death by a true Virgin.

Which words were no sooner pronounced, but they disarmed him of his Furniture, bound him to a Pine-Tree, and laid

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laid his breast open, ready to entertaine the bloody stroke of some unrelenting Maiden: but such pittie, meeknesse, merrie, and kinde lenity lodged in the heart of every Maiden, that none would take in hand or bee the bloody Executioner of so brave a Knight. At last the Tyrannous Nabuzaradan gave strickt commandment upon paine of death that Lots should bee cast among the Maidens of Iuda that were there present, and to whom the Lot fell, shee should be the fatal Executioner of the condemned Christian. But by fortune the Chance fell to Celestine the Kings own Daughter, being the Paragon of beauty, and the fairest Maid then living in Ierusalem, in whose heart no such deed of cruelty could be harboured, nor in whose hand no bloody Weapon could bee entertained. In stead of deaths fatal instrument, she shot towards his breast a deep framed sigh the true Messenger of love, and afterwards to Heaven, she thus made her humble Supplication.

Thou great Commander of Celestiall mooving Powers, convert the cruell motions of my Fathers minde, into a spring of pittifull teares, that they may wash away the bloud of this innocent Knight, from the habitation of his stained purple soule. O Iuda and Ierusalem, within whose bosomes lides a wilderness of Tygers, degenerate from natures kinde, more cruell then the hungry Canibals, and more obdurate then untamed Lyons: what merciless Tyger can unzip that breast, where lides the image of true Nobility, the very pattern of Knight-hood, and the map of a noble minde? No, no, before my hand shall be stained with Christians bloud, I will like Scilla, against all nature, sell my Countreys safety, or like Medea wander with the Golden fleece to unknown Nations.

Thus, and in such manner complained the beauteous Celestine the Kings Daughter of Ierusalem, till her sighes stopped the passage of her speech, and her teares stained the naturall beauty of her Rosie cheeks: her hayres which glistered like to golden wires, she besmeared in dust, and disrobed her selfe from her costly Garments, and then with a Traine of her Amazonian Ladies, went to the King her Father, where after a long suit, shee not only obtained his life, but liberty, yet therewithall his perpetuall Banishment from Ierusalem, and from all the Borders of Iuda, the want of whose sight more grieved her heart, then the losse of her own life. So this noble
and

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and praise-worthy Celestine returned to the Christian Champion, that expected every minute to entertaine the sentence of death, but his expectation fell out contray: for the good Lady after she had sealed two or three kisses upon his pale Lips, being changed through the fear of death, cut the bands that bound his body to the Tree, into many pieces, and then with a flood of salt teares, the motions of true love, shee thus revealed her minde.

Most noble Knight, and true Champion of Christendom, thy life and liberty I have gained, but therewithall thy banishment from Iuda, which is a hell of horror to my soule: for in thy bosome have I built my happinesse, and in thy heart I account the Paradise of my true love: thy first sight and lovely countenance did ravish mee, for when these eyes beheld thee mounted on thy Princely Palfrey, my heart burned in affection towards thee: therefore deare Knight, in reward of my love, be thou my Champion, and for my sake weare this Ring, with this Poesie engraven in it, Ardeo affectione: and so giving him a Ring from her finger, and therewithall a kisse from her mouth, shee departed with a sorrowfull sigh, in company of her Father, and the rest of his honourable Train, back to the City of Ierusalem, being as then neare the setting of the Sunne. But now Saint Iames the Champion of Spaine having escaped the danger of death, and at full liberty, to depart from that unhappy Nation, he fell into many cogitations, one while thinking upon the true love of Celestine (whose name as yet he was ignorant of) another while upon the cruelty of her Father: then intending to depart into his own Countrey, but looking back to the Towers of Ierusalem, his minde suddenly altered, for thither he purposed to goe, hoping to have sight of his Lady and Mistresse, and to live in some disguised sort in her presence and be her Loves true Champion against all Conners. So gathering certaine black Berries from the Trees, hee coloured his body all over like a Blackamore: but yet considering that his Countrey speech would discover him, intended likewise to continue dumb all the time of his residence in Ierusalem.

So all things ordered according to his desire, hee took his journey to the City, where with signes and other motions of dumbnesse, hee declared his intent, which was to be

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bee entertained in the Court, and to spend his time in the service of the King. Whose countenance when the King beheld which seemed of the naturall colour of the Mozes, hee little mistrusted him to bee the Christian Champion whom before hee greatly envied, but accounted him one of the bravest Indian Knights that ever his eyes beheld: therefore hee entailed him with the honour of Knight-hood, and appointed him to bee one of his Guard, and likewise his Daughters onely Champion. Thus when Saint Iames of Spaine saw himselfe invested in that honoured place, his soule was ravished with such exceeding joy, that hee thought no pleasure comparable to his, no place of Elisium but the Court of Ierusalem, and no goodnesse but his beloved Celestine.

Long continued hee dumbe casting forth many a loving sigh in the presence of his Lady and Mistresse, not knowing how to reveale the secrets of his minde.

So upon a time, there arrived in the Court of Nabuzaradan, the King of Arabia, with the Admirall of Babylon, both presuming upon the love of Celestine, and craving her in the way of marriage, but shee exempted all their motions of love from her chaste minde, onely building her thoughts upon the Spanish Knight, which shee supposed to bee in his own Countrey.

At whose melancholy passions her importunate Sutors, the King of Arabia, and the Admirall of Babylon marvelled: and therefore intended upon an evening to present her with some rare devised maske. So choosing out fit Consorts for their courtly pastimes, of which number the King of Arabia was chief and first Leader of the Train, the great Admirall of Babylon was the second, and her own Champion Saint Iames the third, who was called in the Court by the name of the dumb Knight, in this manner the mask was performed.

First, entred a most excellent Consort of Musick, after them the aforesaid Maskers in cloath of gold, most curiously ambroidered, and danced a course about the Hall, at the end whereof the King of Arabia presented Celestine with a costly Sword, at the Hilt whereof hung a silver Globe, and upon the point was erected a golden Crowne: then the Musick sounded another course, of which the Admirall of Babylon was Leader, who presented her with a Vesture of pure
silk

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Wine, of the colour of the Ram-Bow, brought in by Diana, Venus, and Iuno : which being done, the Musick sounded the third time, in which course Saint James (though unknown) was the Leader of the Dance, who at the end thereof likewise presented Celestine with a Garland of sweet Flowers, which was brought in by the three Graces, and put upon her head. Afterward the Christian Champion intending to discover himselfe unto his Lady and Mistresse, took her by the lilly hand, and led her a stately Morisco Dance, which was no sooner finished, but he offered her the Diamond Ring which she gave him at his departure, in the Woods, the which she presently knew by the Poessie, and shortly after had intelligence, of his long continued dumbness, his counterfeit colour, his changing of nature, and the great danger that he put himself to for her sake : which caused her with all the speed she could possibly make, to break off company, and to retire into a chamber which she had hard by, where the same evening she had a long conference with her true and faithfull Lober and adventurous Champion : and to conclude, they made such agreement betwixt them, that the same night, unknown to any in the Court, she bade Ierusalem adue, and by the light of Cynthia's glittering beames stole from her Fathers Pallace, where in company of none but Saint James, she took her journey toward the Countrey of Spaine. But this noble Knight by policy prevented all ensuing dangers, for he shod his Horse backwards, whereby when they were missed in the Court, they might be followed the contrary way.

By this meanes escaped the two Lovers from the fury of the Jewes, and arrived safely in Spaine, in the City of Sivill, wherein the brave Champion Saint James was born : where now wee leave them for a time to their own contented minds. Also passing over the hurly burly in Ierusalem for the losse of Celestine, the vaine pursuits of adventurous Knights, in stopping the Ports and Havens, the preparing of fresh Horses to follow them, and the mustering of Souldiers to pursue them, the frantick passions of the King for his Daughter, the melancholy moanes of the Admirall of Babylon for his Mistresse, and the sorrowfull lamentation of the Arabian King, for his Lady and Love : wee will returne to the Adventures of the other Christian Champions.

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CHAP. VI.

The terrible Battell betwixt Saint Anthony the Champion of Italy, and the Gyant Blanderon; and afterward of his strange entertainment in the Gyants Castle, by a Thracian Lady; and what hapned to him in the same Castle.



It was at that time of the year, when the Earth was newly deckt with her Summers liberty, when the Noble and Heroicall minded Champion Saint Anthony of Italy arrived in Thracia, where hee spent his seven years Travels to the honour of his Countrey, the glory of God, and to his owne still lasting memory: For after he had wandred through Woods and Wildernesles, by Hills and Dales, by Caves and Dens, and other unknown Passages; he arrived at last upon the top of an high and steep Mountaine, whereon stood a wonderfull huge and strong Castle, which was kept by the most mighty Gyant under the cope of Heaven, whose puissant force all Thracia could not overcome; nor once attempt to withstand, but with the danger of their whole Countrey. The Gyants name was Blanderon, his Castle of the purest Marble Stone, his Gates of yellow Brasse, and over the principall Gate was Graven in Letters of Gold, these Verses following.

Within this Castle lives the scourge of Kings,
A furious Gyant, whose unconquered power,
The Thracian Monarch in subiection brings,
And keeps his Daughters Prisoners in his Tower:
Seaven Damsels faire the monstrous Gyants keeps,
That sing him Musick while he nightly sleeps.

His Bars of Steele a thousand Knights have felt,
Which for these Virgins sakes have lost their lives:
For all the Champions bold that with him dealt,
This most intestine Gyant still survives:

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Let simple Passengers take heed in time,
When up this steepy Mountaine they doe clime.

But Knights of worth, and men of Noble minde,
If any chance to travell by this Tower,
That for these Maidens sakes will be so kinde,
To try their strengths against the Gyants power,
Shall have a Virgins prayer both day and night,
To prosper them with good succesfull fight.

After hee had read what was written ober the Gate, desire of fame so encouraged him, and the thirst of honour so imboldened his valiant minde, that he either vowed to redeme these Ladies from their servitude, or die with honour by the sword of the Gyant. So going to the Castle Gate, he strook so vehemently thereon, with the Pummell of his Sword, that it sounded like a mighty thunder-clap: Whereat Blanderon suddenly started up, being fast asleep close by a Fountaines side, and came pacing forth at the Gate with an Oke Tree upon his neck: which at the sight of the Italian Champion so lightly flourished it about his head, as though it had been a light Curle-Axe, and with these Words gave the noble Champion entertainment.

What Fury hath incens'd thy over-bolned minde (proud p:incock) thus to adventure thy feeble force, against the violence of my strong Arms: I tell thee: haddest thou the strength of Hercules, who bore the Mountaine Atlas on his Shoulders, or the pollicie of Vlysses by which the City of Troy was ruinated, or the might of Xerxes whose Multitudes drunk up Rivers as they passed: yet all too feeble, weak, and impotent to encounter with the mighty Gyant Blanderon: thy force I esteeme like a blast of winde, and thy strokes as light as a few drops of water: Therefore betake thee to thy weapon, which I compare unto a Bul-rush; for on this ground will I measure out thy Grave, and after cast thy feeble Halfrey with one of my hands, headlong down this steepy Mountaine.

Thus boasted the baine glorious Gyant, upon his own strength. During which time, the valorous and hardy Champion had alighted from his Horse, where after hee had made his humble Supplication to the Heavens for his good speed, and

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committed his Fortune to the impartiall Arrière of Destiny, he approached within the compasse of the Gyants reach, who with his great Dike so nimbly bestir'd him, with such vehement blowes, that they seemed to shake the Earth, and to rattle against the Walls of the Castle like mighty thunder-claps; and had not the politick Knight continually skipped from the fury of his blowes, he had bene bruised as small as flesh into the Pot, for every stroke that the Gyant gave, the root of his Dike entred at the least two or three inches deep into the ground. But such was the wisdom and policy of the worthy Champion not to withstand the force of his Weapon, till the Gyant grew breathlesse, and not able through his long labour to lift the Dike above his head, and likewise the heat of the Sun was so intolerable (by reason of the extreame height of the Mountaine, and the mighty waight of his Iron Coat) that the sweat of the Gyants Browes ran into his eyes, and by the reason that he was so ext. came fat, he grew so blind, that he could not see to endure Combat with him any longer, and as farre as he could perceiue would have ratyzed or runne back againe into his owne Castle, but that the Italian Champion with a bold courage assailed the Gyant so fiercely, that he was forced to let his Dike fall, and stand gasping for breath: which when this Noble Knight beheld, with a fresh supply he redoubled his blowes so courageously, that they battered on the Gyants Armour like a storme of winters Haile, whereby at last Blanderon was compelled to ask the Champion mercy, and to crave at his handes some respite of breathing: but his demand was in vaine, for the valiant Knight supposed, now or neber to obtaine the honour of the day, and therefore rested not his weary Arm, but redoubled blow after blow, till the Gyant for want of breath, and through the anguish of his deep gashed wounds, was forced to giue the World a farewell, and to yeld the riches of his Castle to the most renowned Conquerour S. Anthony, the Champion of Italy: But by that time the long and dangerous encounter was finished, and the Gyant Blanderon's Head dissevered from his body, the Sun sat mounted on the highest part of the Elements, which caused the day to be extreame hot and sultry, whereby the Champions Armour so extreemly scalded him, that he was constrained to embrace his Corset, and to lay aside his Burgonet, and to cast

his

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his body on the cold Earth, onely to mitigate his overburthened heat. But such was the unnaturall colenesse of the Earth, and so unkindly to his over-laboured body, that the melted grease of his inward parts was, colen suddenly, whereby his body receiued such unnaturall distemperature, that the vapors of the Earth strooke presently to his heart, by which his vitall ayze of life was excluded, and his body without sense or moving: where in the mercy of pale Death, hee lay bereaved of feeling for the space of an houre.

During which time faire Rosalinde (one of the Daughters of the Thracian King, being as then Prisoner in the Castle) by chance looked over the Walls, and espyed the body of the Gyant headlesse, under whose subiection shee had confirmed in great serbitute, for the time of seven Moneths, likewise by him a Knight unarmed, as shee thought panting for breath, the which the Lady iudged to be the Knight that had claime the Gyant Blanderon, and the man by whom her delivery should be recovered, shee presently descended the Walls of the Castle, and ran with all speed to the aduenturous Champion, whom shee found dead. But yet being nothing discouraged of his recovery, feeling as yet a warme blood in ebery member, retired back with all speed to the Castle, and secht a Bore of precious Balme, the which the Gyant was wont to poure into his wounds after his Encounter with any Knight: with which Balme this curteous Lady washed ebery part of the breathlesse Champions body, one while washing his stiffe Limbs with her salt teares, the which like pearles fell from her eyes, another while drying them with the Tresses of her golden hayze, which hung dangling in the Wind, then washing his libelesse body againe with a Balme of a contrary nature, but yet no signe of life could shee espye in the dead Knight: which caused her to grow desperate of all hope of his recovery. Therefore like a loving, make, and kinde Lady, considering hee had lost his life for her sake, shee intended to beare him company in death, and with her owne hands to finish up her dayes, and to die upon his Breast, as Thisbe died upon the Breast of her true Pyramus: therefore as she swaies sings awhile before her

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death, so this sorrowfull Lady warbled forth this Swan-like
song over the body of the noble Champion.

Muses come mourn with dolfull melody,
Kinde Silvane Nymphes that sit in rosie bowers,
With brackish teares commix your harmony,
To waile with me both minutes, dayes, and houres.
A heavie, sad, and Swan-like song sing I,
To ease my heart a while before I die,

Dead is the Knight for whom I live and die,
Dead is the Knight, which for my sake is flaine:
Dead is the Knight, for whom my carefull cry,
With wounded soule, for ever shall complaine,
A heavie, sad, and Swan-like song sing I,
To ease my heart a while before I die.

Ile lay my breast upon a silver streame,
And swim into Elisiums Lilly fields:
There in Ambrosian trees Ile write a theame,
Of all the wofull fighes my sorrow yeelds.
A heavie, sad, and Swan-like song sing I,
To ease my heart a while before I die,

Farewell faire Woods, where sing the Nightingales,
Farewell faire Fields, where feed the light-foot Does,
Farewell you Groves, you Hills, and Flowry Dales,
But fare you ill, the cause of all my woes:
A heavie, sad, and Swan-like song sing I,
To ease my heart a while before I die,

Ring out my ruth, you hollow Caves of Stone,
Both Birds and Beasts, with all things on the ground:
You senselesse Trees, b^e assistant to my mone,
That up to Heaven my sorrowes may resound:
A heavie, sad, and Swan-like song sing I,
To ease my heart a while before I die.

Let all the Townes of Thrace ring out my knell,
And write in leaves of Brasse what I have said:

That

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That after Ages may remember well,
How Rosalinde both liv'd and dy'd a Maid:
A heavie, sad, and Swan-like song sing I,
To ease my heart a while before I die.

This wofull ditty was no sooner ended, but the desperate Lady misheard the Champions sword, which as yet was all besprinkled with the Gyants blood, and being at the very point to execute her intended Tragedy, and the sharp edged weapon directly against her Booby Breast, she heard the distressed Knight give a grievous and terrible groan: whereat she stopped her remorselesse hand, and with more discretion tendered her owne safety: for by this time the Balme wherewith shee annointed his body, by wonderfull operation, recovered the dead Champion, insomuch that after some few gasps and heave sighes, hee raised up his stiffe Limbes from the cold Earth, where like one cast into a Trance, for a time he gazed up and downe the Mountain, but at the last having recovered his lost Senses, espied the Thracian Damsell stand by not able to speak one word, her joy so abounded: But after some continuance of time, he rehealed to her the manner of his dangerous encounter, and successefull Victory; and she the cause of his recovery, and her intended Tragedy. Where, after many kinde salutations, she courteously took him by the hand, and led him into the Castle, where for that night hee lodged his weary Limbes in an easie Bed stuffed with Turtle Feathers, and softest White Down: the Chamber where he lay, had as many Windows as there were Months in the year, and as many doyes, as there were Quarters in a yeare, and to describe the curious Architecture, and the artificiall Workmanship of the place, were too tedious, and a work without end.

But to be short, the noble minded Knight slept soundly after his dangerous battell, without mistrust of Treason, or rebellious cogitations, till golden Phebus had him got more asle. When rising out of his sloathfull Bed, he Attired himselfe, not in his wonted Habillments of War, but in purple Garments according to the time of peace, and so intended to over-view the rarities of the Castle: But the Lady Rosalinde all the morning was busied in looking to his Horse, preparing delicates

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for his repast, and in making a fire against his up-riding, where after hee had refreshed his weary spirits with a dainty Banquet, and caroused down two or three Bowles of Brackish wine, he after by the counsell of Rosalinde, stripped the Gyant from his Iron Furniture, and left his naked body upon a craggy Rock, to be deuoured of hungry Rabens: which being done, the Thracian Virgin discovered all the secrets of the Castle to the adventurous Champion: First, she led him to a leaden Tower: where hung a hundred well approbated Crosets, with other martiall Furniture, which were the spoiles of such Knights as he had violently slain: after that, she brought him to a Stable, wherein stood a hundred pampered Iades, which daily fed upon nothing but humane flesh: Against it was directly placed the Gyants own lodging, his Bed was of Iron, Corded with mighty Bars of Steele, the Testern and Covering of Carbed Brasse, the Curtains were of Leaves of Gold, and the rest of a strange and wonderfull substance of the colour of the Element: after this, she led him to a broad Pond of water more clear than quick silver, the Streams whereof lay continually as smooth as Chrystall, whereon swam six milk-white Swans with Crowns of Gold about their necks.

Where, said the Thracian Lady, begins the hell of all my griefe. At which words a pearled shewre of teares ran from the conduits of her eyes, that for a time they staid the passage of her tongue: but having discharged her heart from a few sorrowfull sighes, shee began in this manner to tell her fore-passed fortunes:

These six milk-white Swans, most honourable Knight, you behold swimming in this River (quoth the Lady Rosalinde) be my naturall Sisters, both by birth and blood, and all Daughters to the King of Thrace, being now Governour of this unhappy Countrey, and the beginning of our imprisonment began in this unfortunate manner:

The King my Father, ordained a solenne hunting to be holden through the Land, in which honourable Pastime, my selfe in company of my six Sisters was present. So in the middle of our Sports, when the Lords and Barons of Thracia were in Chase after a mighty doe Lyon, the Heavens suddenly beganne to lowre, the firmaments over-cast, and a generall darknesse over-spread the Face of the whole Earth:

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Earth: then presently rose such a Storme of Lightning and Thunder, as though Heaven and Earth had met together: by which our Lordly Troop of Knights and Barons were separated one from another, and we poore Ladies forced by misfortune to seek for shelter under the bottome of this high and steepe Mountaine: where, when this cruell Gyant Blanderon espied us, as hee walked upon his Battlements, he suddenly descended the Mountaine, and fetcht us all under his Arm up into the Castle, where eber since we have lived in great servitude: and for the wonderfull Transformation of my six Sisters, thus it came to passe as followeth:

Upon a time the Gyant being over-charged with Wine, grew enamoured upon our Beauties, and desired much to enjoy the pleasures of our Virginities, our excellent gifts of Nature so enflamed his minde with Lust, that he would have forced us ebery one to satisfie his sinfull desires: but hee took my Sisters one by one into his Lodging, thinking to deflowre them, their earnest prayers so prevailed in the sight of God, that he preserved their Chastities by a most strange and wonderfull Miracle, and turned their comely Bodies into the Shape of milke white Swans, even in the same Forme as here you see them swimming. So when this monstrous Gyant saw that his intent was cross, and how there was none left behind to supply his want, but my unfortunate selfe, hee restrained his filthy lust, not violatting my honour with any stain of inf. my, but kept me eber since a most pure Virgin, only with sweet inspiring Musick to bring him to his sleep.

Thus have you heard (most Noble Knight) the true Discourse of my most unhappy Fortunes, and the wonderfull Transformation of my six Sisters, whose losse to this day is greatly lamented throughout all Thracia: and with that word she made an end of her Tragical Discourse, not able to utter the rest for weeping. Whereat the Knight being oppressed then with like sorrow, embraced her about the slender waist, and thus kindly began to comfort her:

My most deare and kinde Lady, within whose countenance I see how Vertue is enthronized, and in whose minde lyes true magnanimity, let these few Words suffice to comfort thy sorrowfull Cogitations. First, think that the Heavens are most beneficall unto thee, in preserving thy

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Qualitty from the Gyants insatiate desires: then for thy delivery by my meanes from thy slavish servitude: thirdly and lastly, that thou remaining in thy naturall shape and likeness, mayest live to bee the meanes of thy Sisters Transformations: Therefore dry up these Chrysell pearled teares, and bid thy long continued sorrowes adue: for griefe is companion with despaire, and despaire a procurer of infamous death.

Thus the wofull Thracian Lady was comforted by the noble Christian Champion: where, after a few kinde greetings, they intended to Travell to her Fathers Court, there to relate what had hapned to her Sisters in the Castle, likewise the Gyants confusion, and her own safe delivery, by the illustrious Proesse of the Christian Knight. So taking the keyes of the Castle, which were of a wonderfull waight, they locked up the Gates, and paced hand in hand downe the Steepy Mountaine, till they approached the Thracian Court, which was distant from the Castle some ten miles: but by that time they had a sight of the Pallace, the Sunne was wadded to the under World, and the light of Heaven late muffled up in Clouds of pitch, the which not a little discontented the weary Travellers: but at last coming to her Fathers Gates, they heard a solemn sound of Bells, ringing the funerall knell of some Noble State: the cause of which solemn ringing they demanded of the Porter, whom in this manner expressed the truth of the matter unto them.

Faire Lady, and most renowned Knight (said the Porter) for so you seeme, both by your speeches and honourable demands, the cause of this ringing is, for the losse of the Kings seven Daughters, the number of which Bells bee seven, called after the names of the seven Princesses, which never yet have ceased their dolefull melody, since the departure of the unhappy Ladies, nor never must, untill ioyfull newes be heard of their safe return.

Then now their taskes be ended, (said the noble minded Rosalinde) for we bring happy newes of the seven Princesses abidings. At which words the Porter being ravished with ioy, in all haste ranne to the Steeple, and caused the Bells to cease. Whereat the King of Thrace being at his Royall Supper, and hearing the Bells to cease their wonted melody,

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melody, suddenly started up from his Princely Seat, and like a man amazed ranne to the Pallace Gate, whereas hee found his Daughter Rosalinde in company of a strange Knight: which when hee beheld, his ioy so exceeded, that hee swooned in his Daughters bosome, but being recovered to his former sense he brought them up into his Princely Hall, where their entertainments were so honourable, and so gracious in the eyes of the whole Court, that it were too tedious and overlong to describe: but their ioy continued but a short season; for it was presently dast with Rosalindes Tragical Discourse: for the good old King when he heard of his Daughters Transformations, and how they lived in the shape of milk-white Swans, he rent his Locks of silver hayze, which time had dyed with the pledge of wisdom: his rich Embroydered Garments hee tore in many pieces, and clad his Aged Limbes in a dismall black, and sable Mantle, as discontented then as the wofull King of Troy, when hee beheld his faire Sonne dragged by the hayze of his head up and downe the Streets: also hee commanded, that his Knights and adventurous Champions, in stead of glistering Armour, should weare the Cloaks of Death, more black in hue than Winters darkest nights, and all the Courtly Ladies and gallant Thracian Maidens, in stead of silken Vestiments, hee commanded to weare both heabie, sad, and malancholy Dynaments, and eben as unto a solemne funerall, to attend him to the Gyants Castle; and there obsequiously to offer up unto the angry Destinies, many a bitter sigh and teare, in remembrance of his Transformed Daughters; which Decree of the sorrowfull Thracian King was performed with all convenient speed: for the next morning no sooner had Phcebus cast his beauty into the Kings Bed-chamber, but hee apparalled himselfe in mourning Garments, and in company of his melancholy Train, set forward to his wofull Pilgrimage. But here we must not forget the Princely minded Champion of Italy, nor the noble Lady Rosalinde, who at the Kings departure towards the Castle, craved leave to stay behinde, and not so suddenly to begin new Trabels: whereunto the King quickly condescended, considering their late journey the evening before: so taking the Castle keyes from the Champion, hee bade his Pallace adue, and committed his Fortune

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to his sorrowfull journey, where wee leave him in a world of discontented passions, and awhile Discourse what hapned to the Christian Champion and his beloved Lady: for by that time the Sunne had thrice measured the World with his restlesse Steades, and thrice his sister Luna wandered to the West, the Noble Italian Knight grew weary of his long continued rest, and thought it a great dishonour and a scandal to his valiant minde, to remaine where nought but Chamber Sports were resident, and desired rather to abide in a Court that entertained the doefull murmuring of Tragedies, or where the ioyfull sound of Drums and Trumpets should be heard: therefore he took Rosalinde by the hand, being then in a dum, for the want of her father, to whom the Noble Knight in this manner exprested his secret intent:

My most devoted Lady and Mistresse (said the Champion) a second Dido for thy Love, a straine to Venus for thy Beauty, Penelopes compare for constancie, and for chastity the wonder of all Maids: the faithfull love that hitherto I have found since my arrivall, for ever shall be shined in my heart, and before all Ladies under the same Heavens, thou shalt live and die my Loves true Goddess: and for thy sake Ile stand as Champion against all Knights in the World: But to impare the honour of my Knight-hood, and to live like a Carpet Dancer in the Laps of Ladies I will not: though I can tune a Lute in a Princes Chamber, I can sound a fierce Alarm in the Field, Honour calls mee forth, deare Rosalinde, and Fame intends to buckle on my Armour, which now lies rusting in the idle Court of Thrace: Therefore I am constrained (though most unwilling) to leave the comfortable sight of thy Beauty, and commit my fortune to a longer Traveill; but I protest, wheresoeber I become, or in what Region soever I bee harboured, there will I maintaine to the losse of my life, that both thy love, constancy, beauty, and chastity, surpasseth all Dames alive; and with this promise, my most divine Rosalinde, I bid thee fare well. But before the honourable minded Champion could finish what he had purposed to utter, the Lady being wounded inwardly with extreame griefe, not able to indure to keep silent any longer, but with teares falling from her eyes, brake of his Speech in this manner:

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Sir Knight (said she) by whom my Liberty hath been obtained: the name of Lady and Mistresse wherewith you entitle mee, is too high and proud a Name, but rather call mee Hand-maid, or thy seruile Slave, for on thy Noble Person will I euermore attend: It is not Thrace can harbour mee when thou art absent, and before I doe forsake thy company and kinde Fellowship, Heauen shall bee no Heauen, the Sea no Sea, nor the Earth no Earth: but if thou provest unconstant, as Ninus did to Scilla, who for his sake stole her Fathers purple Hat, wherupon depended the safety of his Countrey, or like wandring Aeneas forsake the Quene of Carthage: these tender and soft hands of mine shall neuer be unclasped but hang upon thy Horse Bridle, till my body like Theseus Sonne bee dashed in sunder against hard Flinty Stones: Therefore forsake me not, dear Knight of Christendome. If euer Camina proved true to her Sinarus, or Alsioue to her Ceyx, Rosalinde will bee as true to thee: so with this plighted promise shee caught him fast about his Neck, from whence shee would not inclose her hands, till he had vowed by the Honour of true Chivalry, to make her sole Companion, and only Partner in his Trabels: and so in this order it was accomplished.

They being both agreed, shee was most trimly Attzyed like a Page, in greene Sazcent, her Hayze bound up most cunningly with a Silk Lilt, artificially wrought with curious Knots, that shee might trauell without suspicion or blemish of Honour; her Rapier was a Turkish Blade, and her Poyntard of the finest fashion, which shee wore at her back tyed with an Orange tawnie coloured Scarfe, beautified with Tassels of unwoven Silk, her Buskins of the smoothest Kids Skins, her Spurs of the purest Lydian Steele. In which when the Noble and Beautifull Lady was Attzyed, shee seemed in stature like the God of Love, when he satte dandled upon Didoes Lap, or rather Ganimede, Ioues Opinion, or Adonis, when Venus sheltered her white Skin, to entrap his eyes to her unchast desires. But to bee briefe, all things being in readinesse for their depature from Thrace, this Famous Worthy Knight mounted upon his eager Steed, and the magnanimous Rosalinde on her gentle Palfrey, in pace more easie then the winged Winds, or a Cock-Boat floating upon Chrysell Streames, they both hade adue-

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to the Countrey of Thracia, and committed their journey to the Quene of Chance: Therefore little Heavens, and guide them with a most happy Starre, untill they arrive where their soules doe most desire. The brabest and boldest Knight that eber wandred by the way, and the most loveliest Lady that eber eye beheld.

In whose Trabels my Spule must leave them for a season, and speak of the Thracian Mourners, which by this time had watered the earth with abundance of their Cere- monious teares, and made the Elements true witnesses of their sad Laments, as hereafter followeth in this next Chapter.



CHAP. VII.

How Saint Andrew the Champion of Scotland, travelled into a Vale of walking Spirits, and how hee was set at liberty by a going Fire, after his journey into Thracia, where he recovered the six Ladies to their naturall Shapes, that had lived seven years in the likenesse of milk white Swans, with other accidents that befell the most Noble Champion.



NOW of the honourable Adventures of S. Andrew the famous Champion of Scotland, must I Discourse, whose seven years Trabels were as strange as any of the other Champions: For after he had departed from the Wazzen Pillar, as you heard in the beginning of the History, he travelled through many a strange and unknown Nation, beyond the Circuit of the Sun, where but one time in the yeare hee shewes his brightsome Beames, but continually darknesse over-spreads the Countrey, and there lives a kinde of people that have heads like dogs, that in extremitie of hunger doe devour one another, from which people this noble Champion was strangely delivered, where after he had wandred some certaine dayes, neither seeing the gladsome brightnesse of the Sunne, nor the comfortable countenance of the Moone, but on- ly

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by guided by duskie Planets of the Elements, he hapned to a
 Vale of walking Spirits: which he supposed to be the very
 Dungeon of burning Acheron: there he heard the blowing of
 unseen fires, bellowing of Furnaces, rattling of Armour, tramping
 of Horses, gongling of Chaines, humming of Iron,
 roaring of Spirits, and such like horrible noises, that it
 made the Scottish Champion almost at his wits end: But yet
 having an undaunted courage, exempting all feare, hee humbly
 made his Supplication to Heaven, that God would deliver
 him from that discontented place of terror: and so presently as
 the Champion knelt upon the barren ground (whereon grew
 neither hearb, flower, grasse, nor any other green thing) hee
 beheld a certaine flame of Fire, walking up and down before
 him, whereat hee grew into such an extasie of feare, that hee
 stood for a time amazed, whether it were best to goe forward, or
 to stand still: But yet recalling his senses, hee remembred
 himselfe, how he had read in former times of a going Fire
 called Ignis fatuus, the Fire of Destiny, by some, Will with
 the Wilspe, or Will with the Lanthorn; and likewise, by some
 simple Countrey people, The faire maid of Irland, which com-
 monly used to lead wandring Travellers out of their wayes:
 The like imaginatons entred the Champions minde. So en-
 couraging himselfe with his owne conceits, and chearing up
 his dull senses, late oppressed with extreame fear, hee directly
 followed the going Fire, which so lustily went before him, that
 by the time the Quider of the night had climed twelve Degrees
 in the Zodiack, hee was safely delivered from the Vale of
 walking Spirits, by the direction of the going Fire.

Now began the Sunne to dance about the Firmament,
 which he had not seene in many Moneths before: whereat his
 dull senses much rejoyced, being long covered before with
 darknesse, that every step hee trade was as pleasurable, as
 though hee had walked in a Garden bedeckt with all kinde of
 fragrant Flowers.

At last, without any further molestation, hee arrived with-
 in the Territories of Thracia, a Countrey as you heard in the
 former Chapter, adorned with the beauty of many faire
 Woods and Forrests, through which hee travelled with
 small rest, and lesse sleep, till hee came to the foot of the
 Mountaine, whereupon stood the Castle wherein the wofull
 King

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King of Thracia in company of his sorrowfull Subjects, still lamented the unhappy Destinies of his six Daughters, turned into Swans, having Crowns of Gold about their neckes; When the valiant Champion Saint Andrew beheld the lofty Situation of the Castle, and the invincible strength it seemed to bee of, he expected some strange Adventure to befall him in the said Castle: So preparing his Sword in readinesse, and buckling close his Armour, which was a shirt of silver Maille, for lightnesse in Travell, he climed the Mountaine, whereupon he espied the Gyant lying upon a craggy Rock, with Limbs and Members all rent and rozne, by the fury of hunger-starved Fowles: which loathsome spectacle was no little wonder to the worthy Champion, considering the mighty Stature and bignesse of the Gyant: where leaving his putrified body to the Winds, he approached the Gates: where after he had read the Superscription over the same, without any interruption entered the Castle, where he expected a fierce encounter by some Knight that should have defended the same: but all things fell out contrary to his imagination, for after he had found many a strange novelty and hidden secret closed in the same, he changed at last to come where the Thracians duly observed their Ceremonious Pourninges, which in this order was daily performed, first upon Sundayes, which in that Countrey is the first day in the Week, all the Thracians Attired themselves after the manner of Bacchus Priests, and burned perfumed Incense, with sweet Arabian Frankincense, upon a Religious Shrine, which they offered to the Sunne, as chiefe Governour of that day, thinking thereby to appease the angry Destinies, and so recover the unhappy Ladies to their former Shapes: upon Mondayes clad in Garments after the manner of Silvanes, a colour like to the waves of the Sea, they offered up their wofull teares to the Moone, being the Guider and Mistress of that day: upon Tuesdayes like Souldiers trailing their Banners in the dust, and Drums sounding sad and dolefull melody, in signe of discontent, they committed their proceedings to the pleasure of Mars, being Ruler and Guider of that day: upon Wednesday like Scholars, unto Mercury: upon Thursday, like Potentates, to love: upon Friday like Lovers, with sweet sounding Musick to Venus: and upon Saturday like manfull Professors, to the angry & discontented Saturn.

Thus

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Thus the wofull Thracian King, with his sorrowfull suspects, consumed seven Moneths away, one while accusing Fortune of desptight, another while the Heavens of iniustice: the one for his Childzens Transformations, the other for their long-limited punishments. But at last, when the Scottish Champion heard what bitter moane the Thracian made about the River, hee demanded the cause, and to what purpose they obserbed such vaine Ceremonies, contemning the Majesty of Iehovah, and only worshipping but outward and vaine Gods; to whom the King after a few sad tears strayned from the conduits of his aged eyes, Replyed in this manner.

Most noble Knight, for so you seeme by your gesture and other outward appearance, (quoth the King,) if you desire to know the cause of our continuall grieffe, prepare your eares to heare a tragick and wofull Tale, whereat me thinks I see the Elements begin to mourne, and cover their Azure countenance with sable Clouds. These milk-white Swans you see, whose necks are beautified with golden Crownes, are my six naturall Daughters, Transformed into this Swan-like substance, by the appointment of the Gods: for of late this Castle was kept by a cruell Gyant named Blanderon, who by violence would have ravished them, but the Heavens to preserve their Chastities, prevented his lustfull desires, and Transformed their Beautifull Bodies to these milk-white Swannes: And now seven times the chearfull Spring hath renewed the Earth with a Summers Liberte: and seven times the nipping Winter Frosts have bereaved the Trees of leafe and bud, since first my Daughters lost their Virgins Shapes: Seven Summers have they swumme upon this Chrystall Streame: where, in stead of rich attyre, and imbroydered Vestments, their smooth silber coloured Feathers adorne their comely Bodies: Princely Pallaces, wherein they were wont, like tripping Sea-Nymphes, to dance their measures up and down, are now exchanged into cold streames of water: wherem their chiefest melodie, is the murmuring of cold liquid bubbles, and their joyfullest pleasure, to heare the harmony of humming Bees, which some Poets call the Grouse birds.

Thus have you heard (most worthy Knight) the rufull Tragedy of my Daughters, for whose sakes I will spend the
remnant

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remnant of my dayes heabily, complayning of their long appointed punishments, about the Banks of this unhappy River. Which sad Discourse was no longer ended, but the Scottish Knight (having a minde furnished with all Princely thoughts, and a tongue washt in the Fountaine of Eloquence) thus Replied, to the comfort and great reioycing of the Company.

Most noble King (quoth the Champion) your heable and dolorous Discourse hath constrained my heart to a wonderfull passion, and compelled my very soule to rue your Daughters miseries: But yet a greater griefe and deeper sorrow then that hath taken possession in my Breast, whereof my eyes have beene witnesse, and my eares unhappy hearers of your misbeliefe, I mean your unchristian Faith: For I have seene since my first arrivall into this same Castle, your prophane and vaine Worshipping of strange and false gods, as of Phœbus, Luna, Mars, Mercury, and such like Poeticall Names, which the Majesty of High Iehovah utterly condemns. But magnificent Goveznour of Thracia, if you seek to recover your Daughters happinesse by humble Prayers, and to obtaine your soules content by true teares, you must abandon all such vaine Ceremonies, and with true humillity Belêve in the Christians God, which is the God of wonders, and chiefe Commander of the ruling Elements, in whose quazzell this unconquered Arm, and this undaunted heart of mine shall fight: and now be it known to thee, great King of Thrace, that I am a Christian Champion, by Birth a Knight of Scotland, bearing my Countreys Armes upon my Breast (for indeed thezeon bee bore a Silver Crosse set in blue Silk) and therefore in the Honour of Christendome, I challenge forth the proudest Knight at Armes, against whom I will maintaine that our God is the true God, and the rest fantasticall and vaine Ceremonies.

Which sudden and unexpected Challenge, so daunted the Thracian Champions, that they stood amazed for a time, gazing upon one another, like men dropt from the Clouds: but at last consulting together, how the challenge of the strange Knight, was to the dishonour of their Countrey, and utter scandall of all Knightly Dignity: they, with a generall consent craved leave of the King that the Challenge might be taken, who as willingly condescended as they demanded. So both time and place

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place was appointed, which was the next morning following, by the Kings commandement, upon a large and plaine Meadow close by the River's side, whereon the six Swans were swimming: whereupon after the Christian Champion had cast down his beely Gauntlet, and the Thracian Knights accepted thereof, every one departed for that night, the Challenger to the East side of the Castle to his Lodging, and the Defendants to the West, where they slept quietly till the next morning, who by the break of day were awakened by a Herald at Arms: but all the passed night, our Scottish Champion never entertained one motion of rest, but busied himselfe in trimming his Horse, buckling on his Armour, lacing on his Burgonet, and making Prayers to the Divine Majesty of God, for the Conquest and Victory, till the Mornings beauty chased away the darknesse of the Night: and no sooner were the windowes of the day fully opened, but the valiant and noble minded Champion of Christendome entered the List, where the King in company of the Thracian Lords was present to behold the combat: and so after Saint Andrew had twice or thrice traced his Horse up and down the Lists, bravely flourishing his Lance, at the top whereof hung a Pendant of Gold, whose Poesie was thus written in Silber Letters, This day a Martyr, or a Conquerour: Then entered a Knight, in exceeding bright Armour, mounted upon a Courser as white as the Northren Snow, whose Caparison was of the colour of the Elements; betwixt whom was a fierce Encounter: but the Thracian had the foyle, and with disgrace departed the Lists. Then secondly, entered another Knight in Armour, barnished with green Varnish, his Steed of the colour of an Iron Gray; who likewise had the repulse by the worthy Christian. Thirdly, entered a Knight in a black Collet, mounted upon a big boned Palfrey, covered with a bale of sable Silk, in his hand he bore a Lance rayled round about with Plates of Steele: which Knight amongst the Thracians was accounted the strongest in the World, except it were those Gyants that descended from a monstrous Image: But no sooner encountred these hardy Champions, but their Launces shivered in sunder, and flew so violently into the Ayre, that it much amazed the Beholders: then they alighted from their Steeds, and so valiantly bestirred them with their keene edged Fauchions, that the fiery sparkles flew

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new so fiercely from these Noble Champions steele Helmes, as from an Iron Anvil: But the combat endured not very long, before the most hardy Scottish Knight espied an advantage, wherein he might shew his matchlesse fortitude: whereupon hee struck such a violent blow upon the Thracians Burgonet, that it cleaved his head tust downe to the shoulders: whereat the King suddenly started from his Seat, and with a wrathfull countenance threatned the Champions death in this manner:

Proud Chzistian (saie the King) thou shalt repent his death, and curse the time that ever thou camest to Thracia: his blood we will reuenge upon thy head, and quitt thy committed cruelty with a sudden death: and so in company of a hundred Armed Knights, hee encompassed the Scottish Champion, intending by multitudes to further him. But when the valiant Knight S. Andrew saw how hee was suppress by Treachery, and informed with mighty Troops, he called to Heauen for succour, and animated himselfe by these words of encouragement: Now for the Honour of Chzistendom, This day a Martyr or a Conquerour: and therewithall hee so valiantly behaued himself with his trusty Curtle-Axe, that he made lanes of murdered men, and felled them down by Multitudes, like as the Harbest man doth now downe eares of ripened corn; whereby they fell before his face like leaves from Trees, when the Summers pride declines her glory. So at the last, after much bloodshed, the Thracian King was compelled to yeld to the Scottish Champions mercy, who swore him for the safety of his life, to forsake his prophane Religion, and become a Chzistian, whose liuing true God the Thracian King vowed for evermore to worship, and thereupon hee kist the Champions Sword.

This conuersion of the Pagan King, so pleased the Majesty of God, that hee presently gave end to his Daughters punishments, and turned the Ladies to their former shapes. But when the King beheld their smoth Feathers, which were as white Lillies, exchanged to naturall faireness, and that their black Bills and slender Becks were conuerted to their first created Beauties (where for eternall faimesse the Queen of Love might build her Paradise,) he bade adue to his griefe and long continued sorowes, protesting euer after

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after to continue a true Christian for the Scottish Champions sake: by whom and by whose Divine Orisons, his Daughters obtained their former Features: so taking the Christian Knight in company of the six Ladies, to an excellent rich Chamber, prepared with all things according to their wishes, where first the Christian Knight was unarmed, then his wounds washed with white-wine, new-milk, and rose water, and so after some dainty repast, conveyed to his nights repose. The Ladies being the loyfullest creatures under Heaven, never entertained one thought of sleep, but passed the night in their Fathers company, (whose minde was ravished with unspeakable pleasures) till the mornings messenger bade them good morrow.

Thus all things being prepared in a readinesse, they departed the Castle, not like mourners to a heavey Funerall: but in triumphing manner, marching back to the Thracian Pallace, with streaming Banners in the winde, Drums and Trumpets sounding ioyfull melody, and with sweet inspiring Musick, caused the Ayre to resound with Harmony: But no sooner were they entred the Pallace, (which was in distance from the Gyants Castle, some ten miles) but their Triumphs turned to exceeding sorrow, for Rossalinde with the Champion of Italy, as you heard before, was departed the Court: which unexpected newes so daunted the whole company, but especially the King, that the Triumphes for that time were deferred, and Messengers dispatcht in pursuit of the adventurous Italian, and the lovely Rossalinde.

Likewise when S. Andrew of Scotland had intelligence how it was one of those Knights that was imprisoned with him under the subiection of the wicked Enchantresse Kalyb, as you heard first in the beginning of the History, his heart thirsted for his most honourable Company, and his eyes seldome closed quietly, nor took any rest, untill hee was likewise departed in the pursuit of his sworn friend, which was the next night following, without making any acquainted with his intent: likewise, when the six Ladies understood the secret departure of the Scottish Champion, whom they affected dearer then any Knight in all the World, they stored themselves with sufficient Treasure, and by stealth took their journeyes from their Fathers Pallace, intending

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intending either to finde out the victorious and approved Knight of Scotland, or to end their lives in some Foreign Region.

The rumour of whose departure, no sooner came to the Kings eares, but hee purposed the like Travell, either to obtain the sight of his Daughters again, or to make his Tomb in a Countrey beyond the circuit of the Sun. So attiring himself in homely Rust, like a Pilgrime, with an Ebony staffe in his hand tipped with Silver, took his journey all unknown from his Pallace, whose sudden and secret departure, struck such an extream and intollerable heavinesse in the Court, that the Pallace Gates were sealed up with sorrow, and the Walls behung with sable Mourning Cloth. The Thracian Lords exempted all Pleasure, and like Flocks of Sheep strayed up and down without Shepheards, the Ladies and Courtly Gentles sate sighing in their Private Chambers: where we leave them for this time, and speak of the Successe of the other Champions, and how Fortune smiled on their Adventurous proceedings.



CHAP. VIII.

How Saint Patrick the Champion of Ireland redeemed the six Thracian Ladies out of the hands of thirty bloudy minded Satyres, and of their purposed Travell in the pursuit after the Champion of Scotland.



At now of that vallant and hardy Knight at Arms, S. Patrick, the Champion of Ireland must I speak, whose Adventurous Accoents were so nobly performed, that if my Pen were made of Steele, yet should I weare it to the stumps, sufficiently to declare his Proweesse, and worthy Adventures. When he departed from the Brazen Pillar, from the other Champions, the Heavens smiled with a kinde Aspect, and sent him such a happy

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happy Starre to be his Guide, that it led him to no Courtly pleasures, nor to vaine delights of Ladies Beauties, but to the throne of Fame, where Honour late enstalled upon a seat of Gold. Thither travelled the Warlike Champion of Ireland, whose illustrious Battels the Northren Isles have Chronicled in leaves of Brass: therefore Ireland be proud, for from thy bowels did spring a Champion, whose Prowesse made the Enemies of Christ to tremble, and watered the Earth with Streames of Pagans blood: witnesse whereof the Ile of Rhodes, the key and strength of Christendom, was recovered from the Turks, by his martiall and invincible Prowesse; where his Dangerous Battels, fierces Encounters, bloody Skirmishes, and long Assaults, would serbe to fill a mighty Volume, all which I passe over, and wholly Discourse of things appertaining to this History. For after the Wars of Rhodes were fully ended, S. Patrick (accounting idle ease the nurse of Cowardise) had Rhodes farewell, being then strongly fortified with Christian Souldiers, and took his tourney through many an unknown Countrey, where at last, it pleased so the Queen of Chance, to direct his Steps into a solitary Wildernesse, inhabited onely by wild Satyrs, and a People of inhumane qualities, giving their wicked minds only to Murther, Lust, and Rape: wherein the Noble Champion Travelled up and down many a weary Step, not knowing how to qualifie his hunger, but by his own industry in killing of wild Venison, and pressing out the blood between two flat Stones, and daily roasted it by the heat of the Sunne: his lodging was in the hollow trunk of a blasted Tree, which nightly preserved him from the dropping Showers of Heaven; his chiefe Companions were sweet resounding Echoes, which commonly re-answered the Champions words.

In this manner lived Saint Patrick the Irish Knight, in the Woods, not knowing how to set himselfe at liberty, but wandring up and down as it were in a maze wrought by the curious Workmanship of some excellent Gardiner, it was his Chance at last, to come into a dismall shady thicket beset about with balefull Spicketoe, a place of horrou, wherein he heard the cries of some distressed Ladies, whose bitter Lamentations seemed to pierce the Clouds, and to crave succour at the hands of God, which unexpected cries not a little

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little daunted the Irish Knight : so that it caused him to prepare his weapon in readinesse, against some sudden Encounter : So couching himself close under the root of an old withered Oake (which had not flourished with graine leaves in many a yeere) hee espied asfarre off a crew of bloudy minded Satyres, halting by the hayze six unhappy Ladies through many a thorny brake and byer, whereby the Beauty of their crimson cheekes was all bespzent with purple goze, and their eyes (within whose clear Glasses one might behold the god of Love dancing) all to be rent and torne by the fury of the Byers, whereby they could not see the light of Heaven, nor the place of their unfortunate abiding : which wofull spectacle forced such a terror in the heart of the Irish Knight, that he presently made out for the rescue of the Ladies, to redeem them from the fury of the merciless Satyres, which were in number about some thirty, every one having a club upon his neck, which they had made with roots of young Oakes and Vine Trees; yet this adventurous Champion being nothing discouraged, but with a bold and resolute minde, let dize at the sturdiest Satyre, whose Armour of defence was made of a Bulls hide, which was dyed so hard against the Sunne, that the Champions Turtle-Are preballed not : after which the fell Satyres encompassed the Christian Knight round about, and so mightily opprest him with down-right blowes, that had he not by good fortune leapt under the boughes of a spreading Tree; his life had bene forced to give the World a speedy farewell. But such was his nimble and active policy, that ere long hee sheathed his sharp pointed Fauchion in one of the Satyres breasts : which wofull sight caused all the rest to flee from his presence, and left the six Ladies to the pleasure and disposition of the most noble and courageous Christian Champion :

Who after hee had sufficiently breathed, and coled himselfe in the chill Ayre, (being almost windlesse through the long Encounter and bloudy Skirmish) he demanded the cause of the Ladies Trabel; and by what meanes they hapned into the hands of those merciless Satyres, who most cruelly and tyrannicall attempted the utter ruine and endless spoule of their unspotted Virginities. To which curteous demand one of the Ladies, after a deep fetcht sigh or two. (being strained from the bottome of her most sorrowfull heart)

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in the behalfe of her selfe and the other distressed Ladies, Re-
plied in this order :

Know brave minded Knight, that wee are the unfortu-
nate Daughters of the King of Thrace, whose liues have been
unhappy ever since our Birthes. For first, wee did endure a
long Imprisonment under the hands of a cruell Gyant, and
after the Heavens to preserve our Chastities from the wick-
ed desire of the said Gyant, Transformed us into the Shape
of Swans, in which likenesse wee remained seven yeeres,
but at last recovered by a worthy Christian Knight, named
Saint Andrew, the Champion of Scotland, after whom wee
have travelled many a weary step, never crost by any vio-
lence, untill it was our angry Fates to arrive in this unhappy
Wildernesse, where your eyes have been true witnesses of our
wofull misfortunes. Which sad Discourse was no sooner fi-
nished, but the worthy Champion thus began to comfort the
distressed Ladies :

The Christian Champion after whom you take in hand
this weary Travell (said the Irish Champion) is my ap-
proved Friend, for whose company and wished sight, I will
goe more weary miles, then there be Trees in this vaste
Wildernesse, and number my steps with the multitudes of
Sands hidden in the Seas : therefore, most excellent Ladies,
true Ornaments of Beauty, bee sad companions in my
Travell, for I will never cease till I have found our honour-
able Friend, the Champion of Scotland, or some of those
brave Knights, whom I have not seen these seven Sum-
mers.

These words so contented the sorrowfull Ladies, that
without any exception they agreed, and with as much wil-
lingnesse consented, as the Champion demanded. So after
they had recreated themselves, eased their wearinesse, and
cured their wounds, which was by the secret vertues of cer-
taine Herbs growing in the same Woods, they took their tour-
neys anew under the conduct of this worthy Champion
Saint Patrick, where, after some dayes Travell, they ob-
tained the sight of a broad beaten way, where committing
their Fortunes to the fatall Sisters, and setting their faces
toward the East, they merrily tourneyed together. In whose
fortunate Travels we leave them, and speak of the seventh

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 Christian Champion, whose Adventurous Exploits and
 Knightly Honours deserves a golden Pen, dipt in the Inke
 of true Fame to Discourse at large.



CHAP. IX.

How Saint David the Champion of Wales, slew the Count
 Palatine in the Tartarian Court, and after how he was sent
 to the Enchanted Garden of Ormondine, wherein by Ma-
 gick Art he slept seven yeares.



Atnt David the most Noble Champion of Wales,
 after his departure from the Brazen Pillar,
 where as the other Champions of Christen-
 dome diuided themselves severally, to seek for-
 raighn Adventures, he atchieved many memoza-
 ble things, as well in Christendome, as in those Nations
 that acknowledge no true God: which for this time I omit,
 and only Discourse what hapned unto him among the Tartari-
 ans: For being in the Emperour of Tartaries Court (a place
 very much honoured with halorous Knights, and highly graced
 with a Traine of Beauteous Ladies) where the Emperour
 upon a time ordained a solemne Just and Turnament to bee
 holden in the honour of his Birth-day: whither resorted at the
 time appointed, (from all the Borders of Tartary) the best and
 the hardiest Knights there remaining. In which honorable and
 Princely exercise, the noble Knight Saint David was appoin-
 ted Champion for the Emperour, who was mounted upon a
 Morocco Steed, betrapped in a rich Caparison, wrought by
 the curious workmanship of Indian Women, upon whose
 Shield was set a golden Giffin rampant in a ffield of Blue.

Against him came the Count Palatine, Sonne and Heire
 apparant to the Tartarian Emperour, brought in by twelve
 Knights, richly furnished with Habillments of Honour, who
 paced three times about the Lists, before the Emperour and
 many Ladies that were present to behold the Honourable
 Turnament, The which being done, the twelve Knights de-
 parted.

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parted the Lists, and the Count Palatine prepared himselfe to Encounter with the Christian Knight, (being appointed chiefe Champion for the day;) who likewise prepared himselfe, and at the Trumpets sound by the Heralds appointment, they ran so fiercely each against other, that the ground seemed to shake under them, and the Skies to resound Ecchoes of their mighty strokes.

At the second Race, the Champions ranne, Saint David had the worst, and was constrained through the forcible strength of the Count Palatine, to leane backward, almost beside his Saddle: whereat the Trumpets began to sound in signe of Victory; but yet the valiant Christian nothing dismayed, but with acourage (within whose eyes late Knightly revenge) ranne the third time against the Count Palatine, and by the violence of his strength, he overthrew both Horse and man, whereby the Counts body was so extreamply bruised with the fall of his Horse, that his heart blood issued forth by his mouth, and his vitall spirits pressed from the mansion of his Breast, so that hee was forced to give the World a time-little farewell.

This fatall overthrow of the Count Palatine, abashed the whole Company: but especially the Tartarian Emperour, who having no more Sonnes but him, caused the Lists to bee broken up, the Knights to bee unarmed, and the murdered Count to bee brought by foure Squires into his Pallace, where, after hee was dispoyled of his Furniture, and the Christian Knight receibed it in the Honour of his Victory, the wofull Emperour bathed his Sonnes body with teares which dropped like Chrysell Pearls upon the congealed blood, and after many sad sighes, hee breathed forth this wofull Lamentation:

Now are my Triumphs turned to eberlasting Moes, from a Comickall Pastime, to a dreffull and bloody Tragedy; O most unkinde Fortune, never constant but in change! Why is my life deferred to see the downfall of my deare Sonne, the Noble Count Palatine? Why rends not this accursed Earth whereon I stand, and presently swallow up my body into her hungry bowels: is this the use of Christians? for true Honour to repay Dishonour? Could not base blood serve to stame his deadly hands withall, but the Royall blood of

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my deare Sonne, in whose rebenge the face of the Heavens is stained with blood, and cries for vengeance to the Majesty of mighty Iove. The dreadfull furies, the direfull daughters of dark night, and all the balefull company of burning Acharon whose loynes be girt with Serpents, and hayze behanged with weathes of Snakes, shall haunt, pursue, and follow that accursed Christian Champion, that hath bereaved my Countrey Tartary of so pzeious a Jewell as my deare Son the Count Palatine was, whose magnanimous Prowesse did surpasse all the Knights of our Countrey:

Thus sorrowed the wofull Emperour for the death of his Noble Sonne: sometime making the Echoes of his Lamentations pierce the Elements: another while forcing his bitter Curses to sinke to the deep foundation of Acharon: one while intending to be revenged on Saint David the Christian Champion, then pzeently his intent was crost with a contrary imagination, thinking it was against the Law of Armes, and a great dishonour to his Countrey, by violence to oppresse a strange Knight, whose actions had ever bene guided by true Honour, but yet at last this firme resolution entred into his minde.

There was adioynning upon the Borders of Tartary, an Enchanted Garden, kept by Magick Art, from whence never any returned that attempted to enter, the Governour of which Garden was a notable and famous Pigromancer, named Ormondine, to which Magician the Tartarian Emperour intended to send the adventurous Champion S. David, thereby to rebenge the Count Palatines death. So the Emperour after some few dayes passed, and the Volsquies of his Sonne being no sooner performed, but he caused the Christian Knight to be brought into his pzeence, to whom he committed this heaule Task, and weary Labour.

Proud Knight (said the angry Emperour) thou knowest since thy Arriball in our Territories; how highly I have honoured thee, not onely in granting liberty of life, but making thee chiefe Champion of Tartarie, which high Honour thou hast repaid with great ingratitude, and blemished true Nobility, in acting my deare Sonnes Tragedy: for which unhappy Deed thou rightly hast deserved death. But yet know accursed Christian, that mercy harboureth

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in Princely minds, and where Honour sits enthronized, there Justice is not too severe: Although thou hast deserved death, yet if thou wilt adventure to the Enchanted Garden, and bring hither the Magicians Head, I grant thee not onely life, but therewithall the Crowne of Tartarie after my decease: because I see thou hast a minde furnished with Princely thoughts, and adorned with true Magnanimity.

This heauble Taske, and strange Adventure, not a little pleased the Noble Champion of Wales, whose minde ever thirsted after worthy Adventures: and so after some considerate thoughts, in this manner he Replied:

Most high and magnificent Emperour, (said the Champion) were this Task which you entoyne mee to, as wonderfull as the Labours of Hercules, or as fearefull as the Enterprize which Iason made for the Golden Flaxe, yet would I attempt to finish it, and returne with like Triumph to Tartarie, as the Macedonian Monarch did to Babylon, when hee had conquered part of the wide World. Which words were no sooner ended, but the Emperour bound him by his Oath of Knight-hood, and by the love hee bore unto his native Countrey, never to follow other Adventure, till hee had performed his promise, which was to bring the Magician Ormondine's Head into Tartary: whereupon the Emperour departed from the Noble Knight Saint David, hoping never to see him returne, but rather to heare of his utter confusion, or everlasting imprisonment.

Thus the Valiant Christian Champion, being bound to his promise, within three dayes prepared all necessities in readinesse for his departure: and so travelled West-ward, till hee approached the sight of the Enchanted Garden, the Situation whereof somewhat daunted his Valiant Courage: for it was encompassed with a Hedge of withered Thornes and Bryers, which seemed continually to burne: upon the top thereof sate a number of strange and deformed things, some in the likenesse of night Owles, which wondred at the presence of Saint David; some in the shape of Prognos Transformations, foretelling his unfortunate successe, and some like Rabens, that with their harsh throats rung forth balefull knells of wofull Tragedies; the Elements which

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covered the Enchanted Garden, seemed to bee over-spread with misty Clouds, from whence continually shot Flames of Fire, as though the Skies had been filled with blazing Comets: which fearefull Spectacle, as it seemed the very pattern of Hell, struck such a terrour into the Champions heart, that twice he was in minde to return without performing the Adventure, but for his Oath and Honour of Knight-hood, which hee had pawned for the accomplishment thereof: So laying his body on the cold Earth, being the first Nurse and Mother of his life, hee made his humble Petition to God, that his minde might never be oppressed with Cowardise, nor his heart daunted with faint Feare, till hee had performed what the Tartarian Emperour had bound him to, the Champion rose from the Ground, and with cherefull looks beheld the Elements, which seemed in his conceit to smile at the Enterprize, and to fore-shew a lucky event.

So the Noble Knight Saint David with a valiant courage went to the Garden Gate, by which stood a Rock of Stone, over-spread with Moss: In which Rock by Magick Art was enclosed a Sword, nothing outwardly appearing but the Hilt, which was the richest in his iudgement, that ever his eyes beheld, for the Steele work was engraven, very curiously, beset with Jasper and Sapphire Stones; the Pommel was in the fashion of a Globe, of the purest Silver that the Mines of rich America brought forth: about the Pommel was engraven in Letters of Gold these Verses following.

My Magick spels remaine most firmly bound,
The Worlds strange wonder, unknown by any one,
Till that a Knight within the North be found,
To pull this Sword from out this Rock of stone:
Then ends my Charmes, my Magick Arts and all,
By whose strong hand, wise Ormondine must fall.

These Verses drave such a conceited imagination into the Champions minde, that hee supposed himselfe to be the Northern Knight, by whom the Paganomancer should bee conquered: Therefore without any further advisement hee put his hand into the Hilt of the rich Sword, thinking presently

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presently to pull it out from the Enchanted Rock of Ormondine: But no sooner did hee attempt that vaine Enterprize, but his valiant courage and invincible fortitude failed him, and all his Senses were overtaken with a sudden and heabte Sleep, whereby hee was forced to let goe his hold, and to fall flat upon the barren Ground, where his eyes were so fast locked up by Magick Art, and his waking Senses drowned in such a dead slumber, that it was as much impossible to recover himselfe, from sleep, as to pull the Sunne out of the Firmament. The Peggomancer, by his Magick skill had intelligence of the Champions unfortunate successe: who sent from the Enchanted Garden foure Spirits, in the similitude and likenesse of foure beautifull Damsels, which wrapped the drowlie Champion in a Sheet of fine Arabian Silke, and conheyed him into a Caba, directly placed in the middle of the Garden, where they layed him upon a soft Bed, more softer than the down of Culbers: where those beautifull Ladies through the Art of wicked Ormondine, continually kept him sleeping for the terme of seven years: one while singing with sugzed Songs, more sweeter and delightfuller than the Syrens melody: another while with rare conceited Musick, surpassing the sweetnesse of Arions Harp, which made the Doulphins in the Seas dance at the sound of his sweet inspiring Melody; or like the Harmony of Orpheus when hee tounted down into Hell, where the Devils reioyced to heare his admired Notes, and on Earth, Trees, and Stones leaped when hee did but touch the silber Strings of his Ivory Harp.

Thus was S. Davids Adventure cross with a wonderfull bad successe, whose dayes Trabels was turned into a nights repose, whose nights repose was made a heabte Sleep, which endured untill seven years were fully finished, where we leave S. David to the mercy of the Peggomancer Ormondine, and returne to the most Noble and magnanimous Champion Saint George, where we left him imprisoned in the Souldans Court. But now, Gentle Reader, thou wilt thinke it strange, that all these Christian Champions should meet together againe, seeing they be separated into so many Borders of the World: First, Saint Denis the Champion of France, remaineth now in the Court of Thessaly, with his Lady Eglatinne:

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Eglantine : S. James the Champion of Spaine , in the City of Sivill with Celestine, the fair Lady of Ierusalem : S. Anthony the Champion of Italy, travelling the World, in the company of a Thracian Maiden, attyzed in a Pages apparell : S. Andrew the Champion of Scotland, seeking after the Italian : S. Patrick the Champion of Ireland , after the Champion of Scotland : S. David of Wales, sleeping in the Enchanted Garden, adioyning to the Kingdome of Tartary: and S. George the Famous Champion of England , imprisoned in Persia : of whom, and whose Noble Adventures, I must awhile Discourse, till the honoured Fame of the other Champions compels me to report their Noble and Princely Achievements.



CHAP. X.

How Saint George escaped out of Prison at Persia, and how he redeemed the Champion of Wales from his Enchantment, with other things that hapned to the English Knight, with the Tragicall Tale of the Nigromancer Ormondine.



Now seven times had frosty bearded Winter covered both Herbs and Flowers with Snow, and behung the Trees with Chrystall Ickles : seven times had Lady Ver Beautified every Field with Natures Ornaments; and seven times had withered Autumne robbed the Earth of springing Flowers, since the unfortunate S. George beheld the cheerfull sight of Heaven, but lived obscurely in a dismall Dungeon, by the Soule of Persias commindement, as you heard before in the beginning of the History : his unhappy Fortune so discontented his restless thoughts, that a thousand times a yeare he wished an end of his life, and a thousand times he cursed the day of his Creation : his sighes in number did counterbait a heap of sand, whose top might seeme to reach the Skies, the which he vainly breathed forth against the Walls of the Prison, many times making his humble Supplications to the Heavens to redeem him from that vale of misery, and many times seeking occasion desperately to abridge his dayes, & so triumph in his own Tragedy.

But

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But at last, when seven yeeres were fully ended, it was the Champions luckie fortune to finde in a secret corner of the Dungeon a certaine Iron Engin, which time had almost consumed with rust, wherewith, with long labour hee digged himselfe a passage through the ground, till hee ascended iust in the middle of the Souldans Court, which was at that time of the night when all things were silent: the Heavens hee then beheld beautified with Stars, and bright Cynthia, whose glistering Beames he had not seene in many hundred nights before, seemed to smile at his safe delibery, and to stay her wandring course, till hee most happily found meanes to get without the compasse of the Persians Court, where danger might no longer attend him, nor the strong Gates of the City hinder his flight, which in this manner was performed. For now the noble Knight being as fearfull as the bird newly escaped from the Fowlers Net, gazed round about, and listned where he might heare the voyce of people; at last hee heard the Groomes of the Souldans Stable, furnishing forth Horses against the next morning for some Noble Achievement. Whereupon the Noble Champion Saint George taking the Iron Engin, wherewith he redeemed himselfe out of Prison, hee burst open the Doores, where he slew all the Groomes in the Souldans Stable: which being done, hee took the strongest Palfrey, and the richest Furniture, with other necessaries appertaining to a Knight at Arms, and so rode in great comfort to one of the City Gates, where he saluted the Porter in this manner:

Porter, open the Gates, for Saint George of England is escaped, and hath murdered the Groomes, in whose pursuit the City is in Arms. Which words the simple Persian beleved for truth, and so with all speed opened the Gates, whereat the Champion of England departed, and left the Souldan in his dead sleep, little mistrusting his sudden escape.

But by that time the purple spotted morning had parted with her gray, and the Sunnes bright countenance appeared on the Mountaine tops, Saint George had ridden twenty miles from the Persian Court, and before his departure was bruted in the Souldans Pallace, the English Champion had recovered the sight of Grecia, past all danger of the Persian Knights, that followed him with a swift pursuit. By this
time

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time the extremity of hunger so sharply tormented him, that hee could Traveill no further, but was constrained to sustaine himselfe with certaine wild Chestnuts in stead of Bread, and sowre Dringes in stead of drinke, and such faint food that grew by the wayes as hee travelled, where the necessity and want of Victuals compelled the Noble Knight to beare the forth this pittifull complaint.

O hunger, hunger, (said the Champion) more sharper than the stroak of death, thou art the extreamest punishment that ever man endured: If I were now King of Armenia, and chiefe Potentate of Asia, yet would I give my Diadem, my Scepter, with all my Provinces for one shiber of browne bread: O that this Earth would bee so kinde, as to open her bowels and cast up some food, to suffice my want: or that the Ayre might bee choakt with Hils, whereby feathered Fowles for want of breast might fall, and yeeld me some succour in this my Famishment, and extreame penury: or that the Oceans would out spread their Branched Armes, and cover these Sun-burnt Valleys with their Treasures, to satisfie my hunger: but O now I see, both Heaven and Earth, Hills and Dales, Skies and Seas, Fish and Fowls, Birds and Beasts, and all things under the cope of Heaven, conspire my utter overthrow: better had it been if I had ended my dayes in Persia, than here to be famished in the broad World, where all things by Natures appointment are ordained for mans use. Now in stead of Courtly Delicates, I am forced to eat the fruit of Trees, and in stead of Greekish Wine, I am compelled to quench my thirst with mornings dew, which nightly falls upon the blades of Grasse.

Thus complained Saint George, till glittering Phœbus had mounted the top of Heaven, and drawn the misty vapors from the Ground, whereby hee might behold the prospects of Grecia, and which way to Traveill most safely. And as he looked, he espied directly before his face a Tower standing upon a Chalky Clift, distant from him some three Miles, whither the Champion intended to goe, not to seek for Adventures but to rest himselfe after his journey, and to get such Victuals as therein he could finde to suffice his want.

So setting forward with a speedy pace, the Heavens seemed to smile, and the Birds to ring chirping peales of melody, as though

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though they did prognosticate a Fortunate Event. The way hee found so plain, and the journey so easie, that within half an hour hee approached before the said Tower: where upon the Wall stood a most Beautifull Woman, attyzed after the manner of a distressed Lady, and her looks heavie, like the Queen of Troys, when she beheld her Pallace on Fire. The Valiant Knight Saint George, after he had alighted from his Horse, he gave her this courteous Salutation.

Lady (said hee) for so you seeme by your outward appearance, if eber you pittied a Traveller, or granted succour to a Christian Knight, give to me one meales meat, now almost famished. To whom the Lady after a curst frown or two, answered in this order.

Sir Knight (quoth shee) I advise thee with all speed to depart, for here thou gettest but a cold Dinner: my Lord is a mighty Gyant, and beloebeth in Mahomet, and if hee once doe understand that thou art a Christian Knight, not all the Gold of higher India, nor the riches of wealthy Babylon can preserve thy life. Now by the Honour of my Knight-hood (Replied Saint George,) and by the great God that Christendom adores, were thy Lord more stronger than mighty Hercules, that bore Mountaines on his back: here will I either obtaine my Dinner, or die by his accursed hand.

These Words so abashed the Lady, that shee went with all speed from the Tower, and told the Gyant how a Christian Knight remained at the Gate, which had sworn to suffice his hunger in despite of his will: whereat the furious Gyant suddenly started up, being as then in a sound sleep, for it was the middle of the day: who took a bat of Iron in his hand and came down to the Tower Gate. His Stature was in height five yards, his head bristled like a Boar, a foot there was betwixt each brow, his eyes hollow, his mouth wide, his lips were like to flaps of Steele, in all his proportion more like a Devill than a man. Which deformed Monster so daunted the courage of Saint George, that hee prepared himselfe to death: not through feare of the monstrous Gyant, but for hunger and feeblenesse of body: but here God provided for him, and so restored to him his decayed strength, that he endured Battell till the closing up of the Evening, by which time the Gyant grew almost blind, through the sweat that ranne

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downe from his monstrous Browes, wherat Saint George got the advantage, and wounded the Gyant so cruelly under the short ribs, that he was compelled to fall to the Ground, and to give end to his life.

After which happy Event of the Gyants slaughter, the invincible Champion Saint George first gave the Honour of his Victory to God, in whose power all his Fortune consisted. Then entering the Tower, wheras the Lady presented him with all manner of Delicates, and pure Wines; but the English Knight, suspecting Treachery to be hidden in her professed courtesie, caused her first to taste of every Dish: Likewise of his Wine, lest some violent popson should be therein commixt: finding all things pure and wholome as nature required, he sufficed his hunger, rested his weary body, and refreshed his Horse.

And so leaving the Tower in keeping of the Lady, hee committed his Fortune to a new Travell: where his revived spirits never entertained longer rest, but to the refreshing of himselfe and his Horse, so travelled he through part of Grecia, the Confines of Phrygia, and into the Borders of Tartary, within whose Territories hee had not long touzned, but hee approached the sight of the Enchanted Garden of Ormondine, where Saint David the Champion of Wales had so long slept by Magick Art. But no sooner did he behold the wonderfull Situation thereof, but hee espied Ormondines Sword enclosed in the Enchanted Rock: where after hee had read the Supercription written about the Pummell, he assayed to pull it out by strength: where he no sooner put his hand into the Hilt, but he drew it forth with much ease, as though it had bene hung by a threed of untwisted Silke: but when he beheld the glistering brightnesse of the Blade, and the wonderfull richnesse of the Pummell, he accounted the Prize more worth than the Armour of Achilles, which caused Ajax to run mad, and more richer than Medeas Golden Flæce: But by that time Saint George had circumspectly lookt into every secret of the Sword, he heard a strange and dismall voyce thunder in the Skies, a terrible and mighty lumbzing in the Earth, whereat both Hills and Mountaines shook, Rocks removed, and Dakes rent into pieces: After this, the Gates of the Enchanted Garden flew open, wherat incontinently came forth
Ormondine

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Ormondine the Magician, with his hayze staring on his bead, his eyes sparkling, his cheeks blushing, his hands quivering, his legges trembling, and all the rest of his body distempered, as though Legions of Spirits had encompassed him about; hee came directly to the worthy English Knight that remained still by the Enchanted Rock, from whence hee had pulled the Magicians Sword: whence after the Peggomancer had sufficiently beheld his Princely countenance, whereon true Honour sat enthronized, and viewed his portly Personage the Image of true Knight-hood, the which seemed in the Magicians eyes to be the rarest work that ever Nature framed: First, hee took the most Valiant and magnanimous Champion Saint George of England, by the steele Gantlet, and with great humilitie kissed it, then proffering him the courtesies due unto Strangers, which was performed very graciously; hee afterward conducted him into the Enchanted Garden, to the Cave where the Champion of Wales was kept sleeping by the foure Virgins singing delightfull Songs, and after setting him a Chaire of Ebony, Ormondine thus began to relate of wonderfull things.

Renowned Knight at Armes (said the Peggomancer) James worthiest Champion, whose strange Adventures all Christendome in time to come shall applaud: be silent till I have told my Tragick Tale, for never after this must my tongue speak againe: The Knight which thou seest here wrapped in this Sheet of Gold, is a Christian Champion as thou art, sprung from the Ancient Seed of Trojan Warriours who likewise attempted to draw this Enchanted Sword, but my Magick Spels so prebailed, that he was intercepted in the Enterprize, and forced ever since to remaine sleeping in this Cave: but now the houre is almost come of his recovery, which by thee must be accomplished: thou art that Adventurous Champion, whose invincible hand must finish up my detested life: and send my flitting soul to draw thy fatall Chariot upon the Banks of burning Acharon: for my time was limited to remaine no longer in this Enchanted Garden, but till that from the North should come a Knight that should pull this Sword from the Enchanted Rock, which thou happily hast now performed, therefore I know my time is short, and my houre of Destiny at hand. What I report, write it in brazen

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lines, for the time will come when this Discourse shall highly benefit thee. Take heed thou observe three things: First, that thou take to wife a pure Maid: Next, that thou erect a Monument over thy Fathers Grave: And lastly, that thou continue a professed Foe to the Enemies of Christ Jesus, bearing Arms in the Honour and praise of thy Countrey. These things being truly and iustly observed, thou shalt attaine such Honour, that all Kingdomes of Christendom shall admire thy Dignity: what I speak is upon no baine Imagination, sprung from a frantick braine, but pronounced by the mysticall and deep Art of Negromancy.

These Words were no sooner ended, but the most honoured and fortunate Champion of England, requested the Magician to describe his passed Fortunes, and by what meanes hee came first to be Governour of that Enchanted Garden.

To tell the Discourse of mine own life (Replied Ormondine) will breed a new sorrow in my heart, the remembrance whereof will rend my very soule: but yet (most noble Knight) to fulfill thy request, I will force my tongue to declare what my heart desires to utter: Therefore, prepare thine eare to entertain the wofullest Tale that euer tongue delibered. And so, after Saint George had sate awhile silent, expecting his Discourse, the Magician spake as followeth:

The wofull and Tragickall Discourse, pronounced by the
Negromancer Ormondine, of the misery
of his Children.

I was in former time, (so long as fortune smiled upon me) the King and only Commander of Scythia, my name Ormondine, graced in my youth with two fair Daughters, whom Nature had not only made Beautifull, but replenisht them with all the gifts that Art could devise: The elder, whose name was Castria, the fairest Maid that euer Scythia brought forth, her eyes like flaming Torches, so dazled her Beholders, that like attractive Adamants, they caused them to admire her Beauty: Amongst a number of Knights that were ensnared with her Love, there was one Floridon, Son to the King of Armenia, equall to her in all excellent Ornaments of Nature, a lovelier Couple never trod on Earth, or graced any Princes Court in the whole World.

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This Floridon so fervently burned in affection with the admired Castria, that he lusted after her Virginitie, and practised both by policy, and faire promises to enjoy that precious pleasure, which after fell to his owne destruction: For upon a time, when the mantles of dark Night had closed in the light of Heaven, and the whole Court had entertained a silent rest, this lustfull Floridon entred Castrias Lodging, furthered by the Chamber-maid, where, to her hard hap, hee cropped the bud of sweet Virginitie, and left such a paine within her Tomb, that before many dayes were expired, her Shame began to appear, and the deceived Lady, was constrained to reveale her gzeife to Floridon: who in the meane time had betrothed himselfe to my younger Daughter, whose name was Marcilla, no lesse beautified with Natures Gift, than her elder Sister, but when this unconstant Floridon perceived that her Belly began to grow big with the burthen of his unhappy Seed, he upbraided her with shame, laying dishonour in her dish, calling her Strumpet, with many ignominious words, forswearing himself, never to have committed any such infamous Deed, protesting that he ever scorned to linke in womans bands, and counted chamber Love a deadly sting, and a deep infection to the Honour of his Knight-hood.

These unkind Speeches drove Castria into such extream passion of mind, that she with a shamefull look and blushing Cheeks, after this manner revealed her sorowes unto him:

What knowes not Floridon (quoth the Lady) her, whom his Lust hath stained with dishonour: See, see, unconstant Knight the pledge of faithlesse Loves, behold the Tomb where springs my lively Image, behold this Mark which stains my Fathers Ancient House, and sets a shamefull blush upon my Cheeks alwayes when I behold the company of Chaste Virgins: Dear Floridon, shew dole this my Shame with Marriage Rites, that I be not accounted a by-word to the World, nor that this my Shame in time to come, be termed a Base-born child: Remember what plighted Promises, what Vowes and Protestations, pass betwixt us, remember the place and time of my dishonour, and be not like the furious Tygers, that repay love with despight.

At which Words Floridon with a wrathfull Countenance, replied in these Words: Eggeious and shamelesse Creature (quoth hee) with what brazen Face darrest thou out-braue mee thus:

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thus: I tell thee Castria, my love was ever yet to follow Army, to heare the sound of Drums, to ride upon a nimble Steed, and not to trace a Carpet Dance, like Priams Sonne, before the lustfull eyes of Menelaus Wife: Therefore bee gone, disturbing Strumpet, go sing thy harsh melody in company of night-birds, for I tell thee, the day will blush to cover thy monstrous Shame.

Which reproachfull Speeches being no sooner ended, but Floridon departed her presence, not leaving behind him so much as a kinde look: whereat the distressed Lady, being oppressed with intollerable griefe, sunk down dead, not able to speak for a time, but at last, recobezing her senses, she began anew to complain.

I that was wont (quoth shee) to walk with Troops of Paids, must now abandon and utterly forsake all company, and seek some secret Cave, wherein I may sit for evermore and bewaile my lost Virginitie: If I returne unto my Father, hee will refuse me: if to my Friends, they will be ashamed of me: if to Strangers, they will scorn me: if to my Floridon, Oh, hee denpeth me, and accounts my sight as ominous as the balefull Crocodiles. Oh that I might in the shape of a Bird, or like the Ravisht Philomela, fill every Wood and Wildernesse with my dishonour, for now I am neither chaste Virgin, nor honest Wife, but a shamelesse Strumpet, and the Worlds vile scorn: whereat mee thinks, I see how vertuous and chaste Paids point and terme me a vicious Dame. Oh unconstant Floridon! thou didst promise to shadow this my fault with Marriage, but now Clothes I see are baine: Thou hast forsaken me, and tyed thy Faith unto my Sister Marcilla, who must enjoy thy Love, because shee continues Chaste without any spot of dishonour. Oh! woe to thee unconstant Knight, thy flattering eyes deceived mee, and thy glosing tongue inticed mee to commit that Sinne, which all the Ocean Streames can never wash away: Why stand I relating thus in vaine: the Deed is done, and Floridon will triumph in the spoyle of my Virginitie, while hee lyes dilyping in my Sisters Armes: Nay, first, the fatall Lights of Funerals shall mask about his Marriage Bed, and his Bridall blaze Ile quench with blood: for I will goe unto their Marriage Chamber, where as these hands of mine shall rend my Sisters Tomb,

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Whom, before shee shall enjoy the interest of my Bed: rage heart in stead of love, delight in murder, let vengeance be eber in thy thoughts, untill thou hast quencht with blood the furies of disloyall love.

Whis complained the wofull Castria, robing up and down the Court of Scythia, untill she mistresse of the Night had spent fve Months: at the end of which time, the appointed Marriage of Floridon and Marcilla drew nigh, she thought whereof proved an endless terrour to her heart, and of a more intollerable burthen, than the paines of her Whom; the which she girded in so extreamly for feare of suspicion, and partly under colour to bring about her intended Tredegy. which was in this bloody and execrable manner accomplished and brought about.

The day at last came, whereon Floridon and Marcilla should tie that sacred knot of Marriage, and the Princes and Potentates of Scythia were all present as witnesses to Himens holy Rites: In which honourable Assembly, none were more busie than Castria, to beautifie her Sisters Wedding. The Ceremonies being no sooner performed, and the day spent in all pleasures fitting the honour of so great and mighty a Traine, but Castria requested the use of the Countrey, which was this; that the first night of every Maidens Marriage, a known Virgin should lie with the Bride, which honourable Task was committed to Castra: who provided against the houre appointed, a silver hoodkin, and hid secretly in the trammels of her haire, wherewith she intended to prosecute rebenge. The Brides Lodging Chamber was appointed far from the hearing of any one, lest the noyse of people should hinder her quiet sleep.

But at last, when the houre of her wishes approached, that the Bride should take leave of the Ladies and Maidens that attended her to her Chamber, the new married Floridon in company of many Scythian Knights, committed Marcilla to her quiet rest, little mistrusting the bloody purpose of her Sisters minde.

But now behold, how every thing fell out according to her desires. The Ladies and Gentlewomen were no sooner departed, and silence taken possession of the whole Court, but Castria with her own hands locked the Chamber Dore, and secretly conbated the keyes under the Beds head, not perceived

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by the betrayed Marcilla : which poore Lady after some few speeches, departed to Bed : wherein shee was no longer layed, but a heaue sleep over-mastered her Senses, whereby her tongue was forced to bid her Sister good-night, who as then late discontented by her Bed-side, watching the time, wherein she might conveniently at the bloody Tragedy : upon a Court-cupbord stood two burning Tapers that gave light to the whole Chamber, which in her conceit seemed to burne blue : which fatal spectacle encouraged her to a more speedy performance : and by the light of the two Lamps she undressed her Vestures, and stripped her self into her milk white smock, having not so much upon her head, as a Caine to hold up her golden haire : after this she took her silver Bodkin, that before she had secretly hidden in her haire, and with a washyfull countenance, (upon whose browes late the Image of pale Death) she came to her new Married Sister, being then over-come with a heaue slumber, and with her Bodkin pierced her tender Breast : who immediately at the stroke thereof started from her sleep, and gave such a pittifull scrike, that it would have wakened the whole Court, but that the Chamber stood farre from the hearing of Company, except her bloody minded Sister whose hand was ready to redouble her fury, with a second stroke.

But when Marcilla beheld the sheets and ornaments of her bed distained with purple gore, and from her breast runne streames of crimson blood, which like to a fountaine trickled from her Ivory bosome she breathed forth this earnest exclamation against the cruelty of Castria.

O Sister, (said she) hath nature harboured in thy breast a bloody minde ! What fury hath incensed thee thus to commit my Tragedy : In what have I misdone, or wherein hath my tongue offended thee : What cause hath bene occasion, that thy remorselesse hand against nature, hath converted my joyfull Nuptials, to a woofull Funerall, This is the cause (replyd Castria, and therewithall shewed her Tomb, grown big through the burthen of her Child) that I have bathed my hands in thy detested blood.

See, see, Marcilla (said she) the unhappy bed, wherein thy accursed Husband hath sowne his seed, by which my Virgins honour is for euer stained ; this is the spot which thy heart blood must wash away, and this is the shame that nothing but

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but death shall finish; therefore a sweet revenge, and a present murder likewise will I commit upon my selfe, whereby my loathed soule, in company of my unborn Babe shall wander with thy Ghost along the Stygian Lakes.

Which words being no sooner finished, but she violently pierced her own breast: whereby the two Sisters blood were equally mingled together, but now Marcilla being the first wounded, and the nearer drawing towards death, she wofully complained with this dying Lamentation.

Draw neer (said she) you blazing Stars, you earthly Angels, you imbrodered Girls, you lovely Ladies, & flourishing Dames of Scythia, behold her wofull end, whose glories mounted to the Elements, behold my marriage Bed here beautified with Tapestry, converted to deaths bloody habitation, my brave Attire to Earthly Rould, and my Princely Pallaces to Elizium shades, being a place appointed for those Dames that lived and dyed true Virgins: for now I feele the paines of death closing my livers windowes, and my heart ready to entertain the stroke of destiny. Come Floridon, come, in stead of Armes, get Eagles wings, that in thy bosome I may breathe my murdered Ghost. World, fare thou well, I was too proud of my inticing pleasures: thy Princely Pomp and all thy glistering Ornaments, I must for ever bid adue, Father, farewell, with all my Masking Traine of Courtly Ladies, Knights and Gentlewomen; my death, I know will make thy Pallace deaths gloomy regiment; and last of all, farewell my Noble Floridon, for thy sweet sake Marcilla here is murdered.

At the end of which words, the dying Lady being faint with the abundance of blood that issued from her wounded breast, gave up the Ghost. No sooner had pale death seized upon her lifelesse body, but Castria likewise through the extremity of her wound was ready to entertaine the stroke of the fatal Sisters, who also complained in this manner: Hearken you loving Girls, (said she) to you I speak, that know what endlesse griefe disloyall and false love breeds in constant minds, she thought whereof is so intollerable to my soule that it exceeds the torments of Danus Daughters, which continually fill water into bottomlesse Tubs in Hell. Oh that my cares had never listencst to his sugred speeches, or never known what Courtly Pleasures meant, where Beauty lives a bait for every lustfull

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lustfull eye: but rather to have liued a Countrey Lasse, where sweet content is harbored, and beauty shrouded under true humillity, then had not Floridon bereaved mee of my sweet Virginitie, nor had this accursed hand committed this cruell murder: but oh! I feele my soule passing into Elizium Shades where Creusas shadow, and Didos Ghost haue their abidings: thither dost my spirit fly, to bee entertained amongst those unhappy Ladies whom unconstant love hath murdered: thus Castria not being able to speak any longer, gave a very gte-uous sigh, and so bade a due to the World.

Now when the morning Sunne had chased away the darksome night, Floridon who little mistrusted the Tragedy of the two Sisters, repaired to the Chamber Dooze, with a consort of skilfull Musicians, where their inspiring Harmony sounded to the Winds, and Floridons morning salutations were spent in vaine: for death so kept the two Princes eares, that no resound of thanks at all re-answered his words, which caused Floridon to depart, thinking them to bee asleep, and to returne within an houre after, who without any company came to the Chamber-dooze, where hee againe found all silent: at which suspecting some further event, hee burst open the Dooze, where he no sooner entred, but hee found the two Ladies weltring in their own gore: which wofull spectacle presently so bereaved him of his wits, that like a frantick man hee raged up and downe, and in this manner bitterly complained: Oh you immortal Powezs, open the wondrous Gates of Heaben, and in your Justice punish me, for my unconstant Love hath murdered two of bravest Ladies that ever nature framed, revive sweet Dames of Scythia, and hear me speak, that am the wofullest wretch that ever spake with tongue: If Ghost may here be given for Ghost, dear Lady take my soule and life, or if my heart might dwell within your breasts, this hand shall equally divide it: But words I see are vaine, and my proffer cannot purchase life, nor recover your breathing spirits: yet vengeance shall you have, this hand shall untwine my fatal twiss, and bezeabe my bloody breast of life, whereby my unhappy Ghost shall follow you through Tartar Gulfs, through burning Lakes, and through the lowering shades of dreadfull Coritus: gape, gape, sweet Earth and in thy womb make all our Tombs together.

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Which wofull Lamentation being no sooner breathed from his sorrowfull breast, but he finished his dayes, by the stroke of that same accursed bodkin that was the bloody instrument of the two Sisters death; the which hee found still remaining in the remorselesse hand of Castria.

Thus have you heard (most worthy Knight) the true Tragedy of thze of the most goodliest Personages that ever Nature framed: but now with diligent eares listen to the unfortunate Discourse of mine own misery, which in this unhappy manner fell out: for no sooner came the flying newes of the murdered Princes to my eares, but I grew into such a discontented passion that I abandoned my selfe from company of people, and late for seven Months in a solitary passion, lamenting the losse of my Children, like weeping Niobe, which was the sorrowfullest Lady that ever lived.

During which time, the report of Floridons unhappy Tragedy was bzitted to his Fathers eares, being the sole King of Armenia: whose grieve so exceeded the bounds of reason, that with all convenient speed he gathered the greatest strength Armenia could make, and in revenge of his Sonnes murder, entred my Territories, and with his well approb'd Warriours subdued my Provinces, slaughtezed my Soldiers, conquered my Captaines, slew my Commons, burnt my Cities, and left my Countrey Villages desolate, where, when I beheld my Countrey over-spread with Famine, fire, and sword, thze intestine plagues, wherewith Heaven scourgeth the sins of the wicked, I was forced for safegard of my life, to forsake my native Habitation, and kingly Government, only committing my Fortune, (like a banisht exile) to wander unknown Passages, where care was my chiefe companion, and discontent my only soliciter: at last it was my Destiny to arrive in this unhappy place, which I supposed to be the walks of despair, where I had not remained many dayes in my melancholy passions, but mee thought the wanny gates of deep Averno opened, from whence ascended a most fearefull Devil, that inticed me to bequeath my fortune to his disposing, and hee would defend mee from the fury of the whole world: to which I presently condescended upon some assurance. Then presently he placed before my face this Enchanted sword, so surely closed in stone, that it should never bee pulled

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pulled out, but by the hands of a Christian Knight; and till that Task were performed, I should lbe exempt from all danger, although all the Kingdomes of the Earth assayed me: which Task (most aduenturous Champion) thou hast now performed, whereby I know the houre of my death approacheth, and my time of confusion is at hand.

This Discourse pronounced by the Pegromancer Ormondine, was no sooner finished, but the worthy Champion Saint George heard such a terrible rattling in the Skyes, and such a lumbzing in the Earth that he expected some strange event to follow: then casting his eyes aside, he saw the Enchanted Garden to vanish, and the Champion of Wales to awake from his long sleep, wherein hee had remained seven years: who like one newly risen from a swome, for a time stood speechlesse, not able to utter one word, till hee beheld the noble Champion of England, that stedfastly gazed upon the Pegromancer: who at the vanishing of the Enchantment, presently gave a most terrible groan and died.

The two Champions, after many courteous embracings, and kinde grætings, revealed each to other the strange adventures they had passed. Saint David told how he was bound by the Oath of his Knight-hood, to performe the adventure of Ormandine: whereupon Saint George presently delivered the Enchanted Sword, with the Pegromancers Head, into the hands of Saint David, the which hee presently discebered from his dead body. But here must my weary Muse leave Saint David travelling with Ormandines Head to the Tartarian Emperour, and speak of the following Adventures that hapned to Saint George, after his departure from the Enchanted Garden.


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CHAP. XI.

How Saint George arrived at Tripoly in Barbary, where hee stole away Sabra the Kings Daughter of Egypt, from the Blackmoore King, and how shee was known to bee a pure Virgin by the meanes of a Lyon, and what hapned unto him in the same Adventure.

 Saint George, after the recovery of Saint David, as you heard in the former Chapter, dispatched his journey towards Christendome, whose pleasant Banks he long desired to behold, and thought every day a year, till his eyes enjoyed a sweet sight of his Native Countrey England, upon whose Chalkey Cliftes hee had not rood in many a weary Summers day: therefore committing his journey to a fortunate Success, he travelled through many a dangerous Countrey: where the people were not only of a bloody disposition, given to all manner of wickednesse, but the soyle greatly annoyed with wild Beasts, through which he could not well Travell without danger: therefore he carried continually in one of his hands, a weapon ready charged, to encounter with the Heathen people, if occasion should serbe, and in the other hand, a bright burning blaze of fire, to defend him from the fury of wild Beasts, if by violence they assailed him.

Thus in extreame danger travelled the Noble and adventurous Champion Saint George, till hee arrived in the Territories of Barbary, in which Countrey hee purposed for a time to remaine, and to seeke for some Noble Achievement, whereby his fame might be increased, and his honored name ring through all the Kingdomes of the World: and being encouraged with this Princely cogitation, the Noble Champion of England climed to the top of a huge Mountaine; where hee unlocked his Beaver, which before had not been lifted up in many a day, and beheld the wide and spacious Countrey, how it was beautified with lofty Pines, and adorned

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adorned with many goodly Pallaces. But amongst the number of the Towers and Cities which the English Champion beheld, there was one which seemed to exceed the rest both in situation and brave Buildings, which hee supposed to be the chiefest City in all the Countrey, and the place where the King usually kept his Court: to which place Saint George intended to travell, not to furnish himselfe with any needfull thing, but to accomplish some honourable Adventure. whereby his worthy Deeds might be eternized in the Books of memory. So after he had descended from the top of the Steepe Mountaine and had travelled in a low Valley about some two or three miles, he approached an old and almost ruined Hermitage overgrown with Moss, and other withered weeds before the Entry of which Hermitage sat an ancient Father upon a round Stone, taking the heat of the warm Sun, which cast such a comfortable brightnesse upon the Hermits Face, that his white Beard seemed to glister like silver, and his Head to exceed the whitenesse of the Posyzen Ijicles: of whom after Saint George had given the due reverence that belonged unto Age, he demanded the name of the Countrey, and the City he travelled to, and under what King the Countrey was Governed: To whom the courteous Hermit thus Replied:

Most Noble Knight, for so I gesse you are, by your Furniture and outward apparance, you are now in the confines of Barbary, the City opposite before your eyes is called Tripoly, remaining under the Government of Almidor, the black King of Morocco: in which City he now keepeth his Court, attended on by as many valiant Knights as any King under the cope of Heaven.

At which words the Noble Champion of England suddenly started, as though he had intelligence of some balefull newes which deeply discontented his Princely mind: his heart was presently incensed with a speedy revenge, and his mind so extremely thirsted after Almidors Tragedy, that he could scarce make answer againe to the Hermits words: But bridling his fury, the angry Champion spake in this manner:

Brave Father (said he) though the treachery of that accursed King, I endured seven years imprisonment in Persia, where I suffered both hunger, cold, and extreme misery: but if I had my good Sword Askalon, and my trusty Halberd which I left in
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The Egyptian Court where remains my betrothed love, the Kings Daughter of Egypt, I would be revenged upon the head of proud Almidor were his guard more strong than the Army of Xerxes, whose multitudes drank Rivers dry. Why said the Hermit, Sabra the Kings Daughter of Egypt, is Queen of Barbary, and since her nuptials were solemnly performed in Tripoly, are seven Summers fully finished.

Now by the honour of my Countrey England (replied Saint George) the place of my Patibity, and as I am a true Christian Knight, these eyes of mine shall never close, nor this undaunted heart never entertain one thought of peace, nor this unconquered hand receive one minutes rest, untill I have obtained a sight of that sweet Princess, for whose sake I have endured so long imprisonment: therefore deare Father, be thus kind to a traveller, as to exchange thy clothing, for this my rich furniture and lusty Steed, which I brought from the Souldan of Persia, for in the habit of a Palmer, I may enjoy the fruition of her sight without suspicion: otherwise I must needs be constrained by violence with my trusty fauchion to make way into her Princely Pallace: where I know she is attended on most carefully, by many valiant and courageous Knights: therefore courteously deliver me thy Hermits gown, and I will give thee to boot with my Horse and Armour, this Boar of costly Jewells: which when the grave Hermit beheld, he humbly thanked the Noble Champion, and so with all the speed they could possibly make, exchanged apparel, and in this manner departed.

The Palmer being glad, repaired to his Hermitage with Saint Georges furniture, and Saint George in the Palmers apparell towards the City of Tripoly, who no sooner came neare to the sumptuous buildings of the Court, but he espied a hundred poore Palmers kneeling at the Gate, to whom Saint George spake in this manner, not with lofty and Heroicall speeches, becoming a Princely Champion, but with meek and humble words, like to an aged Palmer.

My deare brethren (said the Champion) for what intent remain you here, or what expect you from this Honourable Court?

We abide here (answered the Palmers) for an Almes, which the Quene once a day hath given this seven years,

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for the sake of an English Knight named Saint George, whom she affecteth above all the knights in the world. But when will this be given (said Saint George)

In the afternoone (Replied the Palmers) untill which time, upon our bended knees wee hourly pray for the good fortune of that most Noble English Knight. Whose speeches so highly pleased the Valiant minded Champion, Saint George, that hee thought every minute a whole yeere, till the golden Sunne had past away the middle part of Hea-ven: for it was but newly risen from Aurora's Bed, whose light as yet with a shamefast radiant blush, distained the Eastern Skie.

During which time, the most valiant and magnanimous Champion, Saint George of England, one while remembering the extreame misery he endured in Persia, for her sake, where- at hee let fall many Chrystall teares from his eyes: another while thinking upon the terrible Battell he had with the burning Dragon in Egypt, where hee redeemed her from the fa- tal lawes of death: at last it was his chance to walke about the Court, beholding the sumptuous Buildings, and the curi- ous engazened works by the atchievement of man, bestowed upon the glittering Windows: where hee heard to his exceed- ing pleasure, the heavenly voyce of his beloved Sabra, descend- ing from a Window upon the West side of the Pallace, where shee warbled forth this sorrowfull Ditty upon her Ivory Lute:

Die all desires of joy and Courtly pleasures,
Die all desires of Princely Royalty,
Die all desires and worldly treasures,
Die all desires of stately Majesty:
Sith he is gone that pleased most mine eye,
For whom I wish ten thousand times to die,
O that mine eyes might never cease to weep,
O that my tongue might evermore complaine,
O that my soule might in his bosome sleep,
For whose sweet sake my heart doth live in paine:
In woe I sing with brinish teares besprent,
Our wome with griefe, consum'd with discontent.

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In time my sighes will dim the Heavens faire light,
Which hourlye flie from my tormented breast,
Except Saint George that Noble English Knight,
With safe return abandon my unrest:
Then carefull cryes shall end with deep annoy,
Exchanging weeping teares, for smiling joy.

Before the face of Heaven this Vow I make,
Though unkind friends have wed me to their will,
And crownd me Queen, my ardent flames to slake,
Which in despite of them shall flourish still,
Beare witnesse, Heavens and Earth, what I have said,
For George's sake I live and die a Maid.

Which sorrowfull Ditty being no sooner ended, but she departed the Window, quite from the hearing of the English Champion, that stood gazing up to the Casements, preparing his eares to entertaine her sweet tuned melody the second time: but his expectation was in vaine; whereat he grew into more perplexed passions, then Aeneas, when he had lost his beloved Crusa amongst the Army of the Grecians: sometimes wishing the day to banish in a moment, that the houre of her benevolence might approach: other times comforting his sad cogitations with the remembrance of her true chastity, and long continued constancy for his sake; comparing her love unto Thysses, her chastity to Dianæ, & her constancy to Penelopes.

Thus spent hee the time away, till the glorious Sunne began to decline to the Western parts of the Earth, when the Palmers should receive her wanted benevolence: against which time, the English Champion placed himselfe in the midst of them, that expected the wished houre of her coming, who at the time appointed, came to the Pallace Gate, attyred in mourning Vesture like Proliken a King Priams Daughter, when she went to sacrifice, her haire after a carelesse manner hung waivering in the wind, almost changed from yellow burnisht brightnesse, to the colour of silver, though her long continued sorowes and griefe of heart, her eyes seemed to have wept seas of teares, and her wanted beauty (to whose excellent fairnesse, all the Ladies in the world did sometimes yeeld obedience) was now staid

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with the pearled dew that trickled down her cheekes: where after the sorrowful Queen had lustily numbred the Palmeys, and with vigilant eyes beheld the Princely countenance of Saint George, her colour began to change from red to white, and from white to red, as though the Lilly and the Rose had strove for Superiority: but yet coloring her cogitations under a smooth brow, first delivered her Almcs to the Palmeys, then taking Saint George aside, with him she thus kindly began to confer: Palmer (said she) thou resemblest both in Princely countenance and courteous behabfour, that thrice honoured Champion of England, for whose sake I have daily bestowed my benevolence for this seven yeazs: his name is Saint George, his Fame I know thou hast heard reported in many a Countrey to be the bravest Knight that ever buckled a Steel Helm: therefore for his sake I will grace thee with the chiefest honour in this Court: instead of thy russet Cabezdin I will cloath thee in purple silk, and instead of thy Ebony staffe, thy hand shall wield the richest Sword that ever Princely eye beheld. To whom the Noble Champion Saint George replied in this courteous manner.

I have heard (quoth he) the Princely Achievements and magnanimous Adventures of that honoured English Knight which you so deazly affect, bruted through many a Princes Court, and how for the love of a Lady, he hath endured a long imprisonment, from whence he never looketh to retuzne, but to spend the remnant of his dayes in lasting misery: at which words the Queen let fall from her eyes such a shower of pearled teares, and sent such a number of strained sighes from her grieved heart, that her sorrow seemed to exceed the Queenes of Carthage, when she had for ever lost the sight of her beloved Lord. But the brave minded Champion Saint George purposed no longer to continue secret, but with his discovery to convert her sorrowfull mones to smiling toy: and so casting off his Palmers weed, acknowledged himself to the Quene, and therewithall shewed the half King, whereon was ingraven this Verse, Ardeo affectione: which King in former time (as you may read before) they had very equally divided betwixt them to be kept in remembrance of their plighted Faiths. Which unexpected sight highly pleased the beauteous Sabra,

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and her joy so exceeded the bounds of reason, that shee could not speak one word, but was constrained through her new conceived pleasure, to breathe a sad sigh or two into the Champions bosome, who like a true ennobled Knight, entertained her with a loving kisse, where after these two Lovers had fully discoursed each to other the secrets of their soules, Sabra how shee continued for his love a pure Virgin, through the secret vertue of a golden Chaine steep in Tygers blood, the which shee wore seven times doubled about her Ivory Neck, took him by the gentle hand, and led him into her Husbandoes Stable, where stood his approb'd Palfrey, which shee for seven years had fed with her own hands: who no sooner espyed the returne of his Master, but hee grew more proud of his presence, then Bucephalus of the Macedonian Monarch, when he most joyfully returned in Triumph from any Victorious Conquest.

Now is the time (said the excellent Princesse Sabra) that thou mayest seale up the quittance of our former loves: therefore with all convenient speed take thy approb'd Palfrey, and thy trusty Sword Askalen, which I will presently deliver into thy hands, and with all celerity conbay me from this unhappy Countrey: for the King my Husband with all his adventurous Knights, are now rode forth on hunting, whose absence will further our flight: but if thou stay till his return, it is not a hundred of the hardiest Knights in the world, can beare mee from this accursed Pallace. At which words, Saint George having a minde grazed with all excellent Vertues, Replied in this manner:

Thou knowest my divine Mistresse, that for thy love I would endure as many dangers, as Iason suffered in the Ile of Colcos, so I might at last enjoy the pleasure of true Virginitie. But how is it possible thou canst remaine a pure Maid, when thou hast bene a Crowned Quene these seven years, and every Night hast entertained a King into thy Bed:

If thou findest mee not a true Maid (quoth shee) in all that thou canst say or doe, send me back again hither unto my Foe, whose Bed I account more lothsome than a den of Snakes, and his sight, more ominous than the Crocodiles. As for the Morocco Crown, which by force of Friends was set upon my Head, I wish that it might be turned into a blaze of quenchlesse Fire,

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to might not endanger my body : and for the name of *Quene*, I account it a baine title ; for I had rather be the English *Lady*, than the greatest *Cupzelle* in the *World*.

At which *Speeches* *Saint George* willingly condescended, and with all speed purposed to goe into *England* : and there, withall sealed an assurance with as sweet a kisse, as *Paris* gave to lovely *Helena*, when she consented to forsake her native *Countrey*, and to travell from her Husband *Menelaus* into *Troy*, So loosing no time, lest delay might breed danger, *Sabra* furnished her selfe with sufficient *Treasure*, and speedily delibered to *Saint George* his trusty *Sword*, which shee had kept seven years for his sake, with all the *Furniture* belonging to his approved *Steed*, who no sooner received her proffered *Gifts*, which he accounted dearer than the *Asian Monarchy*, but presently he saddled his *Horse*, and beautified his strong *Limbs* with rich *Caparisons*. In the meane time, *Sabra* through fair *speeches* and *promises*, obtained the good will of an *Eunuch*, that was appointed for her *Guard* in the *Kings* absence, to accompany them in their *Travell*, and to serve as a trusty *Guide*, if occasion required : which with the *Lady* stood ready at the *Champions* commandement : who no sooner had furnished himselfe with sufficient *Habiliments* of *Warre* belonging to so dangerous a journey, but hee set his beloved *Mistresse* upon a gentle *Palfrey*, which alwayes kneled downe untill she had ascended the *Saddle* : and likewise her *Eunuch* was mounted upon another *Steed*, whereon all their rich *Furniture*, with costly *Jewels* and other *Treasure* was bozne.

So these three worthy *Personages* committed their *Travels* to the guide of *Fortune*, who preserved them from the dangers of pursuing *Enemies*, which at the *Kings* return from hunting, followed againe to every *Port* and *Haven*, that divided the *Kingdom* of *Barbary* from the *Confines* of *Christendome*. But kind *Destiny* so guided their steps, that they travelled another way, contrary to their expectations : for when they looked to arrive upon the *Territories* of *Europe*, they were cast upon the fruitfull *Banks* of *Grecia* : in which *Countrey* wee must tell what hapned to the three *Travellers*, and omit the baine pursuit of the *Morocco Knights*, the wofull melancholy of the *King*, and the bruised rumour that was amongst the *Commons* of the *Queens* departure, who caused the
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larian-bells to be rung out, and the Beacons, to be set on fire, as though the Enemy had entred their Countrey.

But now Melpomene, thou Tragick Sister of the Muses, report what unluckie crosses hapned to these three Travellers in the Confinnes of Grecia, and how their smiling Comedy was by ill hap turned into a weeping Tragedy: for when they had journeyed some three or foure Leagues over many a lofty Hill, they came nigh unto a mighty and vaste Wildernesse, through which the wayes seemed so long, and the Sun-beames so exceedingly glowed, that Sabra what for wearied she in Travell, and the extreame heat of the day, was constrained to rest under the shelter of a mighty Oke, whose Branches had not been lopt in many a year: where she had not long remained, but her heart began to faint for hunger, and her colour that was but a little before as fayre as any Ladies in the world, began to change for want of a little drinke: whereat the most famous Champion Saint George halfe dead with very griefe, comforted her as well as he could after this manner:

Faint not my deare Lady (said he) here is that good Sword that once preserved thee from the burning Dragon; and before thou shalt die for want of sustenance, it shall make way to every corner of the Wildernesse; where I will either kill some Venison to refresh thy hungry Stomack, or make my tomb in the bowels of some monstrous Beast: therefore abide thou here under this Tree in company of thy faithful Eunuch, till I return either with the flesh of some wilde Deere, or else some flying Bird, to refresh thy spirits for a new Travell.

Thus left hee his beloved Lady with the Eunuch to the mercy of the Woods, and travelled up and down the Wildernesse till he espied a Heard of fatted Deere, from which company he singled out the fayrest, and like a tripping Satyr courted her to death: then with his keene edged Sword cut out the goodliest Vanch of Venison that ever Hunters eye beheld: which Gist hee supposed to be most welcome to his Beloved Lady. But mark what hapned in his absence to the two weary Travellers abiding under the Tree: where after Saint George's departure, they had not long sitten discoursing, one while of their long journeyes, another while of their safe delivery from the Blackamores King, spending the healing time
away

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away with many an ancient story, but there appeared out of a thicket two huge and monstrous Lyons, which came directly pacing towards the two Travellers: which fearfull spectacle when Sabra beheld, having a heart over-charged with the extreme feare of death, wholly committed her soule into the hands of God, and her body almost famished for food, to suffice the hunger of the two furious Lyons: who by the appointment of Heaven, proffered not so much as to lay their wrathfull Pawes upon the smallest part of her Garment, but with eager mood assayed the Emuch, untill they had buried his body in the empty vaults of their hungry Bowels: then with their Teeth lately embzued in blood, rent the Emuches Steed into small peeces: which being done, they came to the Lady, which sat quaking halfe dead with feare, and like two Lambs couched their Heads upon her lap, where with her hand she stroked down their bristled haire, not daring almost to breathe, till a heavie sleep had over-mastered their furious senses: by which time, the Princely minded Champion Saint George returned with a peece of Armeson upon the point of his Sword; who at that unexpected sight, stood in a maze, whether it were best to flie for safegard of his life, or to venture his fortune against the furious Lyons. But at last, the love of his Lady encouraged him to a forwardnesse, which he beheld quaking before the dismall gates of death: So laying downe his Armeson, hee presently like a Victorious Champion, sheathed his approb'd Fauchion most furiously into the bowels of one of the Lyons. Sabra kept the other sleeping in her lap till his prosperous hand likewise dispatched him: which Adventure being performed, hee first thanked Heaven for the Victory, and then in this kinde manner saluted his Lady.

Now (Sabra said he) I have by this sufficiently proved thy true Virginitie; for it is the nature of a Lyon, bee he never so furious, not to harm the unspecked Virgine, but humbly to lay his bristled Head upon a Maidens lap. Therefore, divine Paragon, thou art the Worlds chiefe wonder for Love and Chastity, whose honoured Vertues shall ring as farre as Phoebus lends his Lights, and whose Constancy I will maintaine in every Land where I come, to be the truest under the Circuit of the Sunne, at which word he cast his eye aside, and beheld

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beheld the bloody spectacle of the Euniches Tragedy, which by Sabra was wofully discoursed, to the great griefe of Saint George, where sad sighes serbed for a dolefull knell to bewaile his untimely death: but having a Noble minde not subiect to vaine sorrow, where all hope of life is past, ceased his griefe, and prepared the Venison in readinesse for his Ladies repast, which in this order was drested:

He had in his Pocket a Fire-lock, wherewith he strook fire and kindled it with Sun-burned Masse, and increased the flames with other dry wood which he gathered in the Wilderness: against which they roasted the Venison, and sufficed themselves to their owne contentments. After which joyfull repast, these two Princely Persons set forwards to their wonted Trabels, whereby the happy Guide of Heaven so conducted their steps, that before many dayes passed, they arrived in the Grecian Court, even upon that day, when the Marriage of the Grecian Emperour should bee solemnly holden: which Royall Nuptials, in former times had been bzuit into every Nation in the World, as well into Europe, as Affrica, and Asia: at which honourable Marriage the bravest Knights then living on Earth were present: for golden Fame had bzuit the report thereof to the eares of the seven Champions: in Thessaly, to Saint Dennis the Champion of France, there remaining with his beauteous Eglantine: into Civill, to Saint James the Champion of Spaine, where he remained with his lovely Celestine: to Saint Anthony the Champion of Italy, then travelling into the Borders of Scythia, with his Lady Rosalinde: likewise to Saint Andrew the Champion of Scotland: to Saint Patrick the Champion of Ireland: and to Saint David the Champion of Wales, who all atchieved many memorable Adventures in the Kingdome of Tartary, as you have heard before discoursed at large.

But now Fame, and smiling Fortune consented, to make their Knightly Atchievements, to shine in the eyes of the whole World, therefore by the conduction of Heaven, they generally arrived in the Grecian Emperours Court: of whose Wits and Turnaments therein performed, to the Honour of his Nuptials, my weary Muse is bound to Discourse.

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CHAP. XII.

How the seven Champions arrived in Grecia at the Emperours Nuptials, where they performed many Noble Achievements, and how after open Warres were proclaimed against Christendome by the discovery of many Knights, and how every Champion departed into his owne Countrey.



I speak of the number of Knights, that assembled in the Grecian Court together, were a labour over-tedious, requiring the Pen of a second Homer: Therefore will I omit the Honorable Train of Knights and Ladies that did attend him to the Church; their costly Garments and glistering Ornaments, exceeding the Royalty of Hebuca, the beauteous Queen of Troy. And also I passe over the sumptuous Banquets, the honorable services, and delicious Cheare that beautified the Emperours Nuptials, with the stately Maskes and Courtly Dances performed by many Noble Personages, and chiefly Discourse of the knightly Achievements of the seven Champions of Christendom, whose honourable proceedings, and magnanimous Encounters have deserved a golden Pen to relate: for after some few dayes spent in Chamber sports, to the great pleasure of the Grecian Prince, the Emperour presently proclaimed a solemn Jousting to be holden for the space of seven dayes, in the honour of his Marriage, and appointed for his chiefe Champions, the seven Christian Knights; whose Names as then were not known by any one, except their own attendants.

Against the appointed day the Tournaments should begin, the Emperour caused a wonderfull large frame of timber work to be erected: whereon the Emperesse and her Ladies might stand, for the better view of the Tilts, and at pleasure behold the Champions Encounters, most nobly performed in the Honour of their Mistresses: likewise in the compasse of the Lists were pitched seven Tents of seven severall colours, wherein

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wherin the seven Champions might remaine till the sound of
silver Trumpets summoned them to appeare.

Thus every thing prepared in readinesse, sitting so great
a Royalty, the Princes and Ladies placed in their Seats, the
Emperour with his new married Emperesse intressed on
their lofty Thrones, strongly guarded with a hundred Armed
Knights, the Kings Herald's solemnly proclaimed the Tur-
naments, which in this most royall manner began.

The first day, Saint Dennis of France was appointed chiefe
Champion against all Commers, who was called by the Title
of the golden Knight, who at the sound of the Trumpet en-
tered the Lists, his Tent was of the colour of the Mart-
gold, upon the top an artificiall Sunne framed, that seemed
to beautifie the whole Assembly: his Horse of an Iron Gray,
graced with a spangled Plume of Feathers: before him rode a
Page in purple-like, bearing upon his Crest three golden
Floure de Lucies, which did signifie his Arms. Thus in this
Royall manner entered Saint Dennis the Lists: where after
he had traced twice or thrice up and down, to the open view
of the whole company, hee prepared himselfe in readinesse to
begin the Tournament: against whom ran many Grecian
Knights, which were Foyled by the French Champion, to
the wonderfull Admiration of all the Beholders: but to be briefe,
he so worthily behaved himselfe, and with such Fortitude, that
the Emperour applauded him for the bravest Knight in the
world.

Thus in great Royalty, to the exceeding pleasure of the
Emperour, was the first day spent, till the dark Evening
caused the Knights to break off Company, and repaire to
their Rights repose. And the next morning no sooner did
Phœbus shew his splendant brightnesse, but the king of He-
ralds under the Emperour, with a noyse of Trumpets a-
waked the Champions from their silent sleep, who with all
speed prepared for the second dayes Exercise. The Chiefe
Champion appointed for that day, was the Victorious Knight
Saint Iames of Spaine: which, after the Emperour with his
Emperesse had seated themselves with a stately train of beau-
tiful Ladies, entered the Lists upon a Spanish Gennet be-
trapt with a rich Caparison: directly over against the Emperours
Throne, his Tent was pitcht, which was of the colour of

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Nick Silber, whereon was portrayed many fine Devices: before the Tent attended foure Squires, bearing four severall Scutcheons in their hands, whereon were curiously painted the foure Elements: likewise hee had the title of the Silber Knight, who behaved himself no lesse worthy of all princely commendations than the French Champion the day before. the third day S. Anthony of Italy was chief Challenger in the Turnament, whose Tent was of the colour of the skies, his stand furnished with costly habiliments, his Armour after the Barbarian manner, his Shield plated round about with steel, whereon was painted a golden Eagle in a field of Blue, which signified the ancient armes of Rome: likewise he had the title of the Azure Knight, whose matchlesse Chivalry for that day won the prize from all the Grecian Knights, to the great rejoycing of his Lady Rosalinde, the King of Thracia's Daughter that still remained in Pages attire, wherein (for the deare love she bore S. Anthony) disguisedly she stole from the Court, whose discovery shall hereafter be expressed. The fourth day by the Emperours appointment, the valiant and worthy Knight Saint Andrew of Scotland obtained that Honour, as to be chief Challenger for the Turnament: his Tent was framed in the manner of a ship, swimming upon the waves of the Sea, intironed about with Dolphins, Tritons, and many strange contrived Mermaides: upon the top stood the picture of Neptune the God of the Seas, bearing in his hand a Streamer, whereon was wrought in Crimson Silke a corner Crosse which seemed to be his Countries Armes: he was called the red Knight, because his Horse was covered with a bloody bail, his worthy Achievements obtained such favour in the Emperours eyes, that he shew him his Silber Gantlet, which was prized at a thousand Portagues, and with his own hands conducted him to a rich Pavilion, where after his Noble Encounters, he enjoyed a sweet repose. The fift day S. Patrick of Ireland, as Chief Champion, entred the Lists upon an Irish Hobbie, covered with a bail of Green, attended on by six Silbans Knights: every one bearing upon his shoulder a blooming tree: The Tent resembled a Summers Bolwer, at the entry whereof stood the picture of Flora beautified with a wreath of sweet smelling Roses: hee was named the Green Knight, whose

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whose worthy prowess so daunted the Defendants, that before the Tournament began, they gave him the honour of the day. Upon the first day, the Heroicall and Noble minded Champion of Wales obtained such favour at the Emperours hands, that he was likewise chiefe Challenger, who entred the Lists upon a Tartarian Palfrey, covered with a bayl of Black, to signifie a black and Tragical day should befall to those Grecian Knights, that durst approue his invincible fortitude: his Tent was pitched in the manner and form of a Castle in the West-side of the Lists, before the Entree whereof, hung a golden Shield, whereon was libely portrayed a silver Griffin rampant, upon a golden Helmet, which signified the Ancient Arms of Britain. His Princely Achievements, not only obtained due commendations at the Emperours hands, but of the whole Assembly of the Grecian Ladies wherewith they applauded him to be the most Noble Knight that ever shivered Lance, and the most fortunate Champion that ever entred into the Grecian Court. Upon the seventh and last day of these Honourable Tournaments and most Noble proceedings, the Famous and Valiant Knight at Arms, Saint George of England, as chiefe Challenger entred the Lists, upon a Sable coloured Steed, betraipt with bars of burnisht gold, his fore head beautified with a gorgeous Plume of purple Feathers, from whence hung many pendants of gold, his Armour of the purest Lydian Steele nailed fast together with silver Plates, his Helme tengraben very curiously, beset with Indian Pearl, and Jasper Stones: before his Breast-plate hung a silver Table in a damask Scarfe, whereon was pictured a Lyon rampant in a bloody field, beazing three golden Crowns upon his head: before his Tent stood an Ivory Chariot guarded by twelve cole-black Negro's; wherein his beloved Lady and Mistress Sabra late inbested upon a silver Globe, to behold the Heroicall Encounters of her most noble and magnanimous Champion Saint George of England: his Tent was as white as the Swans Feathers, glittering against the Sun, supported by four toyntlesse Elephants framed of the purest Brass, about his Helmet he tyed a wreath of Virgins haire, where hung his Ladies globe, which he woze to maintain her excellent gifts of nature to exceed all Ladies on the earth. These costly Habillments ravished the Beholders with such unspeakable pleasure,

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that they stood gazing at his furniture, not able to withdraw their eyes from so heavenly a sight. But when they beheld his Victorious Encounters against the Grecian Knights, they supposed him to be the invincible Wamer of that seven-headed Monster that clambred to the Elements, offering to pull Jupiter from his Throne. His Stead never gave Encounter with any Knight, but he tumbled Horse and Man to the ground where they lay for a time bereft of sense. The Tournament endured for that day, from the Sunns rising, till the cole black Evening Star appeared, in which time he conquered five hundred of the hardiest Knights then living in Asia, and shivered a thousand Lances, to the wonderfull admiration of the Beholders.

Thus were the seven Dayes brought to end by the seven worthy Champions of Chastondome, in reward of whose Noble Atchievements, the Grecian Emperour being a man that highly favoured knightly Proceedings, gave them a Golden Tree with seven Branches, to be divided equally amongst them. Which honourable Prize they conbated to Saint George's Pavillion, where in dividing the Branches, the seven Champions discovered themselves each to other, and by what good fortune they arrived in the Grecian Court, whose long wished sight so rejoyced their hearts, that they all accounted that happy day of meeting, the ioyfullest day that ever they enjoyed. But now after the Tournaments were fully ended, and the Knights rested themselves some few dayes, recovering their wonted agility of body, they fell to a new exercise of Pleasure, not appearing in glittering Armour before the Tilt, nor following the loud sounding Drums and silver Trumpets, but spending away the time in Courtly Dances amongst their beloved Ladies and Mistresses, in more Royalty than the Phrygian Knights when they presented the Paragon of Asia with an Enchanted Mask. There wanted no inspiring Musick to delight their eares, no pleasant Sonnets to ravish their senses, nor no curious Dances to please their eyes. Sabra she was the Mistressse of the Rebels, who graced the whole Court with her excellent Beauty, which seemed on exceed the rest of the Ladies in fairenesse, as fat as the Moon surpasseth her attending Stars in a frosty Night, and when she danced, she seemed like Thetis tripping on the silver sands, with whom the Sun did fall in love; and if she chanced to smile, the cloudy Elements

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Clements would weep, and drop down heavenly dew as though they mourned for love. There likewise remained in the Court the six Thracian Virgins, that in former time lived in the shape of Swans, which were as beautifull Ladies as ever eye beheld, also many other Ladies attended the Emperesse, in whose companies the seven Champions daily delighted: sometimes discoursing of amorous Conceits: other times delighting themselves with sweet sounding Musick: then spending the day in Banquetting, Rebelling, Dancing, and such like Pastimes, not once inuring their true betrothed Ladies. But their Courtly Pleasures continued not long, for they were suddenly dashed with a certaine newes of open Wars proclaymed against of Christendome, which fell out contrary to the expectation all the Christian Knights. There arrived in the Grecian Emperours Palace, a hundred Heralds of a hundred severall Provinces, which proclaimed utter defiance to all Christian Kingdomes, by these words:

Wile the High and Mighty Emperours of Asia and Affrica, great Commanders both of Land and Seas, Proclaim by generall consent of all the Eastern Potentates, utter ruine and destruction to the Kingdoms of Christendome, and to all those Nations where any Christian Knights are harboured: First, the Souldan of Persia, in revenge of a bloody slaughter done in his Palace, by an English Champion: Ptolomy the Egyptian King in revenge of his Daughter, violently taken away by the same Knight: Almdor the black King of Morocco, in revenge of his Queen, likewise taken away by the said English Champion: The great Governour of Thessaly, in revenge of his Daughter, taken away by a French Knight: The King of Ierusalem, in revenge of his Daughter, taken away by a Spanish Knight: The Tartarian Emperour, in revenge of his Son the Count Palatine, slaine by the unhappy hand of the Champion of Wales: the Thracian Monark, in revenge of his vaine Elizabeth after his seven Daughters, now in keeping of certaine Christian Knights: in revenge of which injuries, all the Kingdomes from the further parts of Prester Iohn's Dominions, to the Borders of the red Seas, have set down their hands and seales to be Aiders in this bloody Warre.

This Proclamation was no sooner ended, but the Grecian Emperour likewise consented to their bloody determination,

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tion, and thereupon gave speedy commandement to muster up the greatest strength that Grecia could afford, to loyn with the Pagans, to the utter ruine and confusion of Christendom: which bloody Edict, or rather inhumane Judgement pronounced by the accursed Infidels, compelled the Christian Champions to a speedy departure, & every one to hasten to his own Countrey, there to provide for the Pagans entertainment: so after due considerations, the seven Champions departed, in company of their betrothed Ladies, who chose rather to live in their Husbands bosomes, then with their misbelieving Parents: where after some few dayes they arrived in the spacious Bay of Portugall, in which Haven they vowed by the Honour of true Knight-hood, to meet againe within six Months ensuing, there to contoyne all their Christian Armies into one Legion: upon which plighted resolution, the worthy Champions departed one from another: Saint George into England, Saint Dennis into France, Saint Iames into Spaine, Saint Anthony into Italy, Saint Andrew into Scotland, Saint Patrick into Ireland, Saint David into Wales: whose pleasant Banks they had not beheld in many yeares before: where their entertainments were as honorable as their hearts desired: but to speak of the mustering up of Souldiers in every Christian Kingdome, and what strength arrived at the appointed time, in the Bay of Portugal, shall be discoursed in the sequell of this History, and how troublesome Wars over-spread the whole Earth, where the Heroicall Deeds of these Noble Champions shall at large be described: Also of the overthrow of many Kings and Kingdomes, ruines of Townes and Cities, and the decay of many flourishing Common-weales: Likewise of the bloody Tragedies of many unchristian Princes: whereat the Heavens will mourne, to see the effusion of blood trickle from the breasts of murdered Infants, the heaps of slaughtered Damselfs trampled to pieces by Souldiers Horses, and the Streets of many a City sprinkled with the blood of reverend Age: Therefore gentle Reader, accept of this my labour with a smooth brow and a kind countenance, and my weary Muse shall never rest, till I have finished the pleasant History of these Heroicall Champions.

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CHAP. XIII.

How the seven Champions of Christendom arrived with all their Troops in the Bay of Portugal : the number of the Christian Armies, and how Saint George made an Oration to his Souldiers:

After the seven Champions of Christendom Arrived in their native Countreys, and by true Reports had blazed abroad to every Princes ear, the bloody resolution of the Pagans, and how the Provinces of Affrica and Asia, had mustred up their Forces to the Invasion of Europe : all Christian Kings then at the entreaty of the Champions, appointed mighty Armies of well approb'd Souldiers, both by Sea and Land, to intercept the Infidels wicked intention. Like wise by the whole consent of Christendome, the Noble and Fortunate Champion of England, Saint George, was appointed Chiefe Generall, and principall Leader of the Armies, and the other six Champions were Chlected for his Councell and chiefe Assistants in all attempts that appertained either to the benefit of Christendom, or the furtherance of their Fortunate Proceedings.

This Honourable Warre so fired the hearts of many youthfull Gentle-men, and so encouraged the minds of every common Souldier, that some mortgaged their Lands, and at their own proper charges furnished themselves : some sold their Patrimontes to serve in these Honourable Warres : and other some forsook Parents, Kindred, Wife, Childzen, Friends, and Acquaintance, and without constraint of pressing, offered themselves to follow so Noble a Generall, as the renowned Champion of England, and to spend their blood in the just quarrell of their native Countrey. To be briefe, one might behold the Streets of every Town and City throughout all the Dominions of Europe, beautified with Troops of Souldiers, which thirsted after nothing but Fame and Honour. Then the joyfull sound of thundring Drums, and the

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Echoes of silver Trumpets summoned them to Arms; that followed with as much willingnesse as the Grecians followed Agamemnon to the wofull overthrow of Troy: for by that time the Christian Champions had sported themselves in the bosomes of their kinde Mistresses, the forward Captaines taken leave of their Courtly Pastimes, and the willing Soldiers bade adue to their Friends and Acquaintance, the Spring had covered the Earth with a new Libery; which was the appointed time the Christian Armies should meet in Portugall, there to loyn their severall Troops into one Legion: which promise caused the Champions to bid adue to their native Countreys, and with all speed to buckle on their Furnitures, and to hoyle up Sayles, where after a short time, the winde with a calm and prosperous Gale, cast them happily into the Bay of Portugall.

The first that arrived in that spacious Haven, was the noble Champion Saint George, with an hundred thousand courageous English Soldiers, whose forwardnesse betokened a fortunate successe, and their willing minds, a topfull victory. His Army set in Battell Bay, seemed to counter vaile the number of the Macedonian Soldiers wherewith worthy Alexander conquered the Western World: his Horse-men being in number twenty thousand, were armed all in black Cozlets: their Lances bound about with Plates of Steele: their Steeds bered with Haile three times doubled: their Colours were the sanguine Crosse, supported by a golden Lyon: his sturdy Bowmen, whose conquering gray-Goose wing in former times hath terrified the circled Earth, being in number likewise twenty thousand, clad all in red Mandillians, with Caps of the same colour, bearing thereon likewise a sanguine Crosse, being the true badge and honour of England: their Bowes of the strongest Pew, and their Arrowes of the soundest Ash, with forked heads of Steele, and their Feathers bound on with green wax and twisted silk. His Muskettiers being in number ten thousand, their Muskets of the widest bore, with fire-locks wrought by curious workmanship, yet of such wonderfull lightnesse, that they required no Rest at all to ease their right aiming armes. His Caliber-shot likewise ten thousand of the smaller timbered men, but yet of as couragious minds, as the tallest Souldiers in his Army. His Pikes and Bills to guard

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guard the wabing Ancients, thirty thousand, clad all in strong glistering bright Armour: likewise followed ten thousand labouring Pioneers, if occasion serbed, to undertake any Town or Castle, to intrench Forts or Sconces, or to make a passage through Hills and Mountaines, as worthy Hannibal did when as he made a way for his Souldiers thorow the lofty Alpes, that diuide the Countreys of Italy and Spaine.

The next that arrived within the Bay of Portugall, was the Princely minded Champion Saint David of Wales, with an Army of fifty thousand of true bozne Brittaines, furnished with all Habiliments of Warre to so Noble and Valiant a Service, to the high renown of his Countrey, and true Honour of his Progeny: their Armour in richnesse nothing inferiour to the Englishmens: their Colours were a golden crosse, supported by a silver Giffon: which Scutcheon signified the Ancient Armes of Wales: for no sooner had Saint George a sight of the Valiant Brittaines, but he caused his Muskettiers presently to entertaine them with a Volley of Shot, to expresse their happy and ioyfull welcome to those, which speedily they performed so courageously with such a rattling noyse, as though the Firmament had burst in sunder, and the Earth made Echo to their thundzing melody.

But no sooner were the Skies cleared from the smook of the reaking Powder, and that Saint George might at pleasure discern the Noble and Magnanimous Champion of Wales, who as then rode upon a milk-white Hobbie in silver Armour, guarded with a Train of Knights in purple Vestures: but he greeted Saint David with kinde courtesies, and accompanied him to the English Tent, which they had erected close by the Port side, where for that night these two Champions remained, spending the time with unspeakable pleasure: and so upon the next day after, Saint David departed to his own Tent, which he had caused to be pitcht some quarter of a League from the English Army.

The next that arrived on the fruitfull Banks of Portugall, was Saint Patrick, the Noble Champion of Ireland, with an Army likewise of fifty thousand, attired after a strange and wonderfull manner: their Furnitures were of the skins of wild Beasts, but yet more unpierceable than the strongest Armour of Proofe: they bore in their hands mighty

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Darts, tipped at the end with picking Steele, which the courageous and Valiant Irish Souldiers by the agility of their Armes, could throw a full right shoot, and with forcible strength, would strike three or foure inches into an Oke, and with such a certaine ayne, that they would not misse the breadth of a foot.

These aduenturous and hardy Souldiers no sooner Arrived on the Shore, but the English Muskettiers gave them a Princely entertainment, and presently conducted the Noble minded Champion Saint Patrick, to the English Tent, where the three Champions of England, Wales, and Ireland, passed away the time with exceeding great Royalty, laying down Plots how to pitch their Camps to the most disadvantage of the misbelieving Enemy, and setting down perfect directions which way they were best to March, and such like Devices for their owne safeties, and the benefit of Christendome.

The next that landed on the Banks of Portugall, was Saint Andrew the worthy Champion of Scotland, with threescore thousand of well approb'd Souldiers: his Horsemen, the bold aduenturous Gallowayes, clad all in quilted Jackets, with Lances of the Turkish fashion, thick and short, bearing upon their Beavers the Armes of Scotland, which was a corner Crosse supported by a naked Virgin: his Pike men the stiffe and hardy men of Orkady, which continually use to lie upon freezing Mountaines, the Isle Rocks, and the Snowie Vallies: his shot the light footed Calidonians, that if occasion serue, can climb the highest Hill, and for nimblenesse in running, over-goe the swift-footed Stag.

These bold aduenturous Scottish men in all forwardnesse, deserved as much Honour at the English Champions hands as any of the other Nations before: therefore hee commanded his Shot, at their first entry on Land, to give them a Noble Entertainment, which they performed most Royally, and also conducted Saint Andrew to the English Tent, where, after he had given Saint George the courtesie of his Countrey, departed to his Tent, which was distant from the English Tent a mile.

The next that Arrived was Saint Anthony the Champion of Italy, with a band of fourscore thousand brave Italian Souldiers, mounted on Warlike Coursers, every Horseman attended on by a naked Negro, bearing in his hand a Streamer
of

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of watchet Silk, with the Armes of Italy thereon set in Gold, every footman furnished with approbated furniture in as stately a manner as the Englishmen, who at their landing received as Royall an Entertainment, as the other Nations: and likewise Saint Anthony was as highly honoured by the English Champion, as any of the other Christian Knights.

The next that Arrived was Saint Dennis the Victorious Champion of France, with a band of fourescore thousand. After him marched twelbe Dukes of twelbe severall Dukedoms, being then under the Government of the French King, every one at his own proper cost and charges, maintaining two thousand Souldiers, in these Christian Wars: their Entertainments were as glorious as the rest.

The last of all the Christian Champions that Arrived upon the fruitfull Banks of Portugall, was the magnanimous Knight Saint James of Spaine, with a band likewise of fourescore thousand; with him bee brought from the Spanish Mines ten Tun of refined Gold, only to maintain Souldiers in the defence of Christendom, who no sooner landed with his Troops, but the other six Champions gave him the Honourable welcome of a Souldier, and ordained a solemn Banquet for the generall Armies, whose number lustly surmounted five hundred thousand: which Legions they consoynded into one Camp Royall, and after placed their Wings and Squadrons Battell-wise, chiefly by the direction of Saint George, being then Chief Generall by the consent of the Christian Kings: who after he had over-biewed the Christian Armes, his countenance seemed to prognosticate a crowned Victory, and to foretell a fatall overthrow to the misbelæving Potentates: therefore to encourage his Princely Followers to persevere in their wonted willingnesse, pronounced this Princely Oration.

You men of Europe (said he) and my Countrey-men, whose conquering Fortunes never yet have feared the Enemies of Christ, you see we have forsook our native Lands, and committed our Destinies to the Quene of Chance, not to fight in any uniuert quarrell, but in the true cause of Israels Anointed, not against nature to climb the Heavens, as Nimrod and the Gyants proffered in former time: but to prevent the Inuasion of Christendom, the ruine of Europe, and the intended overthrow of all Christian Provinces: the bloody minded

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Infidels have mustered up Legions, in numbers like blades of grass, that grow upon the flourishing downs of Italy, or the Stars of Heaven in the coldest Winters night, protesting to fill our Countreys with Seas of blood, to scatter our Streets with mangled limbs, and convert our glorious Cities into Flames of quenchlesse Fire: Therefore dear Countrey-men, lye not to see our Christian Virgins spoyled by lustfull rape, nor drag'd along our Streets like guiltlesse Lambs to a bloody slaughter: nor lye to see our harmlesse Babes, with bruised baines, dash't against hard stony Stones, nor lye to see our unlusty age, whose haire resemble silver Wines, lie bleeding on the Marble Pavements. But like true Christian Souldiers fight in quarrell of your Countreys: What though the Pagans be in number ten to one, yet Heaven I know will fight for Christendom and cast them down before our faces, like drops of Aprill Showers. Be not dismayed to see them in ordered Ranks, nor fear not when you behold the Strewns hovering in the waving winde, when as their steeld Pikes like to a thorny Forrest will over-spread whole Countreys: thousands of them I know will have no heart to fight, but lye with cowardly fear like flocks of sheep before the greedy Wolfe. I am the Leader of your noble minds, that never fought in batle, nor never entred Battell but returned with Conquest. When every one with me build upon this Princely resolution: for Christendom we fight: for Christendom we live and die.

This Souldier-like Oration was no sooner finished, but the whole Army with a generall voyce cryed, to Arms, to Arms with Victorious George of England: which Noble resolution of the Souldiers, so rejoyced the English Champion, and likewise encouraged the other Christian Knights with such a forwardnesse of minde, that they gave speedy commandement to remove their Tents, and to March with easie journeys towards Tripoly in Barbary, where Almidor the black King of Morocco had his Residence: in which Travell wee must leave for a while the Christian Army, and speak of the innumerable Troops of Pagan Knights, that arrived at one instant in the Kingdome of Hungary, and how they fell at variance in the Election of a Generall: which civill Putting caused much effusion of blood to the great hurt both of Africa and Asia, as here followeth.

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CHAP. XIV.

Of the dissention and discord that hapned amongst the Army of the Pagans in Hungary : the Battell berwixt the Christians and the Moores in Barbary; and how Almidor the black King of Morocco was sodden to death in a Cauldron of boyling lead and brimstone.



The irefull Pagans, after they had lebled their martiall forces both by Sea and Land repaired to their generall place of meeting, there to conclude of the utter ruine of Christendome : for no sooner could Winter withdraw his chill frosts from the Earth, and Flora took possession of his place, but the Kingdom of Hungary suffered excessive penury, through the numberlesse Armies of the accursed Infidels, being their appointed place of meeting: for though Hungary of all other Countreys both in Africa and Asia, then was the richest, and plentifullest of Victuals to maintaine a Camp of men: yet was it mightily over-pressed and greatly burthened with multitudes, not only with want of necessaries to reliebe Souldiers, but with extreme cruelty of those bloody minded Miscreants, that through a civil discord which hapned amongst them, about the Election of a Generall, they converted their union to a most inhumane slaughter, and their Triumphant Victory to a dismal bloody Tragedy : For no sooner arrived their Legions upon the Plaines of Algernes, being in length and breadth one and twenty Leages, but the King of Hungary caused their muster Rolls to be publicly read, and lustily numbred in the hearing of the Pagan Knights, which in this manner was proclaimed through the Camp :

First, Be it known unto all Nations that fight in the Quarrell of Affrica and Asia, under the Conduct of our three great Gods, Mahomet, Tarmagant, and Apollo, what invincible

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vincible Forces bee now arrived in this renowned Kingdome of Hungary, a Land honoured through the World, not only for Arms, but curious Buildings, and plentifulled with all manner of Riches.

First, We have from the Emperour of Constantinople two hundred thousand Turks. From the Emperour of Grecia, two hundred and fifty thousand. From the Emperour of Tartary, a hundred threescore and three thousand. From the Souldan of Persia, two hundred thousand. From the King of Ierusalem, foure hundred thousand. Of Moores one hundred and twenty thousand. Of cole-black Negars, one hundred and forty thousand. Of Arabians, one hundred and sixty thousand. Of Babylonians, one hundred thirty thousand and odde. Of Armenians, one hundred and fifty thousand. Of Macedonians, two hundred and ten thousand. Of Siracusians, fiftene thousand six hundred. Of Hungarians three hundred and six thousand. Of Sicilians, seventeen thousand three hundred. Of Scythians, one hundred and fife thousand. Of Parthians, ten thousand and three hundred. Of Phrygians, seven thousand and two hundred. Of Ethiopians, sixty thousand. Of Thracians, fourscore thousand. Likewise from the Provinces of Prester Iohn, three hundred thousand of unconquered Knights, with many other petty Dominions and Dukedoms, whose number I omit for this time, lest I should seem over tedious to the reader.

But to conclude, Such a Camp of Armed Souldiers Arrived in Hungary, that might in one Month have destroyed Christendom, had not God defended them from those Barbarous Nations, and by his invincible power confounded the Pagans in their own Practises: for no sooner had the Veralds proclaimed through the Camp, what a number of Nations layned in Armes together, but the Souldiers fell at dissention one with another, about the Election of a Generall: some vowed to follow none, but the King of Ierusalem: some Ptolomy, the Egyptian King: and some the Souldan of Persia, every one protesting, either to persevere in their own wills, or to lose their lives in the same quarrell.

Thus in this manner parts were taken on all sides, not only by the meaner sort, but by Leaders and Commanders of Bands; whereby the Kings and Potentates were forced to commit their wills to their Souldiers pleasure. This civill
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boyle so discouraged the whole Army, that many withdrew
 their forces and presently marched homewards, as the King of
 Morocco with his tawny Moors, and cole-black N-gars: like-
 wise the Souldan of Persia, Ptolomy the Egyptian King,
 the Kings of Arabia and Ierusalem, every one departed into
 their own Countreys, cursing the time they attempted first to
 baine an Enterprize. Therest, not minding to pocket up abuses,
 fell from bratoling boasts, to downe-right blowes, whereby
 grew such sharp and bloody War, that it cost more Souldiers
 libes than the Civill Putting at the destruction of Ierusalem.
 Which Battel by the ireful Pagans continued without ceasing
 for the space of three dayes: in which Encounters, the murder-
 ed Infidels, like scattered corne, overspread the Fields of
 Hungary: the fruitfull Vallies lay drowned in purple gore:
 the Fields of corn consumed with Flames of Fire: their
 Towns and Cities ruinated with wasting War; wherein the
 Fathers were sad witnesses of their Childzens slaughters,
 and the Sons beheld their Parents reverend hairens, more
 white than tryed silver, besmeared with clodded blood: there
 might the Mothers see their harmlesse Babes borne up and
 down the Streets upon Souldiers Lances: there might they
 see their silken Ornaments and rich Attire in pooles of blood lie
 swimming up and down: there might they see the braynes of
 honest Dames and pure Virgins dasht against hard stony
 Stones: there might they see their Courts and Pallaces by
 Souldiers burned to the ground; there might they see how
 Councellers in their Scarlet Gowns lay burning in the fire:
 there might they see how Kings and Quenes were arme in
 arme consumed to ashes: there might they behold and see how
 melted gold in choked Sinks lay every where: there might they
 see the bloodiest Tragedies that ever eye beheld, and the wofull
 newes that ever Christians eare heard told. In this long and
 bloody Warre, one sucking child was not left alive to report
 the Story to ensuing Ages, no not a Souldier to carry Armes
 throughout the Kingdome of Hungary, so iustly was the ven-
 geance of God thrown upon the heads of these misbelov-
 ing Miscreants, that durst attempt to lift their hands against his
 true Annointed Nations: for no doubt but the invincible Ar-
 my of the Pagans had ruinated the Borders of Europe, had
 not the mighty hand of God with his unspeakable mercy
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beene Christendomes defence, and confounded the Infidels in their own Civill Wars, which bloody and strange overthrow of those unchristian people, let us for ever bury in the lake of oblivion, and persevere in the fortunate proceedings of the seven Champions of Christendome, who had entred the Borders of Barbary, before Almidor the black King of Morocco, with his scattered Troopes of Moores and Negars returned from Hungary, and by Fire and Sword had wasted many of his chiefeft Townes and Forts, whereby the Countrey was much weakned, and the Commons compelled to sue for mercy at the Champions hands, who bearing true Christian minds, within their hearts continually pittie harboured, vouchsafed to grant mercy to those that yielded their lives to the pleasure of the Christian Knights: but when S. George had intelligence of Almidors approach with his weakned Troops, he presently prepared his Souldiers in readinesse to give the Moores a bloody banquet, which was the next morning by break of day performed, to the High Honour of Christendome: but the night before the Moores knowing the Countrey better than the Christians got the advantage both of winde and Sun: whereat Saint George being something dismayed, but yet nothing discouraged, imboldned his Souldiers with many heroicall Speeches, proffering them frankly the Enemies Spoiles, and so with the Suns uprising entred Battell, where the Moores fell before the Christians Swords, as eares of Corne before the Reapers Sickles.

During this Conflict, the seven Champions still in the Fore-front of the Battell, so adventurously behaved themselves, that they slew more Negars, than a hundred of the brabest Knights in the Christian Armies. At last Fortune intending to make Saint George's Provelse to shine brighter then the rest singled out the Morocco King, betwixt whom and the English Champion, was a long and dangerous Fight: but Saint George so couragiously behaved himselfe with his trusty Sword, that Almidor was constrained to yield to his mercy. The Army of the Moores seeing their King taken Prisoner, presently would have fled: but that the Christians being the lighter of foot, overtook them, and made the greatest slaughter of them that ever hapned in Barbary.

Thus after the Battell ended, and the ioyfull sound of
Victory

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They rung through the Christian Army, the Souldiers furnished themselves with the Enemies Spoiles, and marched by Saint George's direction, to the City of Tripoly, being then almost unpeopled through the late slaughter which was there made: in which City after they had rested some dayes, and refreshed themselves with wholesome food, the English Champion, in revenge of his former proffered injuries by the Morocco King, gave this severe sentence of death.

First, he commanded a brazen Cauldron to be filled with boyling Lead and Brimstone: then Almidor to be brought to the place of death by twelve of the Noblest Peeres in Barbary: therein to be consumed, flesh blood, and bone: which was duly performed within seven dayes following. The brazen Cauldron was erected by the appointment of Saint George, directly in the middle of the chiefest Market place, under which a mighty hot fire continually burned, for the space of eight and forty houres: whereby the boyling Lead and Brimstone seemed to sparkle like fiery Furnaces in Hell, and the heat to exceed the burning Oven at Babylon.

Now all things being thus prepared in readinesse, and the Christian Champions present to behold the wofull spectacle, the condemned Black-a-moore King came to the place of Execution, in a Shirt of fine Indian Silk, his hands pyinioned together with a Chaîne of Gold, and his Face covered with a damask Scarfe, his Attenders and Chiefe Conducters twelve Peeres, Peeres, clad in sable Colours of Tassatie, carryng before him the Wheele of Fortune, with the Picture of an Usurper climbing up with this Motto on his Breast, I will be King in spite of Fortune: upon the top of the Wheele, the Picture of a Monarch vaulting, with this Motto on his Breast; I am a King in spite of Fortune: Lastly, on the other side of the Wheele, the Picture or perfect Image of a Deposed Potentate, falling with his Head downwards, with this Motto on his Breast: I have beene a King while pleased Fortune: which plainely signified the Chance of Warre, and of inconstant Destiny: his Guard was a hundred Christian Souldiers, holding Fortune in disdain: after them attended a hundred of Morocco Virgins in black Ornaments, their haire bound up with Silver Wavers, and covered with Wapls of black Silk, signifying the sorrows

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of their Countrey for the losse of their Soberaigne. In this mournfull manner came the unfortunate Almidor to the boiling Cauldron; which when he came neare, his heart waxed cold, and his tongue deboyd of utterance for a time: at last he brake forth into these earnest Protestations, proffering more for his life, then the whole Kingdom of Barbary could perform.

Most mighty and invincible Champion of Christendome (quoth he) let my life be ransomed, and thou shalt yearly receive ten Tuns of tryed gold, five hundred webs of woven silke, the which our Indian Wairos shall sit and spinne with silber wheeles: a hundred Ships of Spices and refined Sugar shall be yearly payd thee by our Barbary Merchants: a hundred Wagons likewise laden with Pearle and Jasper Stones, which by our cunning Lapidists shall be yearly chosen forth and brought thee home to England, to make that blessed Countrey the richest Land within the Dominions of Europe: likewise I will deliver up my Diademe, with all my Princely Dignities, and in company of these Morocco Lords, like bridled Horses, draw thee daily in a silber Chariot up and downe the circled Earth, till death gives end to our lifes Pilgrimage: therefore most admired Knight at Armes, let these salt teares that trickle from the conduits of my eyes, obtaine one grant of comfort at thy hands, for on my bended knees I beg for life, that never before this time did kneele to mortall man.

Thou speakest in vaine (replyed Saint George) not the Treasures hidden in the deepest Seas, nor all the golden Mines of rich America, shall redeme thy life: thou knowest, accursed Homicide, thy wicked practises in the Egyptian Court, where thou profferedst wrongfully to bereave me of my life: likewise through thy treachery, I endured a long imprisonment in Persia, where for seven yeares I drank foule Channell water, and sufficed my hunger with bread of Bran Meale: my food was loathsome flesh of Rats and Mice, and my resting-place, a dismall Dungeon, where neither Sunne nor the chearfull light of Heaven lent mee comfort during my long continued misery: for which inhumane dealing and proffered injuries the heavens inforce me to a speedy revenge, which in this manner shall be accomplished.

Thou

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Thou seest the torment prepared for thy death, this brazen cauldron filld with boyling lead and brimstone, wherein thy cursed body shall be speedily cast, and boyled, till thy detested limbes be consumed to a watry substance in this sparkling liquor; therefore prepare thy self to entertain the violent strokes of death, and willingly bid all thy Kingly dignities farewell: but yet I let thee understand, that mercy harbours in a Christians heart, and where mercy dwells there faults are forgiven upon some humble penitence, though thy Trespasse deserves no pity but severe punishment: yet upon these considerations I will grant thee liberty of Life; First, that thou wilt forsake thy false gods, Termagant, and Apollo, which bee but the vain imaginations of men, and believe in our true and everliving God, under whose Banner we Christians have taken in hand this long warre. Secondly, thou shalt give commandment, that all thy Barbarous Nations bee Christened in the faith of Christ. Thirdly, and lastly, that thy three Kingdomes of Barbarie, Morocco and India, sweare true Allegiance to all Christian Kings, and never to bear Armes, but in the true quarrrell of Christ and his anointed Nations. These things duly observed, thy Life shall bee preserved, and thy liberty obtained, otherwise look for no mercy but a speedy and most terrible death.

These words more displeased the unchristian King of Morocco, then the sentence of his condemnation, whereupon in these brief speeches he set down his resolution.

Great Potentate of Europe (replied Almidor) by whose mightinesse Fortune sits fettered in the chaines of power, my golden Diadem, and Regall Scepter by constraint I must delibeze up: but before I forsake my Countrey gods, I will endure a hundred deaths; and before my Conscience bee reformed to a new faith, the earth shall be no earth, the sea no sea, the heaven no heaven. Thinkest thou now proud Christian, by thy threatned torments, to make me forget my Creator, and believe in thy God, the supposed King of Jewes, and basely borne under an Ores Stall? No, no accursed Christians, you off spring of Caine, you generation of Ismael, you seed of Typhers, and accursed through the world, look for a speedy shew of vengeance to raine from Heaven upon your wicked Nations: your bloody practices have pierst

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the Battlements of love, and your tyrannies beaten open the Gates of mighty Mahomet, who hath provided whips of burning wyre to scourge you for your cruelties, proffered against his blessed worshippers: and now with this deadly curse I bid you all farewell: the plagues of Egypt light upon your Kingdome: the curse of Caine upon your Children, the famine of Ierusalem upon your friends, and the misery of Oedipus upon your selves.

This wicked resolution and balefull curse, was no sooner ended by the desperate minded Almidor, but the impatience of Saint George was so highly moved, that he gave present Commandement to the appointed Executioners to cast him into the boiling Cauldron; which incontinently they performed to the terror of all the Beholders: To see this wofull Spectacle, the Battlements of Temples were so thronged with people, the Houses covered with women and children, and the Streets filled with Armed Soldiers that it was a wonder to behold: amongst which multitudes there went some particular Persons, that at the sight of Almidors death fell downe and brake their necks: but the generall number, as well of Pagans as Christians, cryed with chearfull voyces, Honour and Victory follow Saint George of England, for he hath redeemed Barbary from a miserable servitude, which ioyful hearing so delighted the seven Champions of Christendome, that they caused their Conduits to run with Wine, the Streets to be beautified with Bonafires, and a sumptuous Banquet to be proclaimed throughout the City, which after continued for the space of seaven dayes in more magnificent Royalty, then the Banquet at Babylon, when the Macedonian Monarch returned from the Worlds Conquest.

The Champions Liberality procured such faithfull love in the hearts of the Morocco Peres, that with a generall consent they chose Saint George for their lawfull King, where after they had invested him in the Princely Seat of the Morocco Potentate, they set the Crown upon his head, and after presented him with an imperious Pall, which the Kings of Barbary usually wore upon their Coronation day, protesting to forsake their prophane Religion, and be Christened in the faith of Christ.

This

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This promised conversion of the Infidels, more delighted the English Champion, then to have the whole worlds honour at command: for it was the chiefeft point of his Knightly Oath, to advance the Faith of Christ, and to enlarge the bounds of Christendome: after his Coronation was solemnly performed, the other six Champions conducted him to a Princely Pallace, where he took the true Allegiance of the Morocco Lords by plighted Oath to be true to his Crown: after this he established the Christian Lawes to the benefit of the whole Countrey: then he commanded all the Ceremonious Rites of Mahomet to be trodden under feet, and the true Gospel of Christ to be preached: likewise he caused all that did remain in Barbary to be Christened in the new faith: but these observations continued but a time, as hereafter shall be discovered at large: For Fame not intending to let the worthy Champions long to remain in the idle Bowlers of peace, summoned them to persevere in their Noble Achievements, and to muster up anew their Shoulders, whose Armour, cankered ease had almost staid with rust: therefore Saint George committed the Government of his Countrey, to foure of the principall Peeres of Morocco and marched towards the Countrey of Egypt, where li-
ved treacherous Ptolemy, the Father of his beloved Lady Sabra, whom he had left in the Kingdome of England: In which journey and happy arrivall in Egypt, we will leave the seven Champions for a time, and speake of the faithlesse Infidels in Barbarie, after the departure of the Christians, whose former honours they slightly regarded: For no sooner had S. George with his Partiall Troups bidden their Countrey adue, but the faithlesse Moors reconciled themselves to their former gods, and purposed a speedy revenge for the death of Almidor, against all Christians that remained within the limits of that Heathen Nation: For there were many Shoulders wounded in the late Battel: Likewise a number oppressed with sicknesse, which the Christian Champions had left behinde for their better recoveries: upon whom the Barbazous Moors committed their first tyranny: for they caused the distressed Shoulders to be dravne upon sleds to the uttermost parts of the Citie, and there put them into a large and old Monastery, which they presently set on fire, and most inhumanely burned the Christian
Soul

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ouldies, and after converted the place into a filthy Leas-
tall: many Women and succourlesse Childzen they dragged
up and down the Streets, till their bzaines were dasht against
the Stones, and the blood had covered the Earth with a
purple hue: Many other cruelties were committed by the
wicked Infidels, against the distressed Chyistians, which I
purpose to passe over, and wholly Discourse of the wofull and
blondy murder of an English Merchant and his Wife, in
the same City of Tripoly: the report whereof may force even
mercilesse Tygers to relent, and those eyes to shed springs
of teares that never wept before. The bloody minded Ne-
gars violating both Oath and promise before plighted to Saint
George, by violence set upon the Merchants House, where
first they made a Massacre of his Servants, and before his
face cast their dead bodies to hunger-starved Dogs; then
comming to the Merchant, they bound him fast with hempen
Cords, to the strongest post in his House, and after took
his Childzen, being seven of the godliest Woves that ever
Nature framed, whom they likewise tyed round about him.
Then one of the Woves being crueller then the rest, proffer-
ed to deflowre the Merchants Wife before his face: but shee
in Chastity like Camma, chusing rather an honourable death
then an infamous life, spit in the Negars face, and most bit-
terly rebyled him, yelding neither to his force, nor his bloody
threats: but snatching a knife from his girdle, bowed to
sheath it in her bosome, before shee would lose that precious
gemme of Honour, that once being gone could not be reco-
vered for all the Worlds Treasure.

This resolution of the English Merchants Wife, caused
the Kern Negar to exceed in cruelty: but the principall of
that wicked company, being a bloody and mercilesse Tyrant,
stabbed one of the silly Childzen before the Mothers face.

Now Stubborn Dame (quoth hee) wilt thou yeld to my
desires, and preserve the lives of the other six Childzen? O-
therwise shalt thou behold them butchered in the same man-
ner. To sell my Honour for the lives of my Childzen (re-
plyed shee) will be an offence to God, and a continuall coza-
lise to my Husbands heart if we live together: Therefore,
accursed Monster, prosecute your tyranny: It is not all
your threats and bloody dealings shall convert my chaste
minde,

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minde, nor once enforce my thoughts to giue any consent thereto.

These words being no sooner ended, but the lustfull Moore took another of her Childzen, and stabbed before her Husbands face; thinking thereby to force the Merchant to entreat his Wife to consent to the wicked Negars determinations: but hee being as resolute as his vertuous Wife, spake in this manner:

O you cursed black dogges of Barbary, more worse in quality then bloody Tygers, and more mercilesse then wicked Cannibals! think you that the murder of our Childzen shall enforce our hearts to yeld to your lustfull desires? No, no, persevere in your Tyrannies: if I had a hundred Childzen, twice the number of King Priams, yet would I lose them all, before I will indure to see my Wifes dishonour: Childzen may be gotten againe, but her Honour neuer recovered.

These words pricked the Negars to the gall, and caused them to commit the wickedest Deed that euer was practised under the Celestiall Globe of Heauen: First, they sheathed their poniards in the Breasts of all the Merchants Childzen, whose guiltlesse blood stained all the Chamber with a crimson colour: then with their Fauchions did they cut their bodies all in sunder, and caused seven Pies to be made of their flesh, and after serued in a Banquet to their wofull Parents, whom the mercilesse Moores set at a square Table, the Merchant placed directly opposite against his wife, where they were constrained either to feed upon their own Childzen, or starue for want of other sustenance.

This wofull spectacle strook such a griefe into the English Merchants heart, that hee could scarce indure to speake for weeping: his wife, when she beheld the heads of her lovely Sonnes lying upon the Table, as it were looking to Heauen for reuenge, breathed forth this dying Lamentation:

O silly Babes, I would you had beene strangled in my Wombe at your first conception: then should not these accursed Infidels haue triumpht thus in your unhappy Tragedies, nor your unfortunate Parents beheld this lucklesse day: whereon I pray that neuer Sunne may shine againe, but be accounted an ominous day throughout the whole World:

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for Heaben I hope (poore Babes) will raine a Showre of vengeance on their Heads, that have caused this your untimely death; and with this prayer I now bid the World farewell.

At which words her griefe so exceeded the bounds of reason, that it stayed the passage of her breath, whereby shee was forced to yeld her soule to the Paradise of peace. She being no soner dead, but the sorrowfull Merchant likewise bitterly exclaymed against the iniustice of Fortune, and the Tyranny of the Barbarous Moores, accounting his Destiny more haplesse then the Thracian Kings, that buried his Children in his own bowels: and the cruelty of these Infidels to exceed the Tyranny of Nero, that caused his Mothers Tomb to be opened, that hee might behold the place of his Conception: but when the Merchant had sufficiently bewayled the Murder of his Children, the death of his wife, and his owne misery, hee yelded his soule to the furious stroak of death. The end of whole long languishments, when the wicked Moores had intelligence of, they caused their dead bodies to bee carryed to the top of a high Mountaine, and there left for the prey of hungry Ravens: But the Sunne consumed them like the mornings dew, and by the wonderfull workmanship of Heaben, in the same place sprang a Bower of Roses, to signifie the unspecked honour of the Merchant and his vertuous Wife; which Miracle wee leave to the wonder of the Moores, and speak of the Christian Champions proceedings, that by this time were arrived in the Kingdome of Egypt.



seven Champions of Christendom.



CHAP. XV.

How the Christians arrived in Egypt, and what hapned to them there. The Tragedy of the lustfull Earle of Coventy. How Sabra was bound to a stake to bee burned, and how Saint George redeemed her. Lastly, how the Egyptian King cast himselfe from the top of a Tower, and broke his neck.



Bring the time of the bloody murder wrought by the Barbarous Moores upon the English Merchant and his Wife, with his seven Childzen, as you heard in the former Chapter, the Champions of Christendom arrived upon the Territories of Egypt, where they supposed to have met with Legions of Armed Souldiers, and to have adventured their lives upon the Chance of Warre: but all things fell out contrary to their expectations: for they found the Gates of every City set open, and every Village and Towne unpeopled: for the Commons at the report of the Christians Arrivall, secretly hid their Treasure in the Caves of the Earth, in deep Wells, and such like obscure places, and a generall feare and extreame terrour assailed the Egyptians, as well the Peeres of the Land, as the simple Countrey people: many fled into Woods and Wildenesses, and closely hid themselves in hollow Trees: many digged Caves in the Ground, where they thought best to remaine in safety: and many fled to high Mountaines, where they long time lived in great extremity, feeding upon the Grasse of the Ground: so greatly the Egyptians feared the Army of the Christians, that they expected nothing but the Ruine of their Countrey, with the losse of their own lives, and the murder of their Wives and Childzen.

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But to speak of the Christian Champions, who finding the Countrey desolate of people, suspected some deep policy of the Egyptians, thinking them to have mustered their Warlike Forces to bid them Battell: therefore Saint George gave commandement through the whole Camp, that not a man upon paine of death, should break his Rank, but march advisedly with their Weapons ready prest to Encounter Battell, as though the Enemies had directly placed themselves opposite against them: which speciall charge the Christian Souldiers duly obserbed, looking neither after the wealth of Cities nor the spoyle of Villages, but circumspectly marched according to their Leaders directions along the Countrey of Egypt, till they approached the sight of King Ptolomies Court: which when the Noble Champion of England beheld, in this manner encouraged he his Followers:

Behold (said hee) you invincible Captaines of Christendome, yonder cursed Towers where wicked Ptolomy keeps his Court; those Battlements, I say, were they as richly built as the great Pyramides of Greece, yet should they bee subverted and layd as leuell with the Ground, as the City of Carthage; there hath that accursed Ptolomy his residence, that for preserving his Daughter from the burning Dragon, treacherously sent mee into Persia, where for seven years I liued in great extremitie in a dismall Dungeon, where the Sunne did never giue mee light, nor the company of people comfort: In reuenge whereof, my heart shall neuer rest in quiet, till I see the Buildings of his Pallace set on fire, and conuerted into a place of desolation, like to the glorious City in Phrygia, now ouerspread with stinking weeds and loathsome puddles: therefore let all Christian Souldiers, that fight under the Banner of Christendome, and all that love George of England your chosen Generall, draw forth your Warlike Weapons, and like the angry Greeks, oberturne those glittering Battlements: leave not one Stone upon another, but lay it as leuell with the ground, as the Harbest Reapers do fields of ripened corn: let your wrathfull furies fall upon these Towers, like drops of April Showers; or like stormes of Winters haile, that it may be bruited through the World, what iust vengeance did light upon the pride of Egypt: leave not (I say) as you love
your

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your Generall, when you have subverted the Pallace, not one man alive, no, not a sucking Babe, but let them suffer vengeance for the wickednesse of their King. This is my Decree, brave Knights of Christendome, therefore march forward: Heaven and Fortune be your good speed.

At which words the Souldiers gave a generall shout, in signe of their willing minds. Then began the silken Streamers to flourish in the Ayre, the Drums cheerefully to sound forward, the silver Trumpets recorded Ecchoes of Victory: the barbed Steeds grew proud of this attempt, and would stand upon no ground, but leapt and danc't with as much courage, as did Bucephalus the Horse of Macedonian Alexander allwayes before any notable Victory; yea, every thing gave an evident signe of good successe, as well senselesse things as living creatures.

With this resolution marched the Christians, purposing the utter confusion of the Egyptians, and the wofull ruine and destruction of Ptolomies sumptuous Pallace. But when the Souldiers approached the Gates with wrathfull weapons, ready to assault, there came pacing out thereat, the Egyptian King, with all the chiefest of his Nobles, attyred in black and mournfull Ornaments, bearing in their hands Olive Branches: next them the bravest Souldiers in Egypt, bearing in their hands broken weapons, shivered Lances, and torne Ancients: likewise followed thousands of Women and Childzen, with Cypresse Wreathes about their Heads, and in their Hands Olive Branches, crying for mercy to the Christians, That they would not utterly destroy their declining Countrey, but shew mercy to unhappy Egypt; This unexpected sight, or rather admirable wonder, caused Saint George to sound a Retreat, and gave commandement through the Christian Army, to with-hold their former vowed vengeance from the Egyptians, till hee understood what they required: which charge being given and duly obserbed, Saint George with the other six Champions came together, and admitted the Egyptian King with his Nobles to their presence, who in this manner began to speak for his Countrey.

You unconquered Knights of Christendome, whose worthy Victories and Noble Achievements the whole World admires,

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admirer, let him that never kneeled to any man till now, and in former times disdained to humble himselfe to the greatest Potentate on Earth, let him I say, the most unfortunate wretch alive, crave mercy, not for my selfe, but for my Countrey: my Commons blood will be required at my hands: our murdered Infants will call to Heaven for revenge, and our slaughtered Widowes cry sink downe to Hell for revenge: so will the vengeance of Heaven light upon my soule, and the curse of Hell upon my head. Renowned Champion of England, under whose custody my dear Daughter is kept, even for the love of her be mercifull to Egypt. The former wrongs I proffered thee when I sent thee like a guiltlesse Lamb into Persia, was contrary to my will: for I was intent by the flattery of that accursed Blackamoore King, whose soule for evermore be scourged with Whips of Wyze, and plagued with the punishment of Tantalus in Hell: if my life will serbe for a iust revenge, here is my naked Breast, let my heart blood staine some Christians Sword, that you may bear the bloody witnessse of my death into Christendome, or let mee be torne into a thousand pieces by mad untamed Steeds, as was Hippolitus Sonne of Theseus in his Charmed Chariot.

Most mighty Controulers of the World, command the dearest things in Egypt, they be at your pleasures, we will forsake our gods, and beleebe in that God which you commonly adore: for hee is the true and living God, ours false and hatefull in the sight of Heaven.

This penitent Lamentation of the Egyptian King caused the Christian Champions to relent, but especially Saint George, who having a heart beautified with a well-spring of pittie, not only granted mercy to the whole Countrey, but bought Ptolomy liberty of life, upon condition that hee would perform what he had promised, which was to forsake his false gods, and beleebe in our true God Christ Jesus.

This kindnesse of Saint George almost ravished Ptolomy with joy, and the whole Land; both Peeres and Commons more rejoyced at the friendship of the Christians, than if they had been made Lords of the Western World. The newes of this happy unity was bzuinted in all the parts of Egypt: whereby the Commons that before fled for feare into Woods and Wildernesles, Dens and Caves, Hills and Mountaines,

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Mountaines, returned ioyfully to their own dwellings, and caused Bonfires to be made in every City, Towne and Village: the Bells of Egypt rung day and night, for the space of a Week: in every place was seen Banquetting, Dancing, and Masking: Sorrow was banished, Warres forgotten, and Peace proclaimed.

The King at his owne Charges ordained a sumptuous and costly Banquet for the Christian Champions, wherein for bounty, it exceeded that which the Trojans made, when Paris returned from Greece with the Conquest of Menelaus Queene. The Banquetting house was built with Cypresse wood, covered with the pure Adamant stone: so that neither Steel, nor base Iron could come therein, but it was presently drawne to the top of the Roof: as for the variety of Services, which graced forth the Banquet, it were too tedious to repeat: but to be brieve, what both the Land and Sea could afford, was there present. The Serbitours that attended the Champions at the Banquet, were attired in Damask Vestments, wrought with the purest Silke the Indian Virgins spin upon their Silber Wheeles; at every course the Serbitours brought in a Consort of Egyptian Ladies, who on their Ivory Lutes, strained forth such admired Harmony, that it surpassed Arions Musick, which when he was cast into the Sea, caused the Dolphins to bring him safe to the shore: or the sweetness of Orpheus Silver Harp, which made both stones and trees to dance; or the melody of Apollo's inspiring Musick, when he descended to the lower parts for the love of Daphne.

These Pleasures so ravished the Christian Champions, that they forgot the sound of Warlike Drums which were wont to call them forth to Bloody Battels. But these delights continued but a short time, for there arrived a Knight from England, that brought such unexpected newes to Saint George which changed his Joyes into extreame Sorrow: for after this manner began the Messenger to tell his wofull Tale.

Faire Englands Champion, (said he) instead of Armes get Swallows wings, and flye to England, if ever thou wilt see thy beloved Lady; for she is iudged to be burned at a Stake for murdering the Earl of Coventry: whose lustful Desires would have stained her Honour with Infamy, and made her the scoone of vertuous women: Yet this Percy is granted by
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the King of England, that if within twelue Moneths a Champion may be found that for her sake will venture his Life, if it be his Fortune to overcome the Challenger of her death, she shall live: but if it be his Fatale Destiny to be Conquered, then must she suffer the heauie Iudgement before pronounced: therefore as you love the Life of your chaste and beloved Lady, haste into England, delay no time, for delay is dangerous, and her Life in hazard to be lost.

This woful Discourse struck such a Terzour to S. Georges heart, likewise to the Egyptian King her Father, that for a time they stood gazing one in anothers face, as though they had bene distract of their wits, not able to speak one word, but at last Saint George recovered his former sense, and breathed forth this sorrowfull Lamentation.

O England, O unkind England, haue I adventured my life in thy Defence, and for thy safety haue laine in the field of Mars, buckled on my Armour in many a parching Summers day, and many a freezing Winters night, when you haue taken your quiet sleeps in beds of down: and will you repay me with this discourtesie, or rather undeserbed wrong to adiudge her spotlesse body to consuming Fire, whose blood if it be spilt before I come, I vow neuer to draw my trusty Sword in Englands quarrell more, nor neuer account my selfe her Champion, but I will rend my Warlike colours into a thousand pieces the which I weare on my Burgonet (I meane the Crimson Crosse of England) and winder unknown Countries, obscurely from the sight of any Christian eye: Is it possible that England will be so ungratefull to her Friend: can that renowned Countrey harbour such a lustful Monster, to seek to dishonour her, within whose heart the Fountaine of Vertue springs: Or can that Noble City, the Purse and Mother of my life, entertain so vile an Homicide, that will offer violence to her, whose Chastity and true Honour hath caused tamelesse Lions to sleep in her Lap:

In this sorrowfull manner weazied Saint George the time away, untill the Egyptian King whose sorrow being as great as his, put him from his Complaints, and requested the English Knight to tell the true discourse of Sabra's proffered violence and how she murdered the Lustful Earl of Coventry; to whom after a bitter sigh or two, the wofull messenger replied, in this manner;

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Most noble Princes and Potentates of the Earth, prepare your eares to entertaine the wofull Tale, that ever English Knight discoursed, and your eyes to weep Seas of blackish teares: I would I had no tongue to tell it, nor heart to remember it. But seeing I am compelled through the love and duty I owe to the Noble Champions of Christendome to expresse it, then thus it was.

It was the fortune, nay I may say, unhappy destiny of your beloved Lady, upon an Evening, when the Sunne had almost lodged in the West, to walk without the Walls of Coventrey, to take the pleasures of the sweet Fields, and flowing Meddowes, which Flora had beautified in a Summers Liberty: but as she walked up and downe, sometimes taking pleasure to heare the melody of Chirping Birds how they strayed their silver notes: other times taking delight to see how nature had covered both Hills and Dales with sundry sorts of Flowers: then walking to see the chrysell running Rivers, the murmuring Musick of whose streames exceeded the rest for pleasure. But she (kind Lady) delightning herself by the River side, a sudden and strange alteration troubled her mind: for the Chaîne of Gold that she did weare about her neck, presently changed colour, from a yellow burnisht brightnesse, to a dim palenesse; her Rings fell from her fingers, and from her nose fell drops of blood: whereat her heart began to throb, her eares to glow, and every joynt to tremble with fear. This strange accident caused her speedily to hast home ward: but by the way she met the Earle of Coventrey, walking at that time to take the pleasure of the evening Ayre, with such a traine of worthy Gentlemen, as though he had bin the greatest Piere in all England: whose sight when she beheld a far off, her heart began to misgive, thinking that Fortune had allotted those Gentlemen to proffer her some injury; so that upon her cheeks feare had set a vermillion dye where by her beauty grew admirable: which when the Earle beheld, he was ravished therewith, and deemed her the excellentest creature that ever nature framed: their meeting was silent: she shewed the humility of a vertuous Lady, and he the courtesie of a kinde Gentleman: they departed homewards, and he into the Fields, she thinking all danger past, but he practised in his minde her utter ruine and downfall: for the

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dart of love had shot from her beauteous cheeks into his heart, not true love, but lust: so that nothing might quench his desire, but the conquest of her Chastity: such extreme passion bewitched his mind, that hee caused his servants every one to depart: and then like a discontented man he wandered up and down the fields, beating in his mind a thousand sundry wayes how to obtaine his desire: for without hee enjoyed her love, hee was likely to live in endlesse languishment: but at last he sighed out this passion of love.

O you immortal Powers, why have you transported her from an earthly Lady to a heavenly Angel? Sabra is no worldly creature, but a divine substance; her beauty is a staine unto the Quene of Love, and her countenance of more Majesty then Iuno's grace: her twinkling eyes that glitter like the flaming starres, and her beauteous cheeks more pleasant then Roses dypt in milk, have pierc't my heart with the prickles of Love, and her Love I will enjoy, or lose my life. O! but there is a barre which shwarts kinde affections, and hinders my desires, Saint George I mean, her true and lawfull Husband, the Honour of whose Bed she will not violate for all the Kingdomes of the World. Tush, faint-hearted soole that I am, Sabra is beautifull, and therefore to be tempted: shee is a woman and therefore easie to be won, her Husband he is sporting in the field of Mars, then why may not shee take pleasure in the Chamber of Venus? I will use my flattering gloses, many kinde speeches, and many sweet embraces, but I will crop that bud, which but to taste, I would give my whole Lands and Revenues: I will tell her, Saint George is a Wanderer, and one that will never returne, whereas I am a mighty Power in England, and one that can accomplish whatsoever she desires. Many other circumstances this lustfull Earle used to flatter himselfe in this vaine conceit. At last, the scowling night with pitchy Clouds began to over-spread the brightsome Heavens, whereby hee was forced to repaire homewards, and to smother up his love in silence, no quiet sleep that night could enter into his eyes, but fond and restless dreames: sometimes he thought he had his lobely Mistress in his arms, dallying like the Paphian Quene upon her Minions knee: but presently awaking, he found it but a gliding shadow, which added new

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new griefe to his love-sick passions: then by and by he thought he saw how the joyfull Champton with his dreadfull bloody Fauchton, came to revenge his Ladies ravishment: whereat the troubled Carle started from his bed, and with a loud voyce cryed to his Chamberlaine for help, saying, that Saint George was come to murder him: which sudden outcry not only awaked the Chamberlaine but the whole House, which generallly came to beare him company: they set up Camphyze Tapers to give light, and made him musick to comfort him, and to drive all fond fancies from his minde: but no sooner ceased the musick, but he fell into his former cogitations, pondering in his minde, which way he might obtaine his purpose: whereat a dismal night-Raven beat her wings against his Chamber Window, and with a harsh voyce gave him warning of a bad successe. Then presently began the Tapers to burn blue as though a troop of gasty Spirits did encompasse his Lodging, which was an evident signe, that some strange and unhappy murder would shortly follow. All which could nothing withdraw the lustfull Carle from his wicked Enterprize, nor convert his minde from the spoyle of so sweet a Lady. In this manner spent hee the night away, till the Sunnes bright countenance summoned him from his restless bed; from whence being no sooner risen but hee sent for the Steward of his House, and gave him a charge to provide a most sumptuous and costly Banquet, for he intended to invite therunto all the principall Ladies in Coventrey: what bountifull chere was provided, I think it needlesse to repeat: but to be short, at the time and houre appointed, the invited Ladies repaired: the Banquet was brought in by the Carles Servants, and placed upon the Table by the Carle himselfe: who after many welcomes given, beganne thus to move the Ladies delight.

I think my House most highly honoured (said hee) that you have vouchsafed to grace it with your presence: for me thinks you beautifie my Hall, as the twinkling Starres beautifie the Vayle of Heaven: but amongst the number of you all you have a Cinthia, a glittering silver Moone, that for brightnesse exceedeth all the rest: for shee is fairer then the Quene of Cyprisse, lovelier than Dido, when Cupid sate upon

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upon her knee, wiser then the Prophetesse of Troy: of Personage more comely then the Grecian Dame, and of more Maiesty then the Queen of Love: so that all the Muses with their Ivory Pens may write continually, and yet not sufficiently describe her excellent ornaments of nature.

This commendation caused a generall Smile of the Ladies, and made them looke one upon another whom it should be. Many other Courtlike discourses pronounced the Earle to move the Ladies Delight, till the Banquet was ended, which being finished, there came in certain Gentlemen by the Earles appointment, with most excellent Musicke: other some that danced most curiously, with as much Maiesty as Paris in the Grecian Court. At last, the Earle requested one of them to choose out his Beloved Mistresse, and lead her some stately Coranto: likewise requesting that none would be offended what Lady soever he did affect to grace with that Courtly Pastime; at which request all of them were silent, and Silence is commonly a signe of consent; therefore he emboldened himselfe the more to make his Desires known to the Beholders. Then with exceeding Courtesie, and great Humility, he kissed the beauteous hand of Sabra, who with a blushing countenance and bashfull looke accepted his Courtesie, and like a kind Lady disdained not to dance with him. So when the Musicians staid forth their inspiring Melody, the Lustfull Earle lead her a first course about the Hall, in as great Maiesty as Mayors did the Quene of Paphos to gaine her Love, and she followed with as much Grace, as if the Quene of Pleasure had been present to behold their Courtly Delights: and so when the first Course was ended, he found fit opportunity to unfold his secret Love, and reveal unto the Lady his extreame Passion of Minde, which was in these speeches expressed.

Most Divine and Peerlesse Paragon (said he) thou onely wonder of the World, for Beauty and excellent Ornaments of Nature, know, that thy two twinkling eyes that shine more brighter then the Lights of Heaben, being the true Darts of Love, have pierced my heart, and those thy Crimson Cheeks, as lovely as Auroraes countenance, when she drawes the Curtaines of her purple bed to entertaine her wandring Laver, those Cheeks I say have wounded me

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me with Love: therefore except thou grant me kinde comfort, I am like to spend the remnant of my Life in Sorrow, Care and discontent: I blush to speak what I desire, because I have setled my Love where it is unlawfull, in a bosome where Kings may sleepe and surfeit with Delight, thy breast I mean, most Divine Mistis, for there my heart is kept Prisoner, Beauty is the Keeper, and Love the Key, my Ransome is a constant minde: thou art my Venus, I will be thy Mars; thou art my Hellen, and I will be thy Paris: thou art my Hylen, I will be thy Mahomet: thou art my Cressida, I will be thy Troylus, thou art my Love, and I will be thy Paramour. Admit thy Lord and Husband be alive, yet hath he most unkindly left thee to spend thy young Yeares in solitary Wittdolwhood: he is unconstant like Eneas, and thou more haplesse then Dido. He marcheth up and downe the World in Glistering Armour, and never doth intend to return: he abandoneth thy presence, and lieth sporting in strange Ladies Laps: therefore, Deare Sabra, live not to consume thy Youth in singlenesse, for Age will overtake thee too soon, and convert thy Beauty, to wrinckled frownes.

To which Words, Sabra would have presently made Answer, but that the Musick called them to dance the second Course: which being ended, she replied in this manner.

Most Noble Lord (said she) for our Bounteous Banquet, Courteous Entertainment, I give the Humble Thanks of of a poor Lady: but for your Lust, and unlawfull Desire, I do detest as much as the sight of a Crocodile, and your flattering Gloses I esteeme as much as doth the Ocean of a drizzling Showre of Rain: your Syrens Songs shall never intice me to listen to your fond Requests: but I will like Vlysses, stop my Eares, and bury all your flattering Inticements in the Lake of forgetfulness. Think you that I will staine his Marriage Bed with the least Spot of Infamy, that will not proffer me one Thought of wrong, for all the Treasures of the Wealthy Seas: Surely the Gorgeous Sun shall lose his Light by day, the Silver Moon by night, the Skies shall fall, the Earth shall linke, and every thing shall change from kind and Nature, before I will falsifie my Faith, or prove disloyall to my Beloved George: attempt no more my Noble Lord, to batter the Fortresse of my good name with the Gunshot

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of your flattery, nor seek to stain my Honour with your lustfull desires. What if my Lord and Husband prove disloyall, and choole out other lobes in foraine Lands: yet will I prove as constant to him, as did Penelope to her Vlysses: and if it be his pleasure never to returne, but spend his dayes amongst strange Ladies, yet will I live in single solitarie, like to the Turtle Dove when she hath lost her Mate, abandoning all company, or as the mournfull Swan that swims upon Mæanders silver streams, where she records her dying tunes to raging billowes; so will I spend away my lingering dayes in griefe and die.

This resolution of the vertuous Lady daunted so the Earle, that he stood like a sencelesse image gazing at the Sunne, not knowing how to reply: but yet when they had danced the third Course, he began answ to assault her unspotted chastity, in these termes:

Why my deare Mistresse, have you a heart more hard then Flint, that the teares of my true love can never mollifie: Can you behold him plead for grace, that hath been sued unto by many worthy Dames: I am a man that can command Countreys: yet can I not command thy stubborn heart. Divine Sabra if thou wilt grant mee thy love, and yeeld to my desire, Ile have thee clad in silken Robes, and damaske Vestures, imbost with Indian Pearles and rich refined Gold, perfumed with Camphire, Bisse, and Syrian sweet Perfumes: by day a hundred Virgins like to Thetis, tripping on the silver sands, shall usually attend thy person; by night a hundred Eunuches with their strained Instruments shall bring thy senses into a golden slumber: if this procureth not thy sweet content, I will prepare a sumptuous Chariot made of Gold, wherein thou shalt be daine by Sable spotted Steeds along the fields and gallant Pastures adjoyning to our City Walls, whereas the Evening Ayre shall breathe a coldnesse, farre more sweet then Balme upon thy cheeks, and make thy beautie glister like the purple Pillar of Hiperion, when he leaves Aurora blushing in her bed, whereby the Heavens and all the Powers therein shall stand and wonder at thy beauty, and quite forget their usuall courses. All this, my deare, divine and dainty Mistresse, is at thy command, and more, so that I may enjoy

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enjoy thy love and labour : which if I have not, I will discontentedly end my life in Woods and Desert places, Tygers and untamed beasts being my chiefe companions.

These vain promises and flattering intiments caused Sabra to blush with bashfulnesse, and to give him this sharp Answer : Think you my Lord, with golden promises to obtaine the precious Gemme, the which I will not lose for Europes Treasures : henceforth be silent in that Enterprize, and never after this attempt to practise my dishonour, which if you doe, I bow by Heaven to make it known to every one within the City, and to fill all places with rumors of thy wilful lust : A troop of modest Maidsens I will procure to haunt thee up and down the streets, to wonder at thee like an Owle, that never comes abroad but in the darkest nights : this I am resolved to doe, and so farewell.

Thus departed Sabra with a sad countenance : where by the rest of the Ladies suspected the Earle had attempted her dishonour by secret conference, but they all assuredly knew that shee was as farre from yeelding to his desires, as is the aged man to become young againe, or as the Azure Firmament to be a place for Albane Swaines to inhabit. In such like imaginations they spent away the day, till the dark night caused them to break off Company. The Earle smothered his griefe under a smiling countenance, till the Ladies were every one departed, whom hee courteously caused his Servants to conduct homewards with Torch lights, because it began to be very dark. After their departure hee accursed his owne fortune, and like a Lyon wanting food, raged up and downe his Chamber, filling every corner with bitter exclamations, rending his Garments from his back, tearing his haire, beating his breast, and using all the violence hee could devise against himselfe.

In this manner spent hee away the night, suffering no sleep to close the windowes of his body : his melancholy and extreme passion so discontented his minde, that hee purposed to give end to his sorowes by some untimely death : So when the morning appeared, hee made his repaire to an Orchard, where Sabra commonly once a day walked to take the Ayre. The place was very melancholy, and farre from the noyse of people : where, after he had spent some certaine time

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time in exclaiming against the unkindnesse of Sabra, hee pulled his Poyntard from his back, and prepared his breast to entertaine the stroke of death: but before the pretended Tragedy, with his dagger he engraved these Verses following, upon the barkes of a Walnut-tree.

O heart more hard then bloody Tygers fell,
O eares more deafe then sencelesse troubled Seas:
O cruell foe, thy rigor doth excell,
For thee I die, thy anger to appease:
But time will come, when thou shalt finde me slaine,
Then thy repentance will encrease thy paine.

I here engrave my Will and Testament,
That my sad griefe thou maist behold and see,
How that my wofull heart is torne and rent,
And gorg'd with bloody blade for love of thee:
Whom thou disdain'dst as now the end doth try,
That thus distrest doth suffer me to die,

Oh Gods of Love, if so there any be,
And you of love that feelee the deadly paine,
O Sabra thou that thus afflicttest me,
Heare these my words which from my heart I straine:
Ere that my Corps be quite bereav'd of breath,
Here Ile declare the cause of this my death.

You mountaine Nymphes which in the Desarts raigñ,
Leave off your chase from savage beasts awhile.
Prepare to see a heart oppress'd with paine:
Addresse your cares to heare my dolefull stile,
No strength nor Art can work me any weale,
Sith she unkinde and tyrant-like doth deale.

You fayrie Nymphs of lovers much adorde,
And gracious Damsels which in Evenings faire
Your closets leave, with heavenly beauty storde,
And on your shoulders spread your golden haire,
Record with me, that Sabra is unkinde,
Within whose breast remains a double minde.

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Ye savage Beares in Caves and Dens that lie,
 Remaine in peace, if you my sorrowes heare,
 And be not moved at my misery,
 Though too extreame my passions doe appeare:
 England farewell, and Coventrey adue,
 But, Sabra, Heaven above still prosper you.

These Verses being no sooner finished, and engraven about the bark of the Walnut Tree, but with a grilly look and wrathfull countenance he lift up his hand, intending to strike the Poyntard up to the Hills in his Beast: but at that same instant hee beheld Sabra entring the Orchard to take her wonted walks of pleasure, whose sight hindred his purpose, and caused other bloody cogitations to enter into his mind. The Furies did incense him to a wicked deed, the which my trembling tongue faints to report: for after she had walked to the furthest side of the melancholy Orchard, hee vigorously ran unto her with his Dagger drawn, and catching her about the slender waste, thus spitefully threatned her.

Now Stubborne Dame (quoth he) will I obtaine my long desired purpose, and revenge by violence thy former proud denyals: first I will wrap this dagger in thy locks of haire, and nayle it fast into the ground: then will I ravish thee by force and violence, and triumph in the conquest of thy chastity: which being done, Ile cut thy tongue out off thy mouth, because thou shalt not reveale nor descry thy bloody Ravisher: Likewise with this Poyntard will I chop off both thy hands, whereby thou shalt never write with Pen thy Name of Honour, nor in Sampler sow this proffered disgrace. Therefore except thou wilt yeeld to quench my desired love with the pleasures of thy marriage Bed, I will by force and violence inflict these vowed punishments upon thy delicate body: be not too resolute in thy denials, for if thou beest, the gorgeous Sunne shall not glide the compasse of an houre, before I obtaine my long desired purpose: and thereupon he stepped to the Orchard doore, and with all expedition locked it, and put the key into his Pocket. Then returned hee like the hunger starved Wolfe, to seize upon the silly Lamb: or like the chased Bore when hee is wounded with the Hunters Lance, came running to the helpless Lady, intending

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as he thought, to increase desire : But as women in extremitie have the quickest wits : so Sabra busied her selfe by all meanes possible, either now or never to remove the cause of her deep distresse, by practising his death, and so quit her selfe from her importunate Sutor : one while shee told him pleasant Tales of Love, in hope to bring his Sences to a Lumber, the better to accomplish her desires : other whiles shee played and sported with his haire that hung dangling below his Shoulders like to threds of silk : But at last when neither discoursing Tales, nor her dallying pastime with his haire, could bring him asleepe, shee strayed forth the Organs of her voyce, and over his head sung this wofull Dittie :

Thou God of sleep and golden dreames appeare,
That bringest all things to peace and quiet rest,
Close up the glasses of his eyes so cleare,
Thereby to make my fortune ever blest.
His eyes, his heart, his sences, and his minde,
In peacefull sleep let them some comfort finde.

Sing sweet you pretty birds in top of trees,
With warbling tunes and many a pleasant note :
Till your sweet musick close his watchfull eyes,
That on my love with vaine desires doth dote :
Sleep on, my deere, sleep on, my loves delight,
And let this sleep be thy eternall night.

You gentle Bees, the Muses lovely birds,
Come aide my dolefull tunes with silver sound :
Till your inspiring melody records,
Such heavenly musick, that may quite confound,
Both wit and sence, and tyre his eyes with sleep,
That on my lap in sweet content I keep.

You silver streames, which murmuring musick make,
And fill each dale with pleasant harmony,
Whereat the floting fish much pleasure take,
To heare your sweet recording melody,
Assist my tunes, his slumbring eyes to close,
That on my lap now takes a sweet repose.

Let

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Let whispring Windes in every sencelesse Tree,
A solemn sad, and dolfull musick sing:
From Hills and Dales, and from each Mountaine high,
Let some inspiring sound or Eccho ring:
That he may never wake from sleep againe,
Which fought my marriage bed with lust to staine.

This delightfull Song rocked his Sences to such a carelesse
Number, that he slept as soundly upon her lap as in the softest
bed of down; whereby she found a fit opportunity to deliver
her undefiled body from his lustfull desires. So taking the
Poynard in her hand, which he had cast a little aside, and gazing
thereon with an irefull look, shee made this sad complaint:

Grant you immortal Powers of Heaven (saide she) that
of these two extremes I choose the best: either must I yeld
my body to bee dishonoured by his unchast desires, or staine
my hands with the trickling streames of his heart blood.
If I yeld unto the first, I shall bee then accounted for a victi-
ous Dame: But if I commit the last, I shall bee guilty
of a wilfull Murder, and for the same, the Law will ad-
judge mee a shamefull death. What, shall I feare to die, and
lose my vertue and renoune? No, my heart shall bee as
tyrannous as Danaus Daughters, that slew their fifty Hus-
bands in a night: or as Medeas cruelty, which scattered her
brothers bloody ioynts upon the Sea shore, thereby to hinder
the swift pursuite of her Father, when Iason got the golden
Fleece from Calcos Ile. Therefore stand still, you glittering
Lamps of heauen; stay, wandring time, & let him sleepe eternally.

Where art thou, sad Melpomene, that speakest of no-
thing but of Murders and Tragedies: Where bee those
Dames that euer more delight in blood? Come, come,
assist me with your cruelties, let me exceed the hate of Progne
for her rabsiment: rage Heart, and take delight in blood,
banish all thoughts of pity from thy breast, be thou as mer-
cilesse as King Priams Queen, that in reuenge of five and twen-
ty murdered Sonnes, with her own hands stained the Wabe-
ments of Agamemnons Court with purple gore.

These words were no sooner ended, but with a wofull
and pale countenance, shee sheathed the Poynard up to the
Hilt in the closure of his breast, whereat he started, and
would

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would have got up on his Feet, but the Streames of blood so violently gushed from his Wound, that he declined immediately to the Earth, and his Soul was forced to gibe the World a Dolefull Adieu.

When Sabra beheld the Bed of Violets stained with blood, and every Flower converted to a Crimson colour, she sighed grievously: but when she saw her Garments all to besprinkled with her Enemies blood, and he lay wallowing at her Feet in Purple Gore, she ran speedily unto a flowing Fountain, that stood on the further side of the Orchard, and began to wash the blood out of her Clothes, but the more she washed, the more it increased: a sign that Heaven will never suffer willfull Murder to be hid, for what Cause soever it is done.

This strange Spectacle, or rather wonderfull Accident, so amazed the sorrowfull Lady, that she began aneto to complaine: O that this Wicked Murder had never bene done (said she) or that my hand had bene stricken lame by some unlucky Planet, when first it did attempt the Deed! Whither shall I flie, to shroud me from the Company of Vertuous Women, which will for evermore shunne me as a Detested Murderer: If I should goe into some Forraigne Countrey, there Heaven will cast downe Vengeance for my Guilt: If I should hide my self in Woods and Solitary Wildernesses, yet would the Winde discover me, and blowe this Bloody Crime, to every Corner of the World: or if I should goe live in Caves, or Darksome Denes, within the Deep Foundation of the Earth, yet will his Ghost pursue me there, and haunt me day and night: so that in no place a Murderer can live in rest, such discontented Thoughts shall still oppresse his Minde. After she had breathed forth this Comfortlesse Lamentation to the Ayre, she tore her blood stained Garment from her back, and cast it into the Fountain, where it turned the Water into the Colour of Blood, so haunts this Murderer in the sight of Heaven.

Thus being Discobed into her Petticoat, she returned to the Slaughtered Carle, whose Face she found covered with Molls: which added more Grief unto her Soul, for she greatly feared her Murderer was discryed; but it fell not out as she mistrusted: for it is the Nature and Kind of the Robin Red Breast and other Birds, alwayes to cover the face of any dead

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dead man, and those were they that bred this Fear in the Ladies Heart. By this time the day began to shut up his bright Windows, and sable night entred to take possession to the Earth, yet durst not the Mofall and Distressed Sabra, make her repair Homewards, lest she should be descricd without her upper Garment.

During which time, there was a generall Search made for the Earle by his Seruants, for they greatly suspected some Danger had befallen him, considering that they heard him the night before, sorrowfully complaine in his Chamber. At last, with Torch Lights, they came to the Orchard Gate, which they presently burst open: wherein no sooner entering, but they found their Murthered Master lying by a Bed of Violetts covered with Mofse: likewise searching to finde out the Murtherer, at last they espied Sabra in her bare Pettycoat, her Hands and Face besprinkled with Blood, and her Countenance as pale as ashes: by which signes they suspected her to be the bloody bearer of their Lord and Masters Life: therefore because she descended from a Noble Linage, they brought her the same night before the King, which did then keep his Court in the City of Coventry: who immediately upon the Confession of the Murther, gave this severe judgement against her.

First, to be conveyed to Prison, there to remaine for the terme of twelue Moneths, and at the end thereof, to be burned like a most wicked Offender: yet because she was the Daughter of a King, and Loyal Lady to so Noble a Knight, his Majesty in Mercy granted her this Favour, that if she could get any Knight at Armes, before the time were expired, that would be her Champion, and by Combate redeme her from the Fire, she should live: otherwise, if her Champion were vanquished, then to suffer the former judgement.

Thus have you heard the Discourse of all things which happened till my Departure from England, where I left her in Prison, and since that time the Moneths are fully expired: therefore most Resolued Champion, as you love the Life of your Lady, and wish her Delibery, make no tarryance, but with all speed pass into England, for I greatly feare, before you arrive on the blessed Shore, the time will be finished and Sabra suffer death for want of a Champion to defend her cause.

This

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This Dolefull Discourse drave Saint George with the other Knights and Champions, to such an Extasie of mind that every one departed to their Lodging Chambers with dumbe signes of Sorrow, being not able to speak one word; where for that Night they lamented the mishap of so Vertuous Lady. The Egyptian King her Father, he abandoned the sight of all Companies: and repaired to the top of a high Tower built of Marble Stone, wherein he barred himself so fast with Iron Bolts, that none could come within the hearing of his Lamentations: then raged he up and downe like frantick Oedipus, tearing his Eyes from their Naturall Cells, accusing Heaven of Injustice, condemning Earth of Iniquity, and accursing man for such an execrable Crime; one while wishing his Daughters Birth day had bene her Buriall day: another while, that some unlucky Planet would descend the Firmament, and fall upon his miserable head. Being in this extreame Passion, he never hoped to see his Daughters Countenance againe: and so about Midnight, being a time when Desperate men practise their own Destructions, he cast himself headlong from the top of the Tower, and broke his neck, and all besprinkled the Flinty Pavements with his blood and Brains.

So sooner was the Night vanished, and bright Phcebus entred the Zodiack of Heaven, but his bruised body lifelesse and senselesse, was found by his Servants lying in the Pallace yard all beaten in pieces against the ground. The Wofull newes of this self-wild furtherer they presently told to certain Egyptian Knights, who took his scattered Limbs and carried them to Saint Georges Chamber, whom they found aziming himself for his Depature towards England: but at this wofull Spectacle he took a second conceited Griefe in such extreame manner, that it had almost cost him his Life, but that the Egyptian Knights gave him many Comfortable speeches, and by the consent of many Dukes, Earles, Lords, and Barons, with many other of the late Kings Privy Counsell, they elected him the true succceding King of Egypt, by the marriage of Prolomies Daughter: which Royall proffer Saint George refused not, but took upon him the Regiment of the whole Countrey, so that for a short time his journey towards England was stayed, and upon the third day

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Day following, his Coronation was appointed, which they solemnly performed, to the high Honour of all the Christian Champions, for the Egyptian Pæres caused S. George to be apparelled in Royall Vestures like a King, he had on a Suit of flaming Green like an Emerald, and a Mantle of Scarlet very richly furd, and wrought curiously with Gold: then the other six Champions led him up to the Kings Throne, and set him in a Chaire of Ebony, which had Pillumels of Silver, which stood upon an Alabaster Elephant, then came three of the Greatest Lords in Egypt, and set a Crown of Gold upon his Head: then followed the Knights with a Scepter, and a naked Sword, to signifie that he was Chief Governour of the Realm, and Lord of all that appertained to the Crown of Egypt. This being performed in most sumptuous and statelie manner, the Trumpets with other Instruments began to sound, whereat the generall company with ioyfull voyces cryed altogether, long live S. George, true Champion for England, and King of Egypt. Then was he conducted to the Royall Pallace, where for ten dayes he remained amongst his Lords and Knights spending the time in great Joy and Pleasure: the which being finished, his Ladies Distresse constrained him to a sudden Departure: therefore he left the guiding of his Land to twelve Egyptian Lords, binding them all by Oath to deliver it at his return: likewise charging them to interre the Body of Ptolomy in a sumptuous Tomb befitting the Body of so Royall a Potentate: Also, appointing the six Champions to raise their Tents, and muster up anew their Souldiers, and with all speed march into Persia, and there by dint of bloody War revenge his former injuries upon the cursed Souldan.

This Charge being given, the next Morning by Break of Day, he buckled on his Armore, mounted on his swift-footed Steed, and had his Friends in Egypt for a season adieu: and so in Company of the Knight that brought him that unlucky News, he took his iourney with all speed towards England; In which Travell, we will leave him for a time: Also passing over the speedy provision made by the Christian Champions in Egypt, for the Invasion of Persia, and return to sorrowfull Sabra being in Prison, awaiting each Minute to receive the final stroke of impartiall Death: for now had the rowling Planets brought their years journey to an end: yet Sabra had

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no Intelligence of any Champion that would defend her cause: therefore she prepared her Delicate Body to receive her latest breath of Life. The time being come, she was brought to the place of Execution, whither she went as willingly, and with as much joy as ever she went before time unto her Marriage: for she had made humble submission to the World, and unfeignedly committed her Soul to God. She being at the Stake, where the King was present with many thousands, as well of wooll Personages, as of common People, to behold this wooll Tragedy, the Deaths man stripped off her Garment, which was of black Sarcenet and in her Snow-white Smock bound her with an Iron Chain unto the Stake: then placed they round about her tender body, both Pitch, Turpentine, and Gunpowder, with other merciless things, thereby to make her Death the more easie, and her pain the shorter: which being done, the King caused the Herald to summon in the Challenger, who at the sound of the Trumpet came tramping in upon a Rone coloured Steed without any kind of mark, and trappd with rich Trappings of Gold and precious Stones of great price: there came forth at the Horse mouth, two Tusks like unto an Elephants, his Nostrils were very large, and bigge, his Head little, his Breast somewhat broad, well pitcht, and so hard that no Sword, were it never so sharp, was able to enter in thereat. The Champion was called the Baron of Chester, a valuer and hardier Knight, they thought lived not then upon the Face of the whole Earth: he so advanced himselfe up and downe, as though he had bene able to Encounter with an hundred Knights. Then the King caused the Herald to summon in the Defendant, if there were any to defend her Cause, both Drums and Trumpets sounded thre severall times up and downe the Fields: betwixt every rest, was a full quarter of an houre, but yet no Defendant did appeare: therefore the King commanded the Executioner to set the Stake on Fire.

At which words Sabra began to grow pale as ashes, and her Joynts to tremble like to Aspen leaves; her Tongue that before continued silent, began to record a Swan-like dying tale, and in this manner uttered she the Passion of her heart: Be witness, Heaven and all your bright Celestiall Angels: be witness Sun and Moon, all true Beholders of my Fate: be witness thou
cleare

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cleare Firmament, and all the World be witness of my Innocency: the blood I shed was for the safeguard of my Honour and unspotted Chastity: great God of Heaven, if the prayers of my unstained heart may move thy mighty Majesty, or my true Innocency prevail with thy immortal Power, command that either my Lord may come to be my Champion, or sad beholder of my Death. But if my hands were stained with blood about some wicked Enterprize, then Heaven shew present vengeance upon me, by some Noble Champion save my Body alive. At which instance he heard the sound of a shrill Trumpet, the which Saint George caused to be wound: (for as then he was near) which caused the Execution a while to be deferred. At last, they beheld a farre off a stately Banner waving in the Ayre, the which a Squire carried before Saint George: then they elyped near unto the Banner, a most Valiant armed Knight mounted upon a cole black Palfrey, with a Warlike Lance standing in his Rest: by which sudden Approach they knew him to be some Champion that would defend the Distressed Ladies Life. Then the King commanded the Drummes and Trumpets to sound: whereat the People gave a generall shout, and the poore Lady half dead with fear began to revive, and her blushing Cheeks to be as Beautifull as Red Roses dypt in Silk, or Blood mingled with Snow. But when S. George approached the sight of his constant Lady, whom he found chained to a Stake, encompassed with many instruments of Death, his Heart so relented with Grief, that he almost fell beside his Horse: yet remembering wherefore he came he recalled, his Courage, and intended to try his Fortune in the Combate, before he would discover himselfe unto his Lady. And so when the Trumpets sounded Deaths Alarm, the two Knights set spurs to their Horses, and made them run so fiercely, that at the first Encounter they shivered both their Lances to their hands, then rushed they together so rigorously with their Bodies and Helmets, that they fell down both to the Earth: but Saint George, who was the more lustier Knight, nimbly leapt upon his Feet without any hurt, but the Baron of Chester lay still with his Head downwards, casting from his Mouth aundance of Blood, for he was mightily bruised with the fall, but when he revived from his Trance, he took his Shield, crying out a mighty shout, and with a wrathfull Countenance

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terrace ran at Saint George. Now proud Knight (quoth he) I sweare by all the Saints of Heaven to revenge my blood which thou hast shed: and therewithall hee strooke so violently upon Saint George's Shield, that it cleaved quite asunder. Then began hee to wray angry, and took his Sword in great wrath, and gave the Baron of Chester such a stroke, that hee cut away Arm and Shoulder, and all the flesh of his side to the bare Ribs, and likewise cut his Leg almost clean asunder in the thickest place of his Thigh, and yet for all that the Sword entered halfe a foot into the Earth: then fell the Baron of Chester to the ground, and breathed forth this lamentable cry.

Now frown, you fatall Starres, eternally, that did pre-
dominate at my Birth, for he is slaine and vanquished, that
never stoopt to any Knight before this day: and thereupon
the blood stoped the passage of his speech, and his soule
went flying to Elizium: whereat the whole company ad-
mired and applauded Saint George for the most fortunate
Knight in the World. When the King delibered Sabra with
his own hands to Saint George, who most courteously receiv-
ed her, and like a kinde Knight cast a Scarlet Mantle over her
body, the which a Lady standing by bestowed upon him; yet
he minded not to discover himselfe, but set her upon his port-
ly Steed, (that presently grew proud in carrying so rich a
burthen) and with his own hands led him by the bridle raines.
So great was the joy throughout the City, that the Bells rung
without ceasing that whole day together, the Citizens throu-
every place Saint George should passe, did hang forth at
their Windows, and on their Walls, Cloth of Gold and Silk
with rich Carpets, Cushion coverings of green Velvet lay a-
broad in every Window: the Clergy in Copes of Gold and
Silk, met them with solemn Procession: the Ladies & Beauti-
full Damselfs strewed every Street whereas he past with Roses
and most pleasant Flowers, and crowned him with a wreath
of green Bayes, in sign of his triumphant Victory & Conquest.

In this manner went he to the Kings Pallace, not known
by any what hee should be, but that hee was a Knight of a
strange Countrey: yet Sabra many times as they passed
along, desired to see his face, and know his name, for that
he had adventured so farre for her sake, and that for her de-
libery hee had vanquished the bravest Knight in England. Yet
for

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for all her perswasions, hee kept himselfe undiscovered till a troop of Ladies in company of Sabra, got him into a Chamber richly hung with Arras Cloth, and there unlaced his Be-ber; whose countenance when shee beheld, and saw that it was her Lord and Husband which had redeemed her from death, shee fell into a dead sound for very ioy: But Saint George sprinkled a little cold water on her face and rebited her presently. After this he gave her many a kind and loving kisse, calling her the most truest, and the most loyallest Lady that euer nature framed, that to the very death would not lose one jot of her unspotted Honour. Likewise shee accounted him the truest Knight, and the loyallest Husband, that euer heavenly Hymen linckt in bands of Marriage with any woman. But when the King had notice that it was Saint George, his Countreys Champion, which achieved that noble Conquest in vanquishing the Baron of Chester, hee was ravished with such ioy, that he came running in all haste to the Chamber, and most kindly embraced him; and after hee was unarmed, and his Wounds washed in white wine and new milk, the King conducted him with his Lady to his Banqueting House, where they Feasted for that Evening, and after hee kept open Court for all Commers so long as Saint George continued there, which was for the space of one Month: At the end whereof hee took his Lady and one Page with him and bade England adue, and then hee travelled towards Persia, to the other Christian Champions, whose dangerous tourney and strange adventures you may read in this Chapter following.



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CHAP. XVI.

How Saint George in his journey towards Persia, arrived in a Countrey inhabited only by Maides, where he atchieved many strange and wonderfull Adventures: Also of the Ravishment of seven Virgins in a Wood, and how Sabra preserved her honour from a terrible Gyant.



After Saint George with his vertuous Lady departed from England, and had travelled through many Countreys, taking their direct courses towards Egypt, and the Confines of Persia, where the other six Champions remained with their Warlike Legions: At last, they arrived in the Countrey of the Amazonians, a Land inhabited by none but women: In which Region Saint George atchieved many brave and Princely Adventures, which are most wonderfull to rehearse, as after is declared: for travelling up and down the Countrey, they found every Town and City desolate of People, yet very sumptuously Built, the Earth likewise untilled, the Pastures unherished, and every Field over-grown with weeds: whereby hee deemed that some strange accident had befallen the Countrey either by Warre, or mortality of some grisbous Plague, for they could neither see eye of man, woman, nor child, whereby they were forced to feed on Berries and Nuts, and in stead of brave Passages, they were constrained to lie on broad Pastures, upon the Banks of Rholes, and in stead of Curtaines of silk, they had black, and dark clouds to cover them.

In this extremitie they travelled up and downe for thir dayes: but at last it was their happy fortunes to arrive before a rich Pavillion, situate and standing in the open fields,

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Fields, which seemed to bee the most glorious sight that euer they beheld, for it was wrought of the richest work in the World, all of green and crimson Satten, bordered with Gold and Azure, the Posts that bare it up were of Ivory, the Cordes of graine Silk, and on the top thereof there stood an Eagle of Gold, and at the two Corners, two green Silber Giffins Gining against the Sunne, which seemed in richnesse to exceed the Monument of Mausolus, being one of the Worlds twelbe Wonders. They had not there remained long, admiring at the Beauty of the Workmanship, but at the Entry of the Pabillon there appeared a Maiden Quene crowned with an Impertall Diadem, who was the most fairest Creature that euer hee saw. On her attended twenty Amazonian Dames, bearing in their hands Silber Bobes of the Turkish Fashion, and at their backs hung Quibers full of Golden Arrows: upon their Heads they wore Silber Coronets, beset with Pearls and precious Stones: their Attire comely and gallant: their Faces faire and gentle to behold, their foreheads plaine and white, the treamels of their haire like burnisht Gold, their browes small and proper, somewhat drawing to a brown colour, their Visages plaine, neither too long nor too round, but coloured like Roses mixt with Lillies, their noses long and straight, their roddy cheeks somewhat smiling, their eyes lovely, and all the rest of their parts and Lineaments, by nature framed most excellent, who had made them in Beauty without compare. The Quene her selfe was clothed in a Gown of green, straight girt unto her body with a Lace of Gold, so that somewhat her round and Lilly white breast might be seen, which became her wonderfull well: beside all this, she had on a crimson Kertle, lined with violet Welvet, and her wide Sleeves were likewise of green Silke, embordered with Flowers of Gold, and with rich Pearls. When Saint George had sufficiently beheld the Beauty of this Maiden Quene, hee was almost entrapped in her love, but that the deare affection hee bare to his own Lady prevented him, whom hee would not wrong for all the Treasures be-tweene the highest Heavens and the lowest Earth. At last, he alighted from his Horse, and humbled himselfe unto her Excellency, and thus courteously began to question with her after this manner:

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ten mee ran at Saint George. Now proud Knight (quoth he) I sweare by all the Saints of Heaven to revenge my blood which thou hast shed: and therewithall hee strooke so violently upon Saint George's Shield, that it cleaved quite asunder. Then began hee to war angry, and took his Sword in great wrath, and gave the Baron of Chester such a stroke, that hee cut away Arm and Shoulder, and all the flesh of his side to the bare ribs, and likewise cut his Leg almost cleane asunder in the thickest place of his Thigh, and yet for all that the Sword entered halfe a foot into the Earth: then fell the Baron of Chester to the ground, and breathed forth this lamentable cry.

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body, the which a Lady standing by bestowed upon him; yet
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without ceasing that whole day together, the Citizens throught
every place Saint George should passe, did hang forth at
their Windows, and on their Walls, Cloths of Gold and Silk
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for all her perswasions, hee kept himselfe undiscovered till a troop of Ladies in company of Sabra, got him into a Chamber richly hung with Arras Cloth, and there unlaced his Be-ber; whose countenance when shee beheld, and saw that it was her Lord and Husband which had redeemed her from death, shee fell into a dead sound for very joy: But Saint George sprinkled a little cold water on her face and revived her presently. After this he gave her many a kind and loving kisse, calling her the most truest, and the most loyallest Lady that ever nature framed, that to the very death would not lose one jot of her unspotted Honour. Likewise shee accounted him the truest Knight, and the loyallest Husband, that ever heavenly Hymen linckt in bandes of Marriage with any woman. But when the King had notice that it was Saint George, his Countreys Champion, which achieved that noble Conquest in vanquishing the Baron of Chester, hee was ravished with such joy, that he came running in all haste to the Chamber, and most kindly embraced him; and after hee was unarmed, and his Wounds washed in white wine and new milk, the King conducted him with his Lady to his Banqueting House, where they Feasted for that Evening, and after hee kept open Court for all Commers so long as Saint George continued there, which was for the space of one Month: At the end whereof hee took his Lady and one Page with him and bade England adue, and then hee travelled towards Persia, to the other Christian Champions, whose dangerous tourney and strange adventures you may read in this Chapter following.



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Most divine and faire of all faires, Queen of Sweet Beauty (said hee) let a travellling Knight obtaine this favour at your hands, that both himselfe and his Lady whom you behold here wearied with travell, may take our rest within your Pavilion for a night: For wee have wandred up and downe this Countrey many a day, neither seeing man, to give us lodging, nor finding food to cherish us, which made us wonder that so brave a Countrey, and so beautified with natures Ornaments as this is, should be left desolate of people, the cause whereof is strange, I know, and full of wonder.

This Question being courteously demanded by Saint George, caused the Amazonian Queen as kindly to reply: Sir Knight quoth shee, (for so you seeme both by your behaviour, and gallant Stature) what favour my Pavilion may afford, be assured of: But the remembrance of my Countreys desolation which you speak of, breeds a Sea of sorrow in my soule, and makes me sigh when I remember it: but because you are a Knight of a strange Land, I will report it, though unto my grief: about some twelwe years since, it was a Pegromancers chance to arrive within this Countrey, his name is Osmond, the cunning Artist this day living upon the Earth, for he can at his call raise all the Spirits out of Hel, and with his Charms make Heaven to raine continually Showres of blood: my Beauty at that instant tempted him to love, and drowned his Senses so in desire, that he assailed by all perswasions that either Wit or Art could devise to win me to his will: but I having vowed my selfe to Diana's Chastity, to live in singlenesse among these Amazonian Maides, contemned his love, despised his person, and accounted his perswasions as ominous as the hissing of venomous Snakes; for which hee wrought the destruction of this my Realme and Kingdome: for by his Magick Art and damned Charms, hee raised from the Earth a mighty Tower, the Porter whereof hee mingled with Virgins blood, wherein are such Enchantments wrought, that the light of the Sun, and the brightnesse of the Skie is quenched, and the Earth blasted with a terrible Vapour, and black Mist, that ascendeth from the Tower, whereby a generall darknesse over spreads our Land, the compass of foure and twenty Leagues, so that this Countrey is cleane wasted and destroyed, and my people fled out thereof.

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This Tower is haunted Day and Night with gally Friends : and at his Departure into Persia, where he now by Inchantment aids the Souldan in his Wars against the Christians, he left the guarding of the same to a mighty and terrible Gyant, for shape the ugliest Monster that euer Eye beheld, or Ear heard tell of : for he is thirty Foot in length : his Head three times larger then the Head of an Ore : his Eyes bigger than two Pewter Dishes, and his Teeth standing out of his mouth more than a Foot, wherewith he will break both Iron and Steel : his Armes big and long without any measure, and all his Body as black as any Coal, and as hard as Brasse : also of such a strength, that he is able to carrie away at once three Knights Armed : and he neuer eateth any other Meate, but raw flesh of Man kinde : he is so light and swift, that a Horse cannot run from him, and oftentimes he hath bene Assailed with great Troops of Armed Men, but all of them could neuer do him any harm, neither with Sword, Speare, Crosse-Bow, nor any other Weapon.

Thus have you heard most Noble and Courteous Knight, the true Discourse of my utter Ruine, and the Vengeance shewed upon my Countrey, by this wicked Negromancer : for which I have remained euer since in this Pavillion amongst my Maidens, where we pray both Day and Night, that some unhappy Fortune, or terrible Vengeance may fall upon this wicked Coniurer.

Now as I am a true English Knight, (replied S. George) no sooner shall the Mornings Sunne appeare, but I will take my Iourney to that Enchanted Tower : into which Ile enter in despite of the Gyant, and break the Inchantment, or make my Grave within the Monsters Bowells : which if I happily perform, then will I travell into Persia, and fetter up the most wicked and damned Negromancer, and like a Blood-hound lead him up and down the World in Chaynes.

Most Dangerous is the Adventure (quoth the Amazonian Queene) from whence as yet did never Knight returne. But if you be so Resolute and Noble minded, as to attempt the Enterprise, then happy be your Fortune, and knowe brave Knight, that this Tower lyeth Westward from hence some thirteene Miles, and thereupon thee take him by the hand, and caused Sabra likewise to alight from her Walfray,

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and led them both into her Pavilion, where they were Feasted most Royally, and for that Night slept securely. But when the dapes bright Windows opened, and the Morning Sunne began to glister, in all haste Saint George that Valiant minded Champion, arose from his sweet content, and Armed himself: where after he had taken his leave of the Quene, and gave her thanks for his courteous Entertainment, he also took his leave of Sabra, whom he left in Company of the Quenes Maidens, till his Returne with Conquest, and so rode forth till it was Dayne, and then he entred into a deep Valley, and eber he rode lower and lower. It was then a faire Day, and the Sunne shined cleare: but by that time he had ridden ten Miles and a half, he had lost both the Light and the Sunne, and also the light of Heaven: for it was there as dark as Night, and more Dismall then the deepest Dungeon.

At last he found a mighty River with Streams as black as Pitch, and the Banks were so high, that the Water could scarce be seen running underneath, and it was so full of Serpents, that none could enter amongst them that ever returned back with Life: about his Head flew monstrous Birds, and others Griffins, who were able to bear away an armed Knight Horse and all, and were in as great multitudes as though they had been Starlings: also there were Flies as big as Puts, and as black as Pitch, which stung him and his Horse so grievously that there issued down such Rore of Blood, that it changed his Horse from a Dable to a Crimson colour: likewise the Griffins struck at Saint George with their Talions so furiously, that had he not defended himself with his Shield, which covered his whole Body, he had been pierced to the heart.

In this dangerous manner rode he on, till he came to the Gates of the Enchanted Tower, whereas the Giant sat in his Iron Coat, upon a Block, with a Piece of Steele in his hand, who at the first sight of Saint George, beat his teeth so mightily together, that they rung like the strokes of an Anvile, and he ran raging like a Fiend of Hell, thinking to have taken the Champion, Horse and all in his long Teeth, that were as sharp as Steel, and to have borne them presently into the Tower. But when Saint George perceived his mouth open, he took his Sword, and thrust therein so far, that

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that it made the Gyant to rouse solaced, that the Elements seemed to thunder, and the Earth to tremble: his Mouth smokt like a Fiery Furnace, and his Eyes roled in his Head, like Bands of flaming Fire: the wound was so great and the Blood issued so fast from the Gyants Mouth, that his Courage began to quail, and against his Will, he was forced to yield to the Champions mercy, and to beg for Life, to which Saint George agreed, but upon condition, that the Gyant would discover all the secrets of the Tower, and ever after be sworne his true Seruant, and to attend on him with all diligence: to which the Gyant swore by his owne soule, never to leave him in Extremity, and to answer him truly to all questions whatsoeber. Then Saint George demanded the Cause of the Darknesse, and how it might be ceased. To which the Gyant answered in this manner:

There was within the Countrey about some twelue yeares since, a cunning Pregonancer, that by Inchantment built this Tower, the which you now behold, and therein caused a terrible Fire to spring from the Earth, that cast such a smok over the whole Land: whereby the People that were wont to dwell therein, are fled and famished for Hunger: Also this Inchanter by his Art made the River that you have passed, the which did neuer man before this time without Death: Also within the Tower, near unto the Fire, there stans a fair and Pleasant Fountain, to which if ever any Knight be able to attain, and cast the Water thereof into the Fire, then shall the Darknesse, ever after cease, and the Inchantment end, for which Cause I have beene bound to guard and keep the Tower from the Atchievement of any Knight.

Thus when the Gyant had ended his Discourse, Saint George commaunded him to remain at the Gate, for hee would aduenture to end the Inchantment, and deliver the Countrey from so grieuous a Plague. Then went hee close by the Windows of the Tower, the which were steepe speeres in Length and Breadth, till he came to a little Window, through which he must needs enter: yet was it set as thick with Plakes of Steele, as the Placke on an Archers skinn, to the intent that no Knight should approach neare unto the Dore, nor once Attempt to enter the Tower: yet with great Danger he opened the Window, and looke out came such

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abundance of Smoaks that the Darknesse of the Countrey doubled, so that neither Torch nor Candle would burne in that Place: Yet nevertheless S. George entred, and went downwards upon Staires, where he could see nothing, but yet felt so many great Blowes upon his Burgo-net, that he was constrained to kneele upon his knees, and with his Shield to defend himselfe, or else he had bene bruised to pieces. At last he came to the Botome, and there he found a faire great Vault, where he felt so terrible a Heat that he sweate exceedingly, and as he felt about him, he perceived that he approached near the Fire, and going a little further he espied out the Fountaine, whereat he greatly reioyced: and so hee took his Shield, and boze therein as much Water as he could and cast it into the Fire. In conclusion, he laboured so long till the Fire was clean quenched: then began the Skies to receive their perfect Lightnesse, and the Golden Sunne to shine most clearly about him, where he plainly perceived how they stood upon the Staires, many great Images of Braasse, holding in their hands mighty Paces of Steele, the which had done him much Trouble at his coming downe: but then their Power was ended, the Fire quenched, and the Inchantment finished.

Thus when Saint George through his invincible Fortitude had performed this Dangerous Adventure, he grew weary of Travel, what with Heat and Sweating, and the mighty Blowes he received from the Brazen Images, that hee returned again to the Wicket, where as the deformed Gyant still remained: who when he beheld the Champions Returne both safe, and sound, he fell upon his knees before him, and said:

Sir Knight, you are most welcome and happily returned, for you are the Flower of Chivalry, and the bravest Champion of the World, Command my Service, Duty, and Obedience, for whilst I live, I do protest by the burning Banks of Acharon, never to follow any Knight but you, and hereupon I kisse your Golden spurre, which is the Noble Badge of Knighthood.

This humble submission of the Gyant caused the Champion to reioyce, not for his Overthrow, but that he had gotten so mighty a Servant, then unlaced he his Helmet, and lay down after his weary Encounter, where after he had sufficiently

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sufficiently rested himselfe, hee took his journey in company of the Gyant, to the Amazonian Quēn, where he left his Lady in company of her Virgins; who like a kind, modest, and vertuous Wife, during all the time of her Husbands absence, continually prayed to the Immortall Powers of Heaven for his fortunate Successe and happy return: otherwise resolving her selfe if the loving Destines should crosse his intent, and unluckily end his dayes before the Adventure were accomplished, then to spend the remnant of her life amongst those happy Virgins. But on the sudden before the Quēn and her Virgins were aware, S. George arrived before the Pabillion, dutifullly attended on by the Gyant, who bore upon his shoulder, the body of a tall Dake, by which the Quēn knew that his Promises had redeemed her Countrey from darknesse, and delivered her from her sorrow, care, and trouble: so in company of her Maids very gorgeously Attyred, she conducted the Champion to a Tower of Roses, intermingled with creeping Vines, the which in his absence they had planted for his Ladies delight. There found he Sabra at her Divine Prayers, like to a solitary Widow, clad in Mourning Habilliments: but when she beheld her Lord return in safety, she banished griefe, and in all haste ran unto him, and in his bosome ravished her selfe with pleasure.

But to speak how the Amazonian Queen frasted them, and in what manner shee and her Maids devised Pastimes for their contents, were two tedious to repeat: but when night gave end to their Pleasures, and sleep summoned all things to a quiet silence, the Quēn brought them to a very sumptuous Lodging, wherein stood a Bed framed with Chan wood, overhung with many pendants of Gold, the Tick was stufft with Downe of Turtle Doves, the Sheets of Medean Silk: thereon lay a rich Quilt wrought with Cotton, covered with Damask, and sticht with fhyres of Gold. The Queene bestowed upon Saint George at his going to Bed, an embroidered Shirt, curiously wrought with many rare Devices, as the Labours of Hercules, the Triumph of Mars, and the Nobles of many Potentates, wrought in such curious manner, as though Art her selfe had been the Contriver.

Sabra at her going to Bed was likewise presented by the Quēns Maids, with a light Kirtle of changeable violet, somewhat blushing on a red colour. Also, they put a white

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Herbiete of Silk upon her Head, somewhat loose and untied, so that under the same, her Ivory shroat might be easily seen, and her faire golden haire lying about her neck: over them was cast a Mantle of green Silk, which made the Bed some more beautifull than Floraces richest Ornaments. By them the Queen and her Virgins sate, making sweet Musick upon their silver tuned Lutes, till golden sleep had closed up their eyes; the which being done, the Queen with her Ladies departed likewise to their naturall rests. But all this while the Giant never entred the Pabillion, but slept as soundly at the root of a Vine Tree, as Saint George did in his embroydered Bed: for he knew not what Pleasures belonged therunto, nor never before that time beheld any womans Face. At last, the night withdrew her black Curtaines, and gave the morning leabe to appeare, whose pleasant light caused Saint George to forsake his Bed, and to walk some few miles to over-views the Countrey: In which iourney he took such exceeding pleasure, that hee thought it the goodliest Realm that eber he saw, for he perceived well how that it was full of worldly Wealth.

At last, hee climed up to the top of an high Mountaine, being some two miles from the Quenes Pabillion, whereon he stood and beheld many stately Townes, and Towers, high and mighty Castles, many large Woods and Meddowes, and many pleasant Rivers; and about the Townes, faire Vines, goodly Pastures and Fields. At last, he beheld the City of Argenia shining against the Sunne, the place where the Quene in former time was wont to keep her Court: which City was environed with deep Ditches, the Wall strongly bullded, and more than fife hundred Towers made of Lime and Stone: also he saw many faire Churches covered with Lead, having tops and Spires of gold, shining most gorgeously, with Weather Cocks of Silver, glittering against the Sun. Also he saw the Burgeses Houses stand like Pallaces, closed with high and strong Walls, barred with Chaines of Iron from House to House: whereat in his heart hee praised much the noblenesse and richnesse of the City, and said to himselfe, that it might well be called Argenia, for it seemed to bee of Argent, that is as much to say, of Silver.

During the time of the Champions pleasurable walk, which continued from the break of day, to the closing of the Evening

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Chenting, hapned a wofull Tragedy, nere unto the Quenes
 Pavillion, committed by the monstrous Gyant whom Saint
 George brought from the Enchanted Tower: for that same
 morning when the Sun had mounted some few Degrees into
 the Firmament, seven of the Quens Virgins in Sabra's com-
 pany, walked into a pleasant thicket of Trees adjoining to her
 Pavillion, not only to take the pleasure of the mornings Ayze,
 but to heare the chirping melody of Birds: in which thicket of
 Grobe, under a Pine-Tree, this Gyant lodged the passed
 night: but no sooner came these beautiful Ladies under the
 Branches of the Trees, but the Gyant cast his eye upon them,
 whose rare perfection so fired the heart of the lustfull Gyant,
 that he must either quench his desires with the spoiles of their
 Chastities, or end his dayes in some monstrous manner: there-
 fore he starts up from the place where he lay, and with a horri-
 full countenance ran amongst the Ladies, and catching them all
 eight at once betwixt his Arms, he bore them to the further side
 of the Grobe, where he Ravished seven of the Quens Maidens,
 and afterwards deboured them alive into his loathsome bow-
 els, Sabra being the eighth of that wofull number, which in
 her sight she beheld butchered by that bloody Wolfe: but
 continuing the time of their Ravishment, she made her
 Supplication to the Gods: that they would in mercy defend
 her chastity from the lustfull Rape of so wicked a Monster: and
 immediately upon these words, she saw an ugly Toad come
 crawling before her, through which by Policy she saved
 her life, and preserved her Honour: for she took the Toad
 betwixt her hands, and crushed the venom from her impo-
 soned bowels, wherewith she all besprinkled her Face, so that
 presently her fair Beauty was changed into loathsome blisters;
 for she seemed more like a creature deformed with Leprosie,
 than a Lady of excellent Feature. At length she being the last
 of all, her time came that she should be defouled, and the lustfull
 Gyant came to fetch her: but when he beheld her visage so
 unbecoming, he looked her sight, seeking neither to Ravish her,
 nor proffering to devour her, but discontentedly wandring a-
 way greatly grieving at the committed crime, and sorely re-
 penting himselfe of so wicked a deed, not only for the spoyle of
 the seven Virgins, but for the wrong proffered to so Noble a
 Knight: who not only granted him liberty of life, but received
 him

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him into his service : therefore hee raged up and downe the Globe, making the Earth to tremble at his Exclamations : one while cursing his fortune and hour of creation : another while banning his Sire and disbellish Dam : but when he remembered the Noble Champion Saint George, whose angry frowne hee would not see for all the world, then to prevent the same, hee ran his Head most furiously against a knobbed Oake, and brayned himselfe : where we will leave him now weltring in his blood, and speak what became of Sabra after this bloody accident : for after shee had wandzed up and downe the thicket many a weary step, incensing Heaven against the Spants cruelty, the Sunne began to set, and the dark night drew on, which caused her thus to complaine :

O you immortall Powers of Heaven, and you Celestiall Planets, being the true Guiders of the Firmament, open your bright Celestiall Gates, and send some fatall Plannet, or some burning Thunder-bolt, to rid me from the bale of misery, for I will never more returne to my beloved Lord, sith I am thus deformed, and made an ugly creature, my loathsome Face will prove a cozasbe to his heart, and my body a tozment to his soule : my sight will bee displeasing, my company hated, my presence loathed, and every one will shun my sight as from a Crocodile : therefore I will remaine within this Globe, till Heaven either bring me to my former Beauty, or end my languishing misery : yet witnesse Heaven of my Loyalty unto my Lord, and in what extremity I have maintained my Chastity : in remembrance of my true Love, here will I leave this Chaîne of Gold for my beloved Lord to find, that he may know, for his sake I have endured a world of woe. At which speeches she took her Chaîne (which was doubled twenty times about her neck) and left it lying all besmeared in the blood of those Virgins whom the Spant had Ravished and slain, and so betook her selfe to a sad and solitary life, intending never to come in the sight of men, but to spend her dayes wandzing in the Woods : where we will likewise leave her for a time, and speak of Saint George, who by this was returned to the Queens Pavillion, where he missed his Lady, and had intelligence, how that she in company of seven other Ladies, walked in the morning into a pleasant Grove to heare the melody of Birds, and since that time no selves hath been heard

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heard of them: for as then it grew towards night, which called Saint George greatly to mistrust that some mischance had befallen his Lady. Then he demanded what was become of the Gyant: but answer was made, that he was neither seen nor heard of since morning: which caused him greatly to suspect the Gyants Treachery, and how by his meanes the Ladies were prevented of their purposed Pleasures.

Therefore in all haste like a frantick man he ran into the Thicket, filling every corner with Clamours and resounding Echoes of her Name, and calling for Sabra through every Bramble Bush: but there he could neither heare the voyce of Sabra, nor the answer of any other Lady, but the wofull Echoes of his Exclamations, which rattled through the leaves of the Trees. Then began he to wax something Melancholy, and Passionate, passing the time away with wofull Lamentations till bright Cynthia mounted on the Hemispheres, by whose glittering Beams he saw the ground besprinkled with Purple Gore, and found the Chaîne that Sabra was wont to weare about her neck, all besmeared in blood: he bitterly complained against his own fortune, and his Ladies haplesse Destiny: for he supposed then that the Gyant had murdered her.

O discontented sight (said he) here lies the Blood of my Beloved Lady, the truest Woman that ever Knight enjoyed: that Body which for excellency deserved a Monument of Gold, more rich then the Tombe of Angelica, I feare lies buried in the Bowells of that monstrous Gyant; whose Life unhappily I granted. Here is the Chaîne besmeared with blood, which at our first acquaintance I gave her in a Courtly Maske: this Golden Chaîne, I say, stained with the blood of my deare Lady, shall for evermore be kept within my Bosome near unto my bleeding heart, that I may still remember her true Love, Faith, and Constancy. But fond fool that I am, why doe I talke in vaine: it will not recompence her murdered Soule, the which me thinks I heare how it calls for rebenge in every corner of this Globe. It was I that left her carelessly within the Danger of the Gyant, whom I little mistrusted, therefore will I meet her in the Elysium Shades, and crave remission for my committed Trespasse, for on this Duke I will abridge my Life, as did the worthy Knight Melmeropolion for the Love of Sillara: which Lamentation being no sooner

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ended, but hee took the Chaîne of Gold, and fastned one end to the arm of a great Oke, and the other end to his neck, intending presently to strangle himselfe: but Heaven prebented his desperate intent after a strange manner: for under the same Tree the brayned Gyant lay, not yet fully dead; who in this manner spake to Saint George.

O stay thy hand, most noble and invincible Knight, the Worlds chiefe Wonder for admitted Chivalry, and let my dying soule convert thee from so wicked a deed. Seven Virgins in this thicket have I ravished, and buried all their bodies in my accursed bowels: but before I could despoile the eighth, in a strange manner her bright Beauty was converted into a loathsome Leprosie, whereby, I detested her sight, and left her Chastity undefiled, but by her sad complaints I since have understood, how that she is your Lady and Love, and to this houre she hath her residence within the circuit of this Thicket: and thereupon with a dolefull groan which seemed to shake the ground, he Wade adue to the World. Then Saint George being glad to heare such tidings, reverted from his desperate intent, and searched up and downe the Grove till he found Sabra, where she sate sorrowing under the branches of a Mulberry Tree, betwixt whom was a sad and heavie greeting, and as they walked back to the Queens Pavillion, shee Discourst to him the truth of this bloody Stratagem, where she remained till the Amazonian Quene had cured her Leprosie by the secret vertue of her skill: of whom after they had taken leave, and given her thanks, for her kinde courtesies, Saint George with his Lady took their tourney towards Persia, where the Christian Armies lay encampst, at whose arrivall, you shall heare strange and wonderfull things, the like was never done in any Age.



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CHAP. XVII.

How Saint George and his Lady lost themselves in a Wilderness, where she was delivered of three goodly Boyes. The Fayrie Queenes Prophecie upon the Childrens fortunes. Of Saint Georges return into Bohemia, where he Christened his Children, and of the finding of his Fathers Grave, over which he built a stately Tomb.

Saint George having atchieved the adventure of the Enchanted Tower, and Sabra, the surie of the lustfull Gyant, they took their tourney towards Persia, where the Christian Champions lay encamped before the Soldans great City of Grand Belgor, a place most strongly fortified with Spirits and other gaskly illusions, by the Enchantment of Olmond, whom you heard before in the last Chapter, to be the rarest Negromancer in the World: but as the English Champion with his Lady travelled thitherward, they hapned into a Desert, and mighty Wilderness overgrown with lofty Pines and Cedar Trees, and many huge and mighty Oakes, the spreading branches whereof seemed to withhold the light of Heaven from their untrodden Passages, and tops for exceeding height to reach into Elements, the Inhabitants were Silvanes, Satyres, Fayries, and other woody Nymphes, which by day sported up and down the Forrest, and by night tended the pleasure of Proserpine the Fayrie Queen. The Musick of silver sounding Birds, so chearefully resounded through the Woods, and the whistling wind made such melody amongst the leaves of Trees, that it ravished their Senses like harmony of Angels, and made them think they had entred the Shades of gladsome Elizium: one while they wondred at the beauty of the Woods, which nature adorned with a Summers Liberty: another while at the green and fragrant grasse, drawn

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out in round Circles, by fayrie Dances: so long till they had lost themselves amongst the unknown Passages, not knowing how, nor by what meanes to recover the perfect Path of their intended Journey, but were constrained to wander in the Wildernesse like Solitary Pilgrims, spending the Day with weary Steps, and the Night with vain Imaginations, even as a Child when he hath lost himselfe in a populous City runneth up and downe, not knowing how to returne to his Native Dwelling: Even so it happened to these two lost and disconsolate Travellers, for when they had wandzed many Dayes one way, and finding no end of their Toyles, they retired backward to the Place of their first setting forth: where they were wont to heare the Royle of People resound in Countrey Villages, and to meet Travellers posting from Place to Place, but now they heard nothing but blustering of Winds, rattling in the Wood, making the Brambles to whistle and the Trees to groane, and now and then to meet a Speckled Beast like to the Kain howl, weltring from his Denne to seek his Naturall Sustenance: in their Travell by Night they were wont to heare the crowing of the Cock, recording glad Tydings, of the chearfull Dayes approach, the neighing of Horses in pasture Fields, and the barking of Dogs in Farmers houses: but now they were affrighted with the roaring of Lions, yelling of Wolves, the croaking of Toads in Rots of Rotten Trees, and the rufull sound of Prognies Ravishment, recorded by the Nightingale.

In this Solitary manner wearied they the roling Time away, till thrice three Times the Silver Moon had renewed her borrowed Light, by which time the Burthen of Sabraes Wombe began to grow painfull, and the Fruit of her Body to wax ripe, the Houre of her Delibery drew on, where in she required Lucinaes help, to make Saint George the Father of a Princely Son: Time called for Midwives to aid and bring her Babe into the World, and to make her a happy Mother: but before the painfull Houre of her Delibery approacht, Saint George had provided her a Bower of Nine Branches, which he erected betwixt two pleasant Hills: where in stead of a Princely Cabinet, behung with Arzas, and rich Tapestry, she was constrained to suffice her self with a simple Lodging covered with Roses, and other fragrant Flowers: her Bed he
made

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made of Green Moss and Thistle Downe, beset curiously round about with Olive Branches, and the Sprigs of an Orange Tree, which made it seem more beautifull then Floras Pavilion, or Dianas Mansion: But at the last, when she felt the paine of her Wombe grow intollerable, and she stood ready to be reaped, and how she was in a Wildernesse devoid of Womens company, that should be ready to assist her in so secret a matter, she cast her self downe upon her Mossie Bed, and with her blushing Countenance she discoursed her minde in this order to Saint George.

My most Deare and Loving Lord (quoth she) my true and only Champion at all Times and Seasons except at this hour, for it is the painfull hour of my Delibery, therefore depart from out the bearing of my Eyes, and commit my Fortune to the pleasures of the Heavens; for it is not convenient for any mans Eye to behold the Secrets of a Woman in such a Case: Stay not, I say, Deare Lord, to see the Infant now sprawling in my womb to be deliverd from the Bed of his Creation, forsake my Presence for a time, and let me like the Noble Queen of France, obtain the Favour of some Fairy to be my Midwife, that my Babe may be as happily born in this Wildernes, as was her Valiant Son Valentine and Orson: the one of them was cherishd by a King, and the other by a Beaze, yet both of them grew famous in their Deeds: my pain is great, dear Lord therefore depart my Cabinet, and before bright Phœbus lodgeth in the West, I shall either be a happy Mother, or a libelless body: Thou a joyfull Father, or a sorrowfull Widower. At which words S. George sealed the Agreement with a Kisse, and departed silently without any Reply: but with a thousand sighes he bade her adue, and so took his way to the top of a Mountaine, being in Distance from his Ladies abiding, a quarter of a Mile: there knœled hee during the time of her Travail, with his bare knees upon the bosome of the Earth, never ceasing Prayers, but continually soliciting the Mercie of God, to grant his Lady a speedy & easy Delibery: at whose Divine Vision the Heavens seemed to relent, and all the time of her pain, covered the Place with a Wall of Darknesse, by great flocks of Birds, with Troops of untamed Beasts that came flocking about the Mountain where hee knœled, and in their kinds assisted his Celestiall contemplations:

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plations : where I will leaue him for a time , and speak what hapned to Sabra in the middle of her Paines , and extreanmy of her Trabell : for after Saint George's departure , the furie of her grieffe so raged in her Womb , that it exceeded the bounds of reason , whereby her heart was constraigned to breathe so many scorching sighes , that they seemed to blast the Leaues of Trees , and to wither the Flowers which beautified her Cabinet , her burthened tozments caused her star-bright eyes , like fountaines to distill dolone silver drops , and all the rest of her body to tremble like a Castle in a terrible Earth-quake : so grieuous were her paines , and rufull were her cryes , that she caused the mercilesse Tygers to relent , and untamed Lyons , with other wild beasts , like silly Lambs to sit and bleat : her grieuous cryes and bitter moanes caused the Heauens , as it were , to bleed their vapours down , and the Earth to weep a spring of teares : both Heaubs and Trees did seeme to droop , hard stony Rocks to sweat when she complained.

At last , her pittifull cryes pierced down to the lowest vaults of dreffull Dis , where Proserpine sits crowned amongst her Fayries , and so prebailed , that in all haste she ascended from her regiment , to work this Ladies safe deliuey , and to make her Mother of three godly Boyes , who nosoner arriued in Sabras Lodging , but she practised the duty of a Mid-wife , eased the burthen of her Womb , and safely brought her Babes into the World : at whose first sight the Heauens began to smile , and the Earth to reioyce , as a sign and token , that in time to come they would prove three of the noblest Knights in the World.

This courteous deed of Proserpine was no sooner performed , but shee layd the three Boyes in three most rich and sumptuous Cradles , the which shee caused her Fayries to fetch invisibly from three of the richest Knights in the World , and therewithall Mantles of Silk , with other things thereunto belonging : likewise shee caused a winged Satyre to fetch from the furthest Borders of India , a covering of Damask Tassaty Embroydered with Gold , the most richest Ornament that euer mortall eye behold : for thereon was wrought and libely portrayed by the curious skill of Indian Weauers , how God created Heaben and Earth , the wandring Courses both of Sunne and Moone , and likewise how the golden

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golden Plannets daily doe predominate : Also there is no Story in any Age remembred since the beginning of the World, but it was thereon most perfectly wrought : So excellent it was, that Art her selfe could neber devise a cunningger. With this rich and sumptuous Ornament she covered the Ladies Child-bed : whereby it seemed to surpasse in bravery the gorgeous Bed of Iuno the brave Queen, when first she entertained imperious Iove. After this Proserpine layd under every Childs Pillow a silver Tablet, whereon was writien in Letters of Gold, their good and happy fortunes. Under the first was these Verses Charactred, who at that time lay crowning in his Cradle like the God of War.

A Souldier bold, a man of wondrous might,
A King likewise this royall Babe shall die :
Three golden Diadems in bloody fight,
By this brave Prince shall conquered be :
The Towers of faire Ierusalem and Rome,
Shall yeeld to him in happy time to come.

Under the Pillow of the second Babe was Charactred these Verses following, who lay in his Cradle smiling like Cupid upon the lap of Dido, whom Venus Transformed to the likeness of Ascanius.

This Child shall likewise live to be a King,
Times wonder for device, and Courtly sport :
His Tilts and Turnaments abroad shall ring,
To every Coast where noble Knights resort :
Queenes shall attend and humble at his feet,
Thus love and beauty shall together meet.

Lastly, under the Pillow of the third was these Verses likewise Charactred, who blushed in his Cradle like Pallas when she strove for the golden Apple with Venus and the Queen of Heaben.

The Muses darling for true sapience,
In Princes Courts this Babe shall spend his dayes :

Kings

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Kings shall admire his learned Eloquence,
And write in brazen Books his endlesse praise:
By Pallas gift he shall atchieve a Crown,
Advance his fame, and lift him to renowne.

Thus when the Fayre Quene had ended her Prophecie upon the Childzen, and had left them golden Fortunes lying in their Cradles, she vanished away, leaving the Lady rejoycing at her safe Deliv'ry, and wond'ring at the Gifts of Proserpine: which she conjectured to be but shadowes to dazzle her eyes, and things of a fading substance: but when she had laid her hands upon the rich covering of Damask Tassaty, which covered her Mossy Bed, and felt that it was the selfe same form that it seemed, she cast her eyes with a chearefull look up to the Majesty of Heaven, and not only gave thanks to Immortall love for her rich received benefitts, but for his mercifull kindnesse in making her the happy Mother of three such goodly Childzen. But we will now return again to the Noble Champion Saint George, whom we left praying upon the Mountaine top, and as you heard before, the Skies were over-spread with Sable Clouds as though they had bene mourning witnesses of his Ladies torment: but before the golden Sunne had divid into watry Theris Lap, the Element began to cleare, and to withdraw her former mourning Mantles, by which hee supposed that Heaven had pittied his Ladies paines, and granted her a safe Deliv'ry: therefore in all haste he retired back to the Silbane Cabinet; the which hee found most strangely deckt with sumptuous Habilliments, his Lady lying in her Child-Bed, as glorious as if she had bene the greatest Emperesse in the World, and three Princely Boyes sweetly sleeping in their severall Cradles: at whose first sight his heart was so ravished with joy, that for a time it withheld the passage of his tongue: but at last when he found the Silver Tablets lying under the Pillowes, and had read the happy fortunes of his childzen, he ran unto his Lady, embraced her lovingly, and kindly demanded the true Discourse of that strange accident, and by whose meanes the Bower was beautified so gorgeously, and the Propounder of his Childzens Prophecie: who with a countenance blushing like the purple Morning, replied in this manner:

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My most deare and welbelov'd Lord, the paines I have endured to make you the happy Father of three lovely Bayes, hath ben more terrible than the stroke of death, but yet my delivery more joyfull than the pleasures of this World: the Winds carryed my Groans to every corner of this Wilderness, whereby both Trees and Herbs assisted my complaints, Beasts, Birds, and feathered Fowles, with every sencelesse, thing that Nature framed on this Earth, seemed to pittie my moans: but in the midst of my torments, when my soul was ready to forsake this worldly habitation, there appeared to mee a Queen crowned with a golden Diadem, in state and gesture like imperious Iuno, and in beauty to divine Diana: her Garments for bzabery seemed to staine the Rainbow in her brightest hue, and for diversity of colours, to surpasse the Flowers in the Fields: On her attended many beautifull Nymphes, some clad in Garments in colour like the Chypstall Ocean, some in Attire as gallant as the pleasant Rose, and some more glorious than the Azure Firmaments: her wisdom might compare with Apollo's, her iudgement with Pallas, and her skill with Lucina's: for no sooner entred shee my presence, but my trabels ceased, and my Womb delibered up her grievous burthen: my Babes being brought to light by the vertue of her skill, she prepared these rich and sumptuous Cradles, the which were brought invisible to my Cabinet: likewise these Mantles, and this imbrodered Coverlet she frankly bestowed upon me, and so immediatly vanished away.

At which words, Saint George gave her so many kinde embraces, and kissed her so lovingly, as though it had bene the first day of their Nuptials. At last, her hunger increased, and her desire thirsted so much after food, that except she received some comfortable sustenance, her life were in danger. This extream desire of Sabra caused Saint George to buckle on his Armour, and to unsheath his trusty Sword ready to gorge the intrailles of some Wæte: who swore by the honour of true Knight-hood, never to rest in peace, till he had purchased her hearts content. My Love (quoth he) I will adventure for thy sake, more dangers than Iason did for Medeas love: Ile search the thickest Groves, and chase the nimble Doe to death; the flying Fowle Ile follow up and downe from Tree to Tree, till over-wearied they doe fall and die: for love of

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of the and these my tender Babes, whom I esteem more deare than the conquest of rich Babylon, I will adventure more dangers, than did Hercules for the love of Deianira, and more extremes than Turnus did in his bloody Battels: and thereupon with his Fauchion ready charged, he traced the Woods, leaving no thorny brake nor mossie Cave unsearcht, till he had found a Herd of fallow Deere: from which number he singled out the fattest, to make his Lady a bountifull Banquet: but in time of his absence, there hapned to Sabra a strange and wonderfull accident: for there came weltring into the Cabinet three most wild and monstrous Beasts, a Lyon, a Tygresse, and a the Wolfe, which took the Babes out of their Cradles, and bore them to their secret Dens.

At which sight, Sabra like one distraught of sense, started from her Bed, and to her weak power offered to follow the Beasts, but all in vaine: for before she could get without her Cabinet, they were past sight, and the Childzens cry without her hearing: then like a discontented woman she turned back, beating her breasts, rending her haire, and raging up and down her Cabinet, using all the rigour shee could devise against her selfe; and had not Saint George returned the sooner, she had most violently committed her own laughter: but at his return, when he beheld her face stained with teares, her head disrobed of Ornaments, and her Ivory Breasts all to be rent, and torn, he cast down his Wenison, and in all haste asked the cause of her sorrow.

W (said shee) this is the wofullest day that ever hapt to mee: for in the time of your unhappy hunting, a Lionesse, a Tygresse, and a Wolfe came into the Cabinet, and took my Childzen from their Cradles; what is become of them I know not, but greatly I feare, by this time they are intombed with in their hungry bowels.

O simple monuments (quoth he) for such sweet Babes: Well Sabra, if the Monsters have bereaved mee of my Childzen, this bloody Sword that dived into the entrails of the fallow Deere, shall be my wofull heart in twain. Accursed be this fatal day, the Planets that predominate, and Sunne that shines thereon, heaven blot it from the yeare, and let it never more be numbred, but accounted for a dismall day through all the World: let all the Trees be blasted in these accursed

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Accursed Woods : let Hearbs and Grasse consume away and die, and all this perish in this Wildernesse. But why breathe I out these Curses in vaine, when as methinks I heare my Childzen in untamed Lyons Dens, crying for help and succour? I come, sweet Babes, I come, either to redeeme you from the Tygers wrathfull talues, or make my grave with- in their hungry bowels. Then took hee up his Sword be- smeared all with blood, and like a man bereaved of wit and sense, raged up and downe the Wildernesse, searching every corner for his Childzen; but his Lady remayned still in her Cabinet, lamenting for their losse, washing their Cradles with her pearled teares that ran downe her stayned cheeks like silver drops.

Many wayes wandred Saint George, sometime in Valleys where Wolves and Tygers Lurk; sometime on mountain tops, where Lyons and helps do sport and play, and many times in dismall thickets, where Snakes and Serpents live.

Thus wandred Saint George up and downe the Wildernesse, for the space of two dayes, hearing no newes of his un- christned Childzen. At last, he approached the sight of a plea- sant River, which smoothly glided down betwixt two Moun- taines, into whose streames hee purposed to cast himselfe, and so by a desperate deathly end to his sorowes: But as he was committing his body to the mercy of the Waters, and his soule to the pleasure of the Heavens, he heard a far off the rusfull scricke, as he thought of a comfortlesse Babe: which sud- den noyse, caused him to refraine from his desperate purpose, and with more discretion to tender his owne safety. When ca- sting his eye aside, it was his happy destiny to spie three in- humane Beasts lying at the foot of the Hill, tumbling them- selves against the warme Sunne, and his three pretty Babes sucking from their Mombs, their most unkindly milk: which spectacle so encouraged the Champion that without further abbasement, with his single Sword, he assailed at one time the three Monsters: but so furiously they pursued him, that he lit- tle preballed; and being almost breathlesse, was forced to get into an Oranges Tree, else he had been buried in their merciless bowels: but when the three wild Beasts perceived him above their reaches, and that by no means they could come nere him, with their wrathfull talues they so rent and toze the root

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of the Tree, that if by policy hee had not prevented them, the Tree had been puld in pieces: for at that time it was so full of ripe Oranges, and so over-loaden, that the branches seemed to bend, and the boughes to break: of which fruit he cast such a-bundance down to the Beasts, whereby they restrained their furies, and fed so fast thereon, that in short time they grew drunk, and quite overcome with a dead and heavie sleep. This good and happy fortune caused Saint George nimble to leap off the Tree, and with his keene edged Sword cut off their heads from their bodies, the which being done, he went to his children, lying comfortlesse upon a Mossie Bank; who so pleasantly smiled in his face, that they made him greatly to reioyce, and to receive as great pleasure in their sights, as though hee had been honoured with the Conquests of Caesar, or the Royalty of Alexander: therefore after he had given them his blessing, hee took them up in his Armes, and spake these words following.

Come, come my pretty Babes, your safe deliveries from these inhumane Monsters, will adde long life unto your Mother, and hath preserved your Father from a desperate death; From hence forth let Heaven be your Guide, and send you as happy Fortunes as Remus and Romulus, the first Founders of Imperious Rome, which in their infancies were nursed with the milke of a Ravenous Wolfe: and as prosperous in your Adventures, as was that Persian Potentate, which fed on the milke of a Witch. At the end of which speeches, he approached the Cabinet, where he left his Lady mourning for the losse of her children: but at his returne he found her without sense or moving, being not able to give him a joyfull welcome, whersat he fell into this extream passion of sorrow.

O Fortune, Fortune (quoth he) how many griefes heapest thou upon my head! wilt thou needs enioyne mee to an endlesse sorrow? See, Sabra, see, I have redeemed our Donnes, and freed them from the Tygers bloody jaws, whose wrathfull countenance did threaten death. Which comfortable speeches caused her presently to revive, and to take the silly Infants in her Arms, laying them sweetly upon her Ivory bosome, at which they seemed to smile as pleasantly, as Cupid in the lap of Dido, when Aneas sported in the Court of Carthage. The kind embraces, loving speeches, and joyfull conference that pass betwixt

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betwixt the Champion and his Lady, were now too long to be discoursed: but to be short, they remained in the Wilderness without further Disturbance, either of Wilde Beasts or other accident, till Sabra had recovered her Child-bed sicknesse: and then being conducted by a happy Star, they returned back the ready way to Christendome: where after some few Dayes travelling, they arrived in the Bohemian Court, where the King of that Countrey, with two other bordering Princes most Royally Christened his Childzen. The Eldest they named Guy: the Second, Alexander, and the Thirde David: the which being performed and the triumphs ended, which in most sumptuous manner continued for the space of one Moneth, then the Bohemian King for the great love he bare unto Saint George, provided most Honourably for his Childzens bringing up. First he appointed three severall Embassadours with all things necessary for so Princely a Charge, to conduct the three Infants, to three severall Countreys. The first and Eldest whose Fortune was to be a Souldier, he sent to the Imperiall City of Rome, (being then the wonder of the World for Partial Discipline) thre by the Emperors to be trained up. The Second, whose Fortune was to be a Courtly Prince, he sent to the rich and plentiful Countrey of England, being the Pride of Christendome for all Delightfull Pleasures. The third and last, whose Fortune was to prove a Schollar, he sent into Germany, unto the Universty of Wittenberg, being thought at that time to be the Excellentest place of Learning, that remained throughout the whole World.

Thus were Saint George's Childzen provided for by the Bohemian King, for when the Embassadours were in readinesse, the ships for their Passage furnished, and their attendants appointed, Saint George in the company of his Lady, the King of Bohemia with his Queen, and a Train of Lords and Gentlemen, and Ladies, conducted them to Ship-board, where the Wind served them so prosperously, that in a short time they had adue to the Shore, and sailed chearfully away. But as Saint George returned back to the Bohemian Court, it was his Chance to come by an old Ruinated Monastery under whose Walls in former time his Father was buried, the which he knew by certain Verses that were carved in Stone over his grave by the Commons of the countrey (as you may read before

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in the beginning of this History.) Over the same he requested of the King, that he might erect a stately Monument, that the remembrance of his Name might live for ever, and not be buried in the Grave of obscurity.

To which reasonable demand, the King most willingly consented, and presently gave speciall commandment that the cunningest Architects that remained within his Dominion, should forthwith be sent for, and withall gave a Tun of Gold out of his owne Treasury towards the performance thereof.

The sudden report of this memorable deed being bruited abroad, caused workmen to come from every place of their owne accord with such willingnesse, that they in short time finished it. The Foundation of the Tombe was of the purest Marble, whereon was engraven the frame of the Earth, and how the watry Ocean was divided, with Woods, Groves, Hills, and Dales; so lively portrayed, that it was a wonder to behold: the Piers and Pinnacles of Alabaster, beset with knobs of Jasper Stone, the sides and Pillars of the clearest Jet, upon the top stood foure golden Lyons, holding up, as it were an Element, therein was curiously contrived the golden Sunne and Moone, and how the Heavens have usuall Courses, with many other excellent things wrought both in Gold and Silver, which for this time I omit, because I am forced at large to Discourse the Principally Proceedings of Saint George, who after the Monument was finished, with his Lady, most humbly took their leave of the King, thanked him for his love, kindnesse, and courtesie, and so departed towards Egypt and Persia, of whose Adventures you shall heare more in the Chapter following.



CHAP. XVIII.

How Saint George with his Lady arrived in Egypt: of their Royall Entertainment in the City of Grand Cayer: and also how Sabra was crowned Queen of Egypt.

MAny strange accidents, and dangerous Adventures, Saint George with his Lady passed before they arrived within the Territories of Egypt, which I want memory to repeat, and Art to describe. But at last when Fortune smiled, which before had long time crossed their intents with her inconstant Chances, and had cast them happily upon the Egyptian Shore, being the Nurse and Mother of Sabra's first creation; The twelve Peeres unto whom Saint George before time had committed the guiding of the Land, and keeping of his Crown, as you heard before Discoursed, now met him and his Lady at the Sea-side, most richly mounted upon their costly trapped Steeds, and willingly surrendered up his Scepter, Crown, and Regiment: and after, in company of many Princely Estates, both of Dukes, Earles, Lords, Knights, and Royall Gentlemen, they attended them to the City of Grand Cayer, being then under the subiection of the Egyptian Monarchy, and the greatest City in World, for it was in breadth and compasse full threescore Miles, and had by just account within the Walls twelue thousand Churches, besides Abbies, Priories, and Houses of Religion: but when Saint George with his stately attendants entered the Gates, they were presently entertained with such a ioyfull sound of Bells, Trumpets, and Drums, that it seemed like the inspiring melody of Heavenly Angels, and to exceed the Royalty of Caesar in Rome, when he returned from the Worlds Conquest. The Streets were beautified with stately Pageants, contrived by Schollers of ingenious capacity, the Pavement strewed with all manner of odoriferous Flowers, and the Walls hung with Indian Coverlets and curious Tapestry.

Thus

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Thus passed they the Streets in great Solemnity, wondering at the curiosity of the Pageants, and listening to their learned Orations, till they entred the Gates of the Pallace, where in the first Entry of the Court was contrived over their heads, a golden pendant Firmament, as it were supported by a hundred Angels: from thence it seemed to raine Nectar and Ambrosia: Likewise there descended, as it were from the Clouds, Ceres, the Goddess of Plenty, sitting upon a Throne of Gold, beautified with all manner of springing things, as of Corn, Olives, Grapes, Herbs, Flowers, and Trees: who, at the coming by of Saint George and his Lady presented them with two Garlands of Wheat, bound up most curiously in bands of silver, to signifie that they were happily returned to a plentiful Countrey, both of Wealth and Treasure. But at Ceres ascention up into the Firmament, there was seen most strange and pleasant fire works, shooting from place to place, as though the fiery Planets had descended Heaven, and had generally consented to make them delightfull Pastimes: but as Saint George with his Lady, crowned with Garlands of Wheat, passed through the second Court, they beheld a Pageant most strangely contrived, wherein stood Mars the angry God of Warre, environed with a Camp of armed Souldiers, as if they were with their Weapons ready charged to assault some strong Hold or invincible City: their silver Trumpets seem'd to sound chearefully, their thundring Drums courageously, their liken Streamers to flourish valiantly, and themselves to March Triumphantly: All which seemed to give more content to Saint George, than all the delightfull Pleasures before rehearsed: for there was nothing in all the World that more rejoyced his heart, than to heare the pleasant sound of Warre, and to see Souldiers boundly forth their steeled Weapons. After hee had sufficiently delighted himselfe in these Partiall Sports, and was ready to depart, the God of War descended his Throne, and presented him with the richest Armour that ever eye beheld, and the bravest Sword that ever Knight handled: for they had bene kept within the City of Grand Cayer for the space of five hundred yeares, and held for the richest Monuments in the Countrey. Also hee presented Sabra with a Spurr of such an inestimable price, that it was valued at

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a Kings Ransome: for it was made by Magick Art: the vertues and qualities thereof were so precious, that it is almost incredible to report: for therein one might behold the secret Mysteries of all the Liberall Sciences, and by Art discover what was practised in other Princes Courts: if any Hill or Mountaine within a thousand Miles of the place where it remained were enriched with a Mine of Gold, it would describe the place and Countrey, and how deep it lay closed in the Earth: by it one might truly Calculate upon the birth of Children, Succession of Princes, and continuance of Common-Wealths, with many other excellent gifts of Vertues, which for this time I omit. When in great state passed S. George to the third Court, which was as richly beautified with all gallant sights as the other twaine: for there was most libely portrayed the manner of Elizium, how Love and Iuno sate invested on their Royall Thrones, and likewise how all the Gods and Goddesses took their places by degrees in Parliament: the sight was pleasant, and the device most excellent, their Musick admired, and their Songs heavenly.

Thus passed Saint George with his Lady through the three Courts, till they came to the Pallace: wherein was provided against their coming, a statelier Banquet than had the Macedonian Monarch, at his return into Babylon, when he had conquered the middle East: the curious Cates and well replenisht Dishes were so many, that I want Art or Eloquence to describe them: but to be short, it was the sumptuous Banquet that ever they beheld, since their departure from the English Court, and so artificially served, as though that all the World had been present. Many dayes continued this sumptuous Chere, and accompanied with such Princely Triumphs, as Art herselfe wants memory to describe.

The Coronation of Sabra, which was Royally performed within three Moneths following, requires a golden Pen to write it, and a tongue washed in the conservatives of the Muses honey to declare it. Egypt was honoured with Triumphs, and Grand Cayer with Tilts and Turnaments. Through every Town was proclaimed a solemn and Feastball Day, in the remembrance of their new crowned Queene; no Tradesman nor Artificer was suffered to work that day, but was charged upon paine of death to hold it for a day of Triumph,

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a day of toy, and a day of pleasure, in which Royalties Saint George was a principall performer, till thirst of Honour summoned him to Armes: the remembrance of the Christian Champions in Persia, caused him to breathe the Pastimes, and to buckle on his steeld Collet, which had not glistered in the Fields of Mars in foure and twenty dayes: of whose Noble Deeds, and aduentrous Proceedings, I will at large Discourse, and leave all other Pastimes, to the new invested Queen and her Ladies.



CHAP. XIX.

The bloody Battell betwixt the Christians and the Persians, and how the Negromancer Osmond rayfed up by Magick Art, an Army of Spirits to fight against the Christians: How the six Champions were Enchanted, and recovered by Saint George: The misery and death of the Conjuror, and how the Souldan brained himselfe against a Marble Pillar.



Now must we return to the Christian Champions, and speak of their Battels in Persia, and what hapned to them in Saint Georges absence: for if you remember before, being in Egypt, when he had newes of his Ladies condemnation in England, for the murder of the Earle of Coventry, he caused them to March into Persia, and encouraged them to revenge his wrongfull imprisonment upon the Souldan his Provinces: in which Countrey after they had marched some fifty miles, burning and spoyleing his Territories, they were intercepted by the Souldans Power which was abt the number of thre hundred thousand fighting men: but the Quarter-Rolls of the Christians were likewise numbred, and they amounted not to above one hundred thousand able men: at which time, betwixt the Christians & Pagans, hapened a long and dangerous Battell, the like in any age was feldome fought: for it continued without ceasing, for the space of

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of five dayes, to the great effusion of blood on both Parties.

But at last, the Pagans had the worst: for when they beheld their Fields bestrowed with mangled bodies, and that the Rivers for twenty miles compasse did flow with Crimson blood, their hearts began to faile, and incontinently fled like sheep before the Wolfe. Then the valiant Christians thirsting after revenge, speedily pursued them, sparing neither young nor old, till the wayes were strowed with lifelesse bodies like heaps of scattered sand: in which pursuit and honourable Conquest, they burned two hundred Forts and Towns, battering their Towers of Stone as leuell with the ground, as Harbest Reapers do Fields of ripened Corn: But the Souldan himselfe, with many of his best approb'd Souldiers escaped alive, and fortified the City of Grand Belgor, being the strongest Town of Warre in all the Kingdome of Persia: being the place whose Walls we will leave the Christian Champions practise of Osmond within the Town, where he accomplished many admirable accidents by Magick Art: for when the Christian Army had long time given Assault to the Walls, sending their fiery Bullets to their lofty Battlements like Storms of Winters Hail, whereby the Persian Souldiers were not able any longer to resist, they began to yield, and commit their lives to the mercy of the Christian Champions: but when the Souldan perceived the Souldiers Cowardise, and how they would willingly resigne his happy Government to Foraine Hands, he encouraged them still to resist the Christians desperate Encounters, and within thirty dayes, if they had not the Honour of the Warre, then willingly to condescend to their Countreys Conquest: which Princely resolution encouraged the Souldiers to resist, intending not to yield up their City, till death had made triumph on their bodies. Then departed he into a secret Tower, where he found Osmond sitting in a Chaire, studying by Magick how long Persia should remaine unconquered: who at his entrance doobed him from his Charms with these Speeches.

Thou wondrous man of Art (said the Souldan) whom for pregrancy the World hath made famous. Now is the time to suppress the Loyalty and Love thou bearest thy Soveraign: Now is the time thy Charming Spels must work for Persias good:

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god: thou seest my fortunes are deylest; my Souldiers dead, my Captains slaughtezed, my Cities burned, my fields of Corne consumed, and my Countrey almost conquered: I that was wont to cober the Seas with Fleets of Ships, now stand amazed to hear the Christians Drums, that sound forth dolefull Funeralls for my Souldiers: I that was wont with my armed Legions to drinke up Riber: as we Parched, and made the Earth to groan with bearing the number of our Multitudes: I that was wont to make whole Kingdoms tremble at my frowns, and force imperious Potentates to humble at my feet: I that have made the Streets of many a City to run with blood, and stood reioycing when I saw their Buildings burn: I that have made the Mothers Mourn the Infants Tombs, and caused Cradles for to swim in Streams of blood, may now behold my Countreys ruine, my Kingdoms fall, and mine own fatall overthrow: Awake, great Olmond, from thy dreaming trance, awake I say, and raise a Troop of black infernall Fiends to fight against the damned Christians, that like swarms of Bees doe flock about our Walls, prevent, I say, my Landes Inbasion, and as I am great Monarch of Asia, Ile make thee King over twenty Provinces, and sole Commander of the Ocean, raise up I say, thy Charmed Spirits, leaue burning Acharon empty for a time, to aid us in this bloody Battell.

These words were no sooner ended, but there rattled such a peale of Cannons against the City Walls, that they made the very Earth shake: whereat the Pegromancer started from his Chaire, and in this manner encouraged the Souldan.

It is not Europe (quoth he) nor all their petty bands of Armed knights, nor all the Princes in the World, that shall abate your Princely Dignity: am not I the great Magician of this Age, that can both loose and bind the Fiends, and call the black-fac'd Furies from low Coelus? Am not I that skilfull Artist, which framed the charmed Tower amongst the Amazonian Dames, which all the Witches in the World could never spoyle? Therefore let Learning, Art, and all the secrets of the deeps, assist me in this Enterprise, and then let frowning Europe do her worst: my Charms shall cause the Heavens to raine such rattling Hazards of Stones upon their heads, whereby the Earth shall be overladen with their dead bodies, & Hell overflowed with their hatefull soules: senselesse Trees shall rise in

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in humane shapes; and fight for Persia. If wise Medea were
 ever famous for Arts, that did the like for safeguard of her Fa-
 thers state, then why should not Osmond practise wonders for
 his Soveraigns happinesse? He raise a Troop of Spirits from
 the lowest Earth, more black than dismal night, the which in
 ugly shapes shall haunt them up and down, and when they sleep
 within their rich Habitations, Legions of fierce Spirits will I
 up-raise from Hell, that like to Dragons spitting flames of fire,
 shall blast and turn the damned Christians in their Tents of
 War: The Fields of Grand Belgor shall be overspied with
 venomous Snakes, Adders, Serpents, & impoisoned Toads,
 the which unseen shall lurk in Hollie ground, and sting the Co-
 rnels of Warlike Horses: down from the Chrysall Firmam-
 ent, I will conjure a Troop of Apples Spirits to descend, that
 like to Virgins clad in Princely Ornaments, shall linke those
 Christian Champions in the Charms of Love: their eyes shall
 be like the twinkling Lamps of Heaven, & dazle so their War-
 like thoughts, and their lovely countenances, more bright than
 Apples, shall lead them Captives to a Tent of love, the which
 shall be artificially erected up by my Magick Spels: their war-
 like Weapons that were wont to smok in Pagans blood, shall
 in my Charmed Tent be hung upon the bolvers of Peace:
 their glittering Armours that were wont to shine within the
 Fields of Affrica, shall henceforth be evermore stained with
 rust: & themselves surnamed for Partiall Discipline, the won-
 drous Champions of the World, shall surfet with delightfull
 loves, and sleep upon the laps of apple Spirits, that shall descend
 the Elements in Virgin shapes: terror & despair shall mightily
 oppresse their merclesse Souldiers, that they shall yeld the ho-
 nourable Conquest to your Excellency: such strange and won-
 drous accidents by Art shall be accomplished, that Heaven shall
 frown at my Enchantments, and the Earth tremble to heare my
 Conjurations. Therefore most mighty Persian, number up
 thy scattered bands, and to morrow in the morning set open thy
 Gates, and March thitherward with thy Armed Souldiers:
 leave not a man within the City, but let every one that is able
 to beare Arms, fight in the Honour of Persia, and before the
 closing of the night, I make thee Conquerour, and yeld up
 the heaving Christians as Prisoners to thy Mightinesse.

If this prove true, renowned Osmond, as thou hast promised

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(said the Souldan) Earth shall not harbour that too deare for thee: for thou shalt have my selfe, my Kingdoms, Crowns, and Scepters at command: the wealthy River Ganges, shall pay thee yearly Tribute with her Treasure: Pactulus shall yield his Riches to thy pleasure, the place where Midas wast his golden with away. All things that Nature framed precious, shalt thou be Lord and Sole Commander of, if thou prevent the Invasion of my Countrey: and thereupon he departed the Chamber, and left the Negromancer in his Study, and as hee gave commandement, his Captaines made in readinesse his Souldiers, and furnished their warlike Horses, and by the Sunns uprising, marched into the Fields of Belgor: where upon the South-side of the Enemy they pitched their Camp. On the other side, when the warlike Chzistians had intelligence by their Courts of Guard, how the Pagans were entred the Fields, ready to give them Battell, sudden Alarums sounded in their eares, rumors of Conquest encouraged so their Souldiers, that presently they were in readinesse to entertaine the Persians to a bloody Banquet. Both Armies were in fight, with blood red Colours waivering in the Ayre: the Chzistian Champions richly mounted on their warlike Coursers, placed themselves in the fore-front of the Battell, like couragious Captains, fearing neither death, nor inconstant chance of Fortune. But the Souldan with his petty Princes like cowards, were inhibited and compass with a ring of armed Knights, where instead of nimble Steeds, they sat in Iron Charlots. Divers heroicall and many princely encouragements past between the two Armies, before they entred Battell: But when the Drums began to sound Alarum, and the silver Trumpets gave dreadfull Echoes of death: when the Crosse of Chzistendom began to flourish, and the Arms of Mahomet to be advanced: even then began so terrible and bloody a Battell, that the like was never found in any Age, for before the Sun had mounted to the top of Heaben, the Pagans received so great a Massacre, and fell so fast before the Chzistian Champions, that they were forced to kneele up to the knees in blood, and their Souldiers to fight upon heaps of slaughterd men: the Fields were altered from a green colour to a purple hue, the Vales were kept in crimson gore, the Hills & Mountains covered with dead mens rattling bones. But let us not forget the wicked Negromancer Olmond, that

during

seven Champions of Christendom.

during the time of that dangerous Encounter knèled in a low Valley near unto the Camps, with his black haire hanging down unto his shoulders like a wreath of Snakes, and with his silver wand circling the Earth; where when he heard the sound of Drums thundring in the Ayre, and the brazen Trumpets giving dreadfull sounds of Warre, he entred into these fatall and damned speeches:

Now is the Battel (quoth he) furiously begun, for me thinks I hear the Souldan cry for help: now is the time my charming Spels must work for Perrias Victory, and Europes fatall Overthrow: which being said, thrice did he kisse the Earth, thrice he held the Elements: and thrice besprinkled the Circle with his own blood, the which with a silver Razor he let from his left arm, and after began again to speak in this manner:

Stand still you wandring Lamps of Heaven, move not sweet Stars, but linger on, till Osmonds Charms be brought to full effect. Thou great Daemon, Prince of damned Ghosts, thou chiefe Commander of those fearfull shapes, that nightly glide by misbeloving Travellers, even thou that holdest a Snaky Scepter in thy hand, sitting upon a Throne of burning Steele, even thou that kindest the Furies up in Chaynes, even thou that toldest burning fire-brands abroad, even thou whose eyes are like two blazing and unlucky Comets, even thee I charge to let thy Furies loose, open thy brazen Gates and leave thy boiling Cauldron empty: send up such Legions of infernall fiends that may in number counterballe the blades of grasse that beautifie these bloody Fields of Belgor.

These fatall speeches were no sooner finished, but there appeared such a multitude of Spirits, both from the Earth, Water, Ayre, and Fire, that it is almost incredible to report, the which he caused to run unto the Christian Army: whose burning Faughtons not only annoyed the Souldiers with feare & terror, but also fired their Horse Manes, burned the trappings, consumed their Banners, scorched Trees and Hearbs, and dimmed the Elements with such an extreme darknesse, as though the Earth had been covered with eternall night: he caused the Spirits likewise to raise such a terrible Tempest, that it tore up mighty Dakes by the roots, removed Hills and Mountaines, and blew men into the Ayre Horse and all: yet neither his Magick Arts, nor all the Furies and wicked Spirits could any
whit

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whit daunt the most noble and magnanimous minds of the fir Champions of Christendom: but like unconquered Lyons they purchast Honour where they went, colouring their Swords in Pagans blood, making the Earth true witness of their Victories and Heroicall Proceedings, whom they had attyzed in a blooded Liberty: and though S. George (the chiefest Champion of Christendom for Partiall Discipline and Princely Achievements) were absent in that terrible Battell: yet merited they as much Honor, and Renown, as though he had been there present: for the accused Pagans fell before their Warlike Weapons, as thick as leaves do fall from Trees, when the blustering Storms of Winter enter on the Earth. But when the wicked Negromancer Osmond perceibed that his Magick Spels took small effect, and how in despite of his Enchantments the Christians got the better of the day, he accursed his Art, and banned the hour and time wherein he first attempted so evill and wicked an Enterprise, thinking them to be preserved by Angels, or else by some Celestiall meanes: but yet not purposing to leaue off at the first repulse, hee attempted another way by Negromancy to overthrow the Christians.

First, he erected up by Magick Art a stately Tent, outwardly in show like to the compasse of the Earth: but furnished inwardly with all the delightfome Pleasures that either Art or Reason could invent, only framed to Enchant the Christian Champions with enticing delights, whom he purposed to keep as Prisoners therein: then fell he again to his confuration, and bound a hundred Spirits by due obedience to transform themselves into the likenesse of beautifull Virgins, which in a moment they accomplished, and they were framed in form & Beauty, like to the darlings of Venus, in comeliness comparable with Thetis dancing on the silber sands, and in all proportions like Daphne, whose Beauty caused Apollo to descend the Heavens: their limbs were like the lolly Cedars, their cheeks to roses dypt in milk, & their eyes more bright than the Stars of Heaben: also they seemed to carry in their hands silber Bowes, and on their backs hung Quivers of golden Arrows. Likewise upon their breasts they had pictured the god of Love, dancing upon Mars his knee.

Thus in the shape of Beautifous Damselfs, caused he these Spirits to enter the Christians Army, and with the golden baite of

Seven Champions of Christendom;

of their intising smiles, to tangle the Champions in the snare of love, and with their smiling Beauties lead them from their Soldiers, & to bring them Prisoners into his Enchanted Tent. Which commandment being no sooner given, but these Virgins, or rather infernall Furies, more swift than the winds, glided into the Christians Army, where their glittering beauties so dazzled the eyes of the six Christian Champions, and their sober countenances so entrapped their hearts with desire, that their princely valours were abated, & they stood gazing at their excellent proportions, as though Medusæes shadows had bin pictured upon their faces, to whom the intising Ladies spake in this manner:

Come, Princely Gallants, come, away with Arms, forget the sounds of bloody Warre, and hang your angry weapons on the bowze of Peace: Venus you see hath sent her Messengers from Paphos, to lead you to the Paradise of love: there Heaven will raine down Nectar & Ambrosia sweet for you to feed upon; and there the melody of Angels will make you Musick: there shall you fight upon beds of silk, and encounter with intising kisses. These golden promises so ravished the Champions, that they were enchanted with their lobes, and bowed to take their last farewell of Knight-hood and magnanimious Chivalry.

Thus were they led from their warlike Companies to the Paganomancers Enchanted Tent, leaving their Soldiers without Guiders in danger of confusion. But the Queen of Chance so smiled upon the Christians, that at the same time S. George arrived in Persia with a fresh supply of Egyptian Knights: of whose noble Achievements I purpose now to speak: For no sooner had he entered the Battell and placed his Squadrons, but he had intelligence of the Champions misadventures, and how they lay enchanted in a Magick Tent, sleeping in pleasure upon the laps of infernall Furies, the which Osmond had transformed, by his Charms, into the likenesse of beautifull Damselfs: which unexpected newes constrained S. George to breathe from his sorrowfull heart this woofull lamentation:

Unconstant Fortune (quoth hee) why dost thou entertaine me with such bitter newes: are my fellow Champions come from Christendom to winne immortall Honour with their Swords, and lie they now bewitcht with Beauty? Come they from Europe to fight in Coats of Stæel, and will they lie distraight in tents of Love? Came they to Asia to purchase a

The Honourable History of the

Kingdoms, and by bloody War to ruinate Countreys, and will they yield their Victories to so foul disgrace: Dishonour and great dishonour to Christendom! A spot to Knighthood & true Chivalry: this newes is far more bitter to my soul, than was the poisoned dzegg that Antipater gave to Alexander in his dzunkenness, and a deadlier pain unto my heart, than was the iuyce that Hanniball sucked from his fatall King. Come, Souldiers, come you Followers of those cowardly Champions, unsheath your Warlike weapons, & follow him whose soul hath bowed either to redeem them from the Negromancers Charms, or die with Honour in the Enterprize. If ever mortal Creatures warred with damned Furies, & made a passage to enchanted Dales, where Devils dance & warlike shadows in the night: then Souldiers, let us march unto that black Pavilion, & chain the cursed Charmer to some blasted Oak, that hath so highly dishonoured Christendom.

These resolute speeches were no sooner finished, but the whole Army, before daunted with fear, grew so couragious, that they protested to follow him through more dangers than did the Grecian Knights with Noble Iason in the Ile of Colcos. Now began the Battell again to renew, & the Drums to sound fatall knells for the Pagan Souldiers, whose souls the Christians Swords by numbers sent to burning Acharon: but S. George, that in valour exceeded the rest, as much as the golden Sun surpasseth the smallest Stars in brightnesse, with his Sword made lanes of slaughtered men, and with his angry arm made passage through the thickest of their Troops, as though that death had bin Commander of the Battell: he caused Columns and Scepters to swim in blood, & headlesse Steeds with tophtlesse men to fall as fast before his Sword, as drops of raine before a thunder, and ever in greatest danger, he encouraged his Souldiers in this manner: Now for the fame of Christendom, fight, Captaines, be now triumphant Conquerours, or Christian Martyrs.

These words so encouraged the Souldiers hearts with invincible valour, that they neither feared the Negromancers Charms, nor all his flaming Dragons nor fiery Drakes that filled the Ayre with burning Lights, nor daunted at the strange Encounters of Hellish Legions, that like to Armed men with burning Fauchions haunted them; so fortunate were their proceedings, that they followed the invincible Champion to the Enchanted Tent whereas the other Champions lay sur-
setting

Seven Champions of Christendom.

setting in love, whilst thousands of their friends fought in fearful Coates of Steel, and merited renown by their Noble Achievements: for no sooner arrived S. George with his warlike Followers before the Babilon, but he heard as it were the melody of the Pipes: likewise his ears were almost ravished with the sugared Songs of the Enchanted Virgins, which like the Musick of Orpheus Harp, caused both Stones and Trees to dance, and made the Elements to shew more brightner than the mornings Beauty, with drops of honey trickling down their chypfall cheeks: the Doves did kisse when they began to sing: the running waters danced, and every senselesse thing did seeme to breathe out sighes for love: so pleasant and heavenly were the sights in the Tent, and so delightfull in his eyes, that he had been enchanted with their Charms if he had not continually borne the Honour of Knight-hood in his thoughts, and that the dishonour would redound to Christendoms reproach: therefore with his Sword he let drive at the Tent, & cut it into a thousand peeces, the which being done, he apparantly beheld where the Peggromancer late upon a block of Steele, feeding his Spirits with drops of blood, whom when the Champion beheld, he caused his Souldiers to lay hold upon him, & after chained him fast to the root of an old blasted Olive: from whence neither his Art, nor help of all his Charms, nor all the Legions of his Devils could ever after loose him: where we leave him to his lamentations, filling the Ayre with Echoes of cyes, and speak how Saint George redeemed the Champions from their Enchantments.

First, when he beheld them disrobed of their warlike Attire, their Furniture hung up, and themselves securely sleeping upon the laps of Ladies, he fell into these discontented Speeches.

O Heavens (said he) how my soul abhors this spectacle! Champions of Christendom, Arise, brave Knights, stand up, I say, and look about like men: are you the chosen Captaines of your Countreys, and will you bury all your Honours up in Ladies laps: for shame arise, I say, they have the tears of Codiles, the Songs of Syrens to Enchant: to Armes, brave Knights, let Honor be your loves: blush to behold your Friends in Armes, and blush to see your Native Countreymen sleeping the Fields of Mavors with their bloods, Champions, arise, S. George calls, the Victory will tarry till you come: Arise, and tear this womanish Attire, surset not in silken Robes:

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put on your steele Corlets, your glittering Burgonets, and unsheath your conquering weapons, that Mayors Fields may be converted into a purple Ocean.

These Heroicall Speeches were no sooner finished, but the Champions like men amazed, rose from their Ladies bosomes, and being ashamed of their follies, they submissibly craved pardon, and bowed by Protestations, never to sleep in Beds of Down, nor never unbuckle their Shields from their weary arms, till they had won their credits in the Fields againe: nor never would be counted his deserued Followers, till their Triumphs were enrouled amongst the Deeds of Martiall Knights. So arming themselves with approb'd Corlets, and taking to them their trusty Swords, they accompanied Saint George to the thickest of their Enemies, and left the Negromancer Chained to the Tree, which at their departure breathed forth these bitter curses:

Let Hels horzour, and tormenting paines (quoth hee) bee their eternall punishments: let flaming fire descend the Elements, and consume them in their warlike Triumphs, and let their wayes be strowed with venemous thornes, that all their legs may rankle to their knees, before they march to their native Countreys. But why exclaim I thus in vaine, when Heaven it selfe preserves their happinesse? Now all my Magick Charms are ended, and all my Spirits forsake me in my needs, and here am I fast chained up to starve and die. Have I had power to rend the Vales of Earth, and shake the mighty Mountaines with my Charms? Have I had power to raffe up dead mens shapen from Kingly Tombes: and can I not unchain my selfe from this accursed Tree? No, for I am fettered up by the immortall power of the Christians God; against whom because I did rebell, I am now condemned to everlasting fire. Come, all you Negromancers in the World, come all you Sorcerers and Charmers, come all you Schollars from the Learned Universties, come all you Witches, Weldames, and Fortune-tellers, and all that practise devillish Arts, come take Example by the story of my fall.

This being said, he violently with his owne hands toze his eyes from his head, as a sufficient revenge, because by the direction of their wils, he was first trained in that damned Art: then betwixt his teeth hee bit in two his loathsome tongue, because

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because it muttered forth so many fatal Charms: then into his fiery bowels he devoured his hands, because they had so often held the silver wand, wherewith hee had made his charmed Circles: and for every Letter, Mark, and Character, that belonged to his Coniurations he inflicted a severall torment upon himselfe: and at last, with sightlesse eyes, speechlesse tongue, handlelesse Arms, and dismembred body, hee was forced to give up his condemned Ghost: where after his ayze of life was banished from his earthly Trunk, the Heavens seemed to smile and triumph at his sudden fall, and Hell began to rore at the Conquest of his death: the ground whereon he died, was ever after that time unfortunate, and to this present time, it is called in that Countrey, a Vale of walking Spirits.

Thus have you heard the damned life, and miserable fall of this accursed Negromancer Osmond, whom we will now leave to the punishments due to such a wicked Offender, and speak of the seven noble and magnanimous Christian Champions.

After Saint George had ended these Enchantments, they never sheathed up their Swords, nor unlocked their Armour, till the subversion of Persia was accomplished, and the Souldan with his petty Kings taken Prisoner. Seven dayes the Battell continued without ceasing: they slew two hundred thousand Souldiers, besides a number that fled away and drowned themselves: some cast themselves headlong down from the top of high Trees, some made slaughter of themselves, and some yielded to the mercies of the Christians: but the Souldan with his Princes riding in their Iron Chariots, endured the Christians Encounters, till the whole Army was discomfited, and then by force and violence they were compelled to yield. The Souldan hapned into the hands of Saint George, and six of his Vice-Royes to the other six Champions, where after they had sworn Allegiance to the Christian Knights, and had promised to forsake their Mahomet, they were not only set at liberty, but used most honourably: but the Souldan himselfe having a heart fraught with Despight and Tyranny, contemned the Champions courtesies, and utterly disdained their Christian Governments, protesting that the Heavens should first lose their wonted brightnesse, and the Seas forsake their swelling Tides, before his heart should yield to their intended desires: whereupon Saint George being resolved to

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revenge his former injuries, commanded that the Souldan should be disrobed from all Princely Attire, and in base apparel sent to Prison, even to the same Dungeon where hee himselfe had endured so long imprisonment, as you heard in the beginning of the Historie: which strict commandment was presently performed: in which Dungeon the Souldan had not long continued, sufficing his hungry stomack with the bread of musty Bran, and standing his thirst with Channell water, but he began to grow desperate, and weary of his life, and at last fell into this wooll Lamentation:

O Heavens (quoth he) now have you shewn a deserved plague upon my head, & all those guiltlesse souls that in former times my tyrannies have murdered, may now be fully satisfied; for I that was wont to have my Table beautified with Kings, am now constrained to feed alone in a Dungeon, where sorrow is my food, and despaire my servitor: I that have furnished thousands up in Walls of Stone, am now constrained to feed upon mine own flesh, or else to starve and die: yet shall these cruell Christians know that as I lived in tyranny, so will I die: for I will make a murdher of my self, that after this life, my angry Ghost may fill their sleepes with gaskly visions.

This being said, he desperatly ran his Head against a Marble Pillar, standing in the middle of the Dungeon, and dashed his braines from out his hatefull Head: the newes of whose death, when it was bruited to the Champions eares, they proffered no violence to his lifelesse body, but entombed him in a sumptuous Sepulchre, and after that, S. George took upon him the Government of Persia, and there established good and Christian Lawes: also he gave to the other six Champions, six severall Kingdomes belonging to the Crown of Persia, and surnamed them his Vice-Royes or petty Kings. This being done, he took truce with all the World, and triumphantly Marched towards Christendom, with the Conquest of three Impertall Diadems, that is to say, of Egypt, Persia, and Morocco: In which tourney he erected many stately Monuments, in remembrance of his Victories and Heroicall Achievements, and through every Countrey that they Marched, there flocked to them an innumerable company of Pagans, that desired to follow him into Christendom, and to be Christned in their Faith, professing to forsake their gods, whose worshippers were none but Tyrants

Seven Champions of Christendom.

Pyants, and such as delighted in nothing but shedding of blood. To whose requests, Saint George presently condescended: not only in granting them their desires, but also in honouring them with the favour of his Princely countenance. This courtesie of the English Champion merited such a glistering glory through the World, that as far as ever the swelling Ocean flowed, and as farre as ever the golden Globes of Heaven extended their Lights, Saint George's Honour was bruited: and not onely his matchlesse Adventures caratted in brazen Tablets, but his Partiall exploits painted in every Temple: so that the Heathen Poets contrived Histories of his Deeds, and famouzed his Name amongst the Worthies of the World.

In this Princely manner marched S. George with his warlike Troops through the Territories of Africa & Asia in greater Royalty, than did Darius with his Persian Soldiers towards the Camp of time-wondred Alexander. But when the Christian Champions approached the sight of the watry world, and began to go aboard their Ships, the Earth seemed to mourn at their farewells, and the Seas to rejoyce at their presence, the Waves couched as smooth as Chrystall Ice, & the Winds blew such gentle Gales as though the Sea-gods had been Directors of their Fleet, the Dolphins danced aboue the water, and the lovely Mer-maides, in Multitudes lay dallying amidst the Streames, making them delightfull pastime: the Skies seemed to smile, and the Sunne to shew a glistering brightnesse upon the Chrystall waters, that the Sea seemed to be of silver.

Thus in great pleasure they passed the time away committing their Fortunes to the mercy of the winds and the waters, who did so favourably serbe them, that in short time they arrived upon the Banks of Christendom: where being no sooner come on shore, and past the dangers of the Seas, but Saint George in the presence of thousands of his Followers, kneeled down on the ground, and gave God prayse for his happy arrival, by these words following:

O thou omnipotent God of new Ierusalem, we not only geve thee condigne prayse, for our late atchieved Victories against thy Enemies, who by their wickednesse seek daily to pull thee from thy Celestiall Throne, but also doe render thee hearty thanks, that hast delivered us safely from the fury of the raging Seas, that otherwise might have drenched us in her devouring

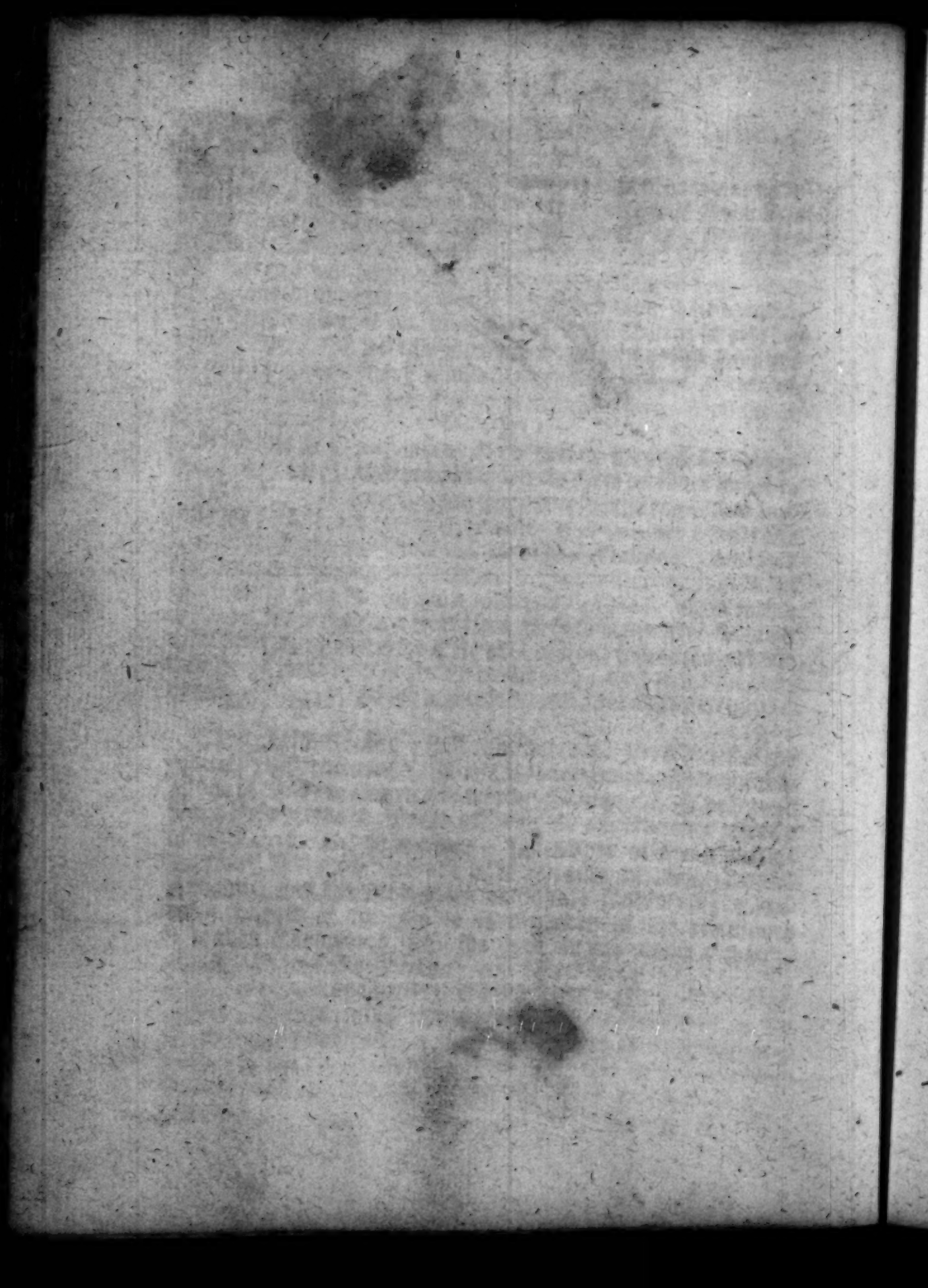
The Honourable History of the

deavouring gulfe, as thou didst Pharaoh with his golden Chariots, and his invincible Legions: therefore, great King of Iuda, under whose name we have taken many things in hand, and have achieved so many Victories, grant that these true Oblations of our thankfull hearts may be acceptable in thy sight, which bee no fained Ceremonies, but the inward Devotions of our souls: and therewithall letting fall a showre of teares from their eyes, and discharging a bolley of sighes from their breasts, as a signification of the integrity of their soules: he held his peace: then gave he commandement that the Army should be discharged, and every one rewarded according to his desert, which within seven weeks was performed, to the Honour of Christendom.

After this S. George earnestly requested the other six Champions, that they would honour him with their presence home to his Countrey of England, and there receive the comfort of joyfull ease, after the bloody Encounters of so many dangerous Battels. This motion of S. George not only obtained their consents, but added a forwardnesse to their willing minds: so incontinently they set forward towards England; upon whose chalkie Clifles they in a short time arrived, and after this took their journey towards the City of London, where their entertainments were so honourably performed, as I want the Eloquence of Cicero, and the Rhetorick of Caliope to describe it.

Thus gentle Reader, hast thou heard the First Part of the princely Achievements, Noble Adventures, and Honourable Lives of these renowned and worthy Champions. The second Part Relates the Noble Achievements and strange Fortunes of S. George's three Sonnes; the Loves of many gallant Ladies; the Combats and Turnaments of many valiant Knights; and the Tragedies of mighty Potentates. Likewise the rest of the Noble Adventures of the renowned Seven Champions, also the manner and places of their honourable Deaths; and how they came to be called the Seven Saints of Christendom.

FINIS.



THE
F A M O U S
HISTORY
OF THE
Seven Champions
OF
CHRISTENDOM.

The Second Part.

LIKEWISE
Shewing the Princely Prowesse, Noble
Atchievements, and strange Fortunes of
Saint GEORGE's three Sonnes, the lively
Sparks of Nobility:

The Combats and Turnaments of many valiant
Knights, the Loves of many gallant Ladies,
the Tragedies of mighty Potentates.

ALSO,
The manner and places of the honourable Deaths of the
Seven Champions, being so many Tragedies: and how
they came to be called the seven Saints of
CHRISTENDOM.

LONDON,
Printed by Richard Bishop.

THE
FAMOUS
HISTORY

OF THE
Seven Champions

OF
CHRISTIANITY

The Second Part

LIKEWISE
Showing the Fanciful Story of Noble

Adventures, and many other

Stories of the same Nature

of the same Nature

The Comical and Tragical of many other

Knights, the Story of many other

of the same Nature

ALSO


The manner and place of the noble Death of the


Seven Champions of Christianity

and many other

LONDON

Printed by Richard Blinck


To the Right Honourable,
the Lord WILLIAM HOWARD,
Richard Johnson wisheth encrease
of all Prosperity.

S it hath, Right Honourable, of late pleased your most Noble Brother in kindnesse to accept of this History, and to grace it with a favourable countenance : So am I now emboldned to Dedicate this Second Part unto your Honour, which here I humbly offer to your Lordships hands, not because I think it a gift worthy the receiver; but rather that

The Epistle Dedicatory.

it should be, as it were, a witnesse of the love and duty which I beare to your Right Noble House.

And when it shall please you to bestow the reading of these Discourses, my humble request is, that you would think I wish your Honour as many happy dayes, as there bee letters contained in this History.

Thus praying for your Honours chiefe happinesse, I remayn

Your Honours

in all dutifull Love,

to his poore power

R. F.



To the Gentle Reader.

Have finished The Second Part of the Seven Champions of Christendom, for thy delights, being thereto encouraged by thy great Acceptance of my First Part. I will not boast of Eloquence nor Invention thereby to invite thy willingnesse to read: Only thy Courtesie must bee my Buckler against the carping malice of mocking lesters, that being worse able to doe well, scoffe commonly at that they cannot mend, censuring all things, doing nothing, but (Monky-like) make Apish jests at any thing they see in Print: and nothing pleaseth them, except it savour

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of

To the Reader.

of a scoffing or invective spirit. Well, what those say of me I doe not care, thy delight only is my desire: Accept it, and I am satisfied; reject it, and this shall be my penance, never againe to come in Print. But having better hope, I boldly lead thee to the Mayne, from this doubtfull Flood of Suspicion, where I rest. Walk on in the History, as in an overgrown and ill husbanded Garden, if among all the weeds thou finde one pleasing flower, I have my wish.

Thine,

Richard Johnson.



The Honourable
HISTORY
OF THE
Seven Champions
OF
CHRISTENDOM.

The Second Part.

How Saint *George's* three Sons were entertained into the famous City of *London*, and after how their Mother was flaine in a Wood with the pricks of a Thorny Brake, her blessings she gave her Sonnes, *S. George's* lamentation over her bleeding body: and likewise of the journey the seven Champions indended to *Ierusalem* to visit the Sepulchre of Christ.



After Saint George with the other six Champions of Christendome (by invincible Conquests) had brought into subjection all the Eastern parts, and by dint of bloody warres yoked the stubborn Infidels even to the farthest bounds of India, where the Golden Sunne beginneth to arise, as you heard discoursed in the former part of the History, they returned with the Conquest of Imperiall Diadems, Regall Crownes, and kingly Scepters

The second part of the

ters, to the rich and plentiful Countrey of England: where, in the famous City of London they many a day solourned, a place not only beautified with sumptuous Buildings, but graced with a number of Valiant Knights and Gallant Gentlemen of Courtly Behaviour, and theſewithall adorned with Troops of Ladies, of Divine and Celeftiall Beauties, that tript it up and down the Streets like to the Grecian Quænes, when as they tyed the Egyptian Warriours in the ſilken ſnares of Love: whereby it ſeemed rather a Paradiſe for heavenly Angels, than a place for Earthly Inhabitants.

Here the Chriſtian Champions laid their Armes aſide, here hung they up their Weapons on the Bowers of Peace, here their glistering Corſlets ruſted in their Armoires, here was not heard the Warlike ſound of Drums, nor Silber Trumpets, here ſtood no Centinels nor Courts of Guard, nor Barbed Swords prepared to the Battel, but all things tended to a laſting Peace. They that had wont in Steele Coats to ſleep in Champain Fields, lay daſſying now in Beds of Silk: they that had wont with wearie Armes to wield the Warlike Factions, ſate now embracing lovely Ladies on their Knees, and they whole eares had wont to heare the ruſall cries of ſlaughtered Souldiers, were now over-cloyed with ſuch pleasant Harmony.

In this Delicious manner lived theſe Champions in the City of London, burying the remembrance of all their former Adventures in the Lake of Oblivion, and ſpending their times in Honourable Tilts, and Courtly Tournaments: where Saint George performed many Achievements in Honour of his beloved Lady, and the other Knights in Honour of their Miſtreſſes.

But at laſt, Saint George's three Sonnes, Guy, Alexander, and David, being all three born at one Birth, as you heard before, in the Wilderneſſe, and ſent into three ſeverall Kingdomes by their carefull Father to be trained up: the one in Rome to the Warlike Romanes, another unto Wittenberg to the Learned Germanes, the third unto Brittain to the Valiant Engliſh. But now being grown to ſome ripeſſe of Age, and agility of Strength, they deſired much to viſit their Parents, whom they had not ſeen from their Infancies, lying in their Cradles: and to crave at his hands the Honour
of.

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of true Knighthood, and to weare the Golden Spur of Christendome.

This earnest and Princely Request so highly pleased their Tutors, that they furnished them with a stately Train of Knights, and sent them Honourably into England, where they arrived all three at one time in the famous City of London, where their Entertainments were most Princely, and their Welcomes so Honourable, that I want Art to describe, and Memory to expresse.

I omit what sumptuous Pageants and delightfull Shewes the Citizens provided, and how the Streets of London were beautified with Tapestry, the solemne Bells that rung them ioyfull Welcomes, and the Silber Strained Instruments that gave them pleasant Entertainment. Also I passe over the Fathers ioy, who prized their Sights more precious in his Eyes, then if he had bene made sole Monarch of the Golden Mines of rich America: or that every hayre that grew upon his Head had bene equalled with a Kingdome, and he to give as many Golden Diadems in his Armes. Also his Mothers Welcomes to her Sonnes, who gave them more Kisses then she breathes forth Groanes at their Deliveries from her painfull Womb in the Wildernesse.

The other Champions Courtesses were not the least nor of the smallest in Account, to these three young Gentlemen: but to be short, Saint George (whose Love was deare unto his Children) in his own Person conducted them unto their Lodgings, whereas they spent that Day, and the Night following in Royall Banquetting amongst their Princely Friends.

But no sooner appeared the Mornings Sunne upon the Mountaine tops, and the cleare Countenance of the Elements made mention of some ensuing Pastime, but Saint George commanded a solemne Hunting, for the Welcome of his Sonnes.

Then began his Knights to Arme themselves in Troops, and to mount upon their Jennets, and some with well Armed Boare-Speares in their hands prepared for the Game on Foot: but Saint George with his Sonnes clad in Grene Vestments like Adonis, with Silber Hornes hanging at their

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backs in Scarfes of coloured Silke, were still the foremost in this exercise. Likewise Sabra (intending to see her Sons halours displayed in the Field, whether they were in courage like their Father or no) caused a gentle Palfrey to be provided, whereon she mounted her Princely person to be witness of these Silbane sports: she was armed with a curious breast-plate wrought like to the scales of a Dolphin, and in her hand she bare a silver Bow of the Turkish fashion, like an Amazonian Queen, or Diana hunting in the Groves of Arcadia.

Thus in this gallant manner rode forth these Hunters to their Princely Pastimes, where after they had ridden some six miles from the City of London, there fell from Saint Georges nose three drops of purple blood, whereat he suddenly started, and therewithall he heard the croaking of a flight of Night Ravens, that hovered by the Forrests side, all which he judged to be dismall signes of some ensuing Stratagem: but having a Princely minde, he was nothing discouraged thereat, nor little mistrusted the wofull accident that after happened, but with a noble resolution entered the Forrest, accounting such fore-telling tokens for old Wives Ceremonies, wherein they had not passed the compasse of halfe a mile, but they started a wild and swift Stagge, at whom they uncoupled their Hounds, and gave bridle to their Horses, and followed the Game more swifter than Pyrates pursue the Merchants Ships upon the Seas: But now behold how crowning Fortune changed their pleasant Pastime to a sad and bloody Tragedy: for Sabra proffering to keep pace with them, delighting to behold the valiant Encounters of her young Sonnes, and being carelesse of her selfe, through the over swiftnesse of her Steed, she slipped beside her Saddle, and so fell directly upon a Thorny Brake of Brambles, the prickes whereof (more sharper than Spikes of Iron,) entred to every part of her delicate body: Some pierced the lovely Closets of her Starre bright eyes, whereby (in stead of Chrysell pearled teares) there issued drops of purest blood: her face before that blushed like the Mornings radiant countenance, was now changed into a Crimson red: her milk white hands that lately strained the Ivory Lute, did seeme to weare a bloody

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bloody Scarlet Globe : and her tender Paps that had offered her Sonnes with the milk of Nature, were all be-rent and torne with those accursed Brambles : from whose deep wounds there issued such a streame of Purple gore, that it converted the grasse from a lively Greene to a Crimson hue, and the abundance of blood that trickled from her breast, began to enforce her soule to giue the World a wofull farewell. Yet notwithstanding, when her beloved Lord, her sorrowfull Sonnes, and all the rest of the wofull Champions, had washed her wounded body with a spring of teares, and when shee perceived that shee must of force commit her life to the fury of imperious death, she breathed forth this dying Exhortation.

Deare Lord (said shee) in this unhappy Hunting must you lose the truest Witte that euer lay by any Princes side : yet mourne not you, nor grieve you my Sonnes, nor you brave Christian Knights, but let your Warlike Drums convey me royally to my Tombe, that all the World may write in Brazen Books, how I have followed my Lord (the Pride of Christendome) through many a bloodie Field, and for his sake have left my Parents, Friends, and Countrey, and have travelled with him through many a dangerous Kingdome : but now the cruell Fates have wrought their latest spite, and finished my life, because I am not able to performe what love hee hath deserved of mee. And now to you my Sonnes, this blessing do I leave behind : even by the paines that forty Weekes I once endured for your sakes, when as you lay euclased in my Tombe, and by my Trabels in the Wildernesse, whereas my groanes upon your birth Day did (in my thinking) cause both Trees and Stones to drop down teares, when as the merciesse Wygers and tamelesse Lyons did stand like gentle Lambs, and mourned to heare my lamentations, and by a Mothers love that ever since I have borne you, imitate and follow your Father in all his Honourable Attempts, harme not the silly Infant, nor the helplese Widdow, defend the honour of distressed Ladies, and giue freely unto wounded Souldiers, seek not to stain the unsported Virgins with your lusts, and adventure euermore to redeeme true Knights from captivity : like euer professed Enemies

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to Paganism, and spend your liues in the quarrell and defence of Christ, that Babes (as yet vnborn) in time to come may speak of you, and record you in the Books of Fame to be true Christian Champions. This is my Blessing, and this is the Testament I leave behind: for now I feele the chillesse of pale Death closing the closets of mine eyes: Farewell vaine World, deere Lord farewell, sweet Sonnes you famous followers of my George, and all true Christian Knights, adiew.

These words were no sooner ended, but with a heauie sigh shee yielded up the Ghost: whereat Saint George (being impatient in his sorowes) fell upon her libelle body, rending his haire, and tearing his Hunters Attire from his back into many peeces: and at last when his griefes were somewhat diminished, hee burst out into these bitter lamentations.

Gone is the Starre (said hee) that lightned all the Northern World, withered is the Rose that beautified our Christian Fields, dead is the Dame that for her beauty stayned all Christian Women: for whom Ile fill the Ayre with euerlasting moans: Let this day henceforth bee fatall to all times, and counted for a dismall day of Death. Let neuer the Sunne shew forth his Beames thereon againe, but Clouds as black as pitch, cober the Earth with fearefull darknesse. Let ebery Tree in this accursed Forrest, henceforth bee blasted with unkindly Winds: Let Brambles, Hearbs, and Flowers consume and wither, let Grass and blooming buds perish and decay, and all things neare the place where shee was slaine bee turned to a dismall, black, and gaskly colour, that the Earth it selfe in mourning Garments may lament her losse. Let neuer Bird sing cheerefully on tops of Trees, but like the mournfull musick of the Nightingale, fill all the Ayre with fatall tones: let bubling Riuers murmur for her losse, and silver Swans that swim thereon sing dolefull Melody: let all the Dales belonging to these fatall Woods bee covered with green bellied Serpents, croaking Toads, hissing Snakes, and sight-killing Cockatrices: in blasted Trees, let fearefull Ravens shrike, let Howlets cry, and Crickets sing, that after this it may bee called a place of dead mens wandring Ghosts.

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Ghost. But fond Wretch, why doe I thus lament in baine,
and bathe her bleeding body with my teares, when griefe
by no meanes will recall her life? Yet this shall satisfie
her soule, for I will goe a Pilgrimage unto Ierusalem, and
offer up my teares to Iesus Christ upon his blessed Sepul-
chre, by which my stayned soule may bee washt from this
bloody guilt, which was the cause of this sorrowfull dayes
mishap.

These sorrowfull words were no sooner ended, but hee
took her bleeding limbs betwene his fainting Armes, and
gave a hundred kisses upon her dying coloured lips, retain-
ing yet the colour of Alabaster new washt in Purple blood,
and in this extasie a while lying, gave way to others to unfold
their woes.

But his Sonnes whose sorowes were as great as his,
promised never to neglect one day, but daily to weep some
teares upon their Mothers Grave, till from the Earth did
spring some morisfull Flower, to beare remembrance of
her death, as did the Violet that sprung from that Adonis
blood, where Venus wept to see him slaine. Likewise the
other six Champions (that all the time of their lamentati-
ons stood like men drowned in the depth of sorrow) began
now a little to recover themselves, and after protested by the
honour of true Knight-hood, and by the Spurre and golden
Garter of Saint George's Legge, to accompany him unto the
holy Land bare-footed, without either horse or shoe, only clad
in russet Gaberdines, like the usuall Pilgrims of the World,
and never to return till they had payd their Trowes at that
blessed Sepulchre.

Thus in this sorrowfull manner wearied they the time
away, filling the Woods with Echoes of their lamentati-
ons, and recording their dolours to the whistling Windes:
but at last when black Night beganne to approach, and
with her sable Mantle to over-spread the Chrysell Firma-
ment, they retired with her dead body, back to the City
of London, where the report of this Tragickall accident,
drowned their friends in a Sea of sorrow: for the newes of
her timelesse death was no sooner bruited abroad, but the
same

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same caused both old and young to lament the losse of so sweet a Ladie, The Silber headed age, that had went in Scarlet Colours to meet in Counsell, late now at home in discontented Griefes: the gallant Youth, and comely Virgins that had went to beautifie the Streets with Costly Garments, went dropping up and downe in Black and mournfull Vestures: and those remorselesse hearts that seldoms were oppressed with Sorrow, now constrained their eyes, like Fountains, to distill a flood of brinish and pearly teares.

This generall grief of the Citizens continued for the space of thirtie dayes; at the end whereof, Saint George with his Sonnes and the other Champions interred her Body very Honourably, and erected over the same a Rich and Costly Monument (in Sumptuous State like the Tomb: of Mausolus, which was called one of the Wonders of the World: or like to the Pyramides of Greece, which was a shame to all Architects) for thereon was portrayed the Quen of Chastity with her Maidens, basking themselves in a Chrystall Fountaine, as a witnesse of her Wondrous Chastity, against the lastfull assaults of all lascivious Attempts.

Thereon was also most libely pictured a Turtle-Dove sitting upon a Tree of Gold, in signe of the true love that shee bore to her betrothed Husband.

Also a Silber coloured Swan swimming upon a Chrystall River, as a token of her Beauty: for as the Swan excelleth all other Fowles in whitenesse, so she excelled all the Ladies in the World for Beauty.

I leave to speak of the curious workmanship of the Windows that were framed all of the purest Zeat, pummelled with Silber and Jasper Stones: Also I omit the Pendants of Gold, the Scutcheons of Princes, and the Armes of Countreyes that beautified her Tombe, the Discourses wherof requires an Orators Eloquence or a Pen of Gold dipt in the dew of Helicon, flowing from Parnassus Hill, whereas the Muses do inhabit. Her Statue or Picture was carved cunningly in Alabaster, and laid as it were upon a Pillow of Green Silk, like unto Pigmaliions Ivory Image, and direct-
ly

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By ober the same hung a silver Tablet, where on in Letters of gold was this Epitaph written:

Here lies the wonder of this worldly Age,
For beauty, wit, and Princely Majesty,
Whom spitefull death in his imperious rage,
Procur'd to full through ruthlesse cruelty.
For as she sported in a fragant Wood,
Upon a thorney Brake she spilt her blood.

Let Ladies faire and Princes of great might,
With silver pearled teares bedew this Tombe,
Accuse the satall Sisters of despight,
For blasting thus the pride of natures bloome:
For here she sleeps within this earthly grave,
Whose worth deserves a golden Tombe to have,

Seven yeares she kept her pure Virginitie;
In absence of her true betrothed Knight,
When many did pursue her Chastity,
Whilst he remaind in Prison day and night;
But yet we see that things of purest prize,
Forlake the Earth to dwell above the Skies.

Ladies, come mourn with dolefull melody,
And make this Monument your settled Bower;
Here shed your brackish teares eternally,
Lament both year, month, week, day, houre:
For here she rests whose like can neare be found,
Her beauties pride lies buried in the ground.

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Her wounded heart that yet doth freshly bleed,
 Hath caus'd seven Knights a journey far to take,
 To faire *Ierusalem*, in Pilgrims weed,
 The fury of her angry Ghost to slake:
 Because their silvane sports was chiefeſt guile,
 And only cause her blood was timeleſſe ſpilt.

Thus after the Tombe was erected, and the Epitaph engraven on a ſilver Table, and all things performed according to Saint George's direction, he left his Sonnes in the City of London, under the Government of the Engliſh King: and in company of the other ſix Champions, hee took his journey towards *Ierusalem*.

They were Attzyed after the manner of Pilgrims, in ruſſet Gaberdines doſene to their ſeet, in their hands they bore ſtaves of Ebony wood typt at the ends with ſilber, the pikes whereof were of the ſtrongeſt Lydian Steele, of ſuch a ſharpe-
 neſſe, that they were able to pierce a Target of Toxtoys Shell: upon their breſts hung Croſſes of crimſon Silk, to ſignifie they were Chriſtian Pilgrims, travelling to the Sepulchre of Chriſt.

In this manner ſet they forward from England in the Spring time of the yeare, when Flora had beautified the Earth with ſtatures Tapeſtry, and made their Paſſages as pleaſant as the Gardens of Hesperides, adorned with all kind of odoriferous Flowers. When as they croſſed the Seas, the ſilver waves ſeemed to lie as ſmooth as Chryſtall Ice, and the Dolphins to dance above the waters, as a ſigne of a prosperous journey. In travelling by Land, the wayes ſeemed ſo ſhort and eaſie, and the chirping melody of Birds made them ſuch muſick as they paſſed, that in a ſhort ſeaſon they arrived beyond the Borders of Chriſtendom, and had entered the Confiner of Africa.

There were they forced in ſtead of Downy Beds, nightly to reſt their weary Limbes upon heaps of Sunne-burnt Poſſe: and in ſtead of ſilken Curtaines and curious Canopies, they had the Clouds of Heaven to cover them. Now their naked Legges and bare Feet, that had wont to ſtride ſtately

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Stately Steeds, and to trample in Fields of Pagans blood;
were forced to climbe the craggy Mountaines, and to en-
dure the torments of pricking Wyers, as they trabelled
thzough the desart places and comfortlesse solitary Wilder-
nesses.

Many were the dangers that hapned to them in their
jouney, before they arrived in Iudea, Princely their At-
chievements, and most honourable their Adventures: which
for this time I passe over, leaving the Champions for a time
in their Travell towards the Sepulchze of Christ, and
speak what hapned to Saint George's three Sonnes in visiting
their Mothers Tombe in the City of London.

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CHAP. II.

Of the strange Gifts that Saint George's Sonnes offered at their Mothers Tombe, and what hapned thereupon: how her Ghost appeared to them, and counselled them to the pursute of their Father: also, how the King of *England* Installed them with the honour of Knight-hood, and furnished them with Habiliments of Warre.



The swift foot Steeds of Titans fiery Carre had almost finished a year, since Sabra's Funerall was solemnized: in which time Saint George's three Sonns had visited their Mothers Tombe oftner than were dayes in the yeare, and had shed more sorrowfull teares thereon in remembrance of her love, than Stars in the glistering Horizon: but at last these three young Princes fell at a civill Discord and mortall Strife, which of them should beare the truest love unto their Mothers dead body, and which of them should be held in greatest esteem. For before many dayes were expired, they concluded to offer up their severall Devotions at her Tombe: and hee that devised a Gift of the rarest Price and of the strangest quality, should be held of the greatest Honour, and accounted the noblest of them all. This determination was speedily performed, and in so short a time accomplished, that it is wonderfull to Discourse.

The first thinking to exceed his Brothers in the strangeness of his Gift, made repaire unto a cunning Enchan-
tresse,

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treffe, which had her abiding in a secret Cave adioyning to the City, whom hee procured (through many rich Gifts and large promises) by Art to devise a meane to get the Honour from his Brethren, and to give a Gift of that strange nature, that all the World might wonder at the report thereof.

The Enchantresse (being wonne with his promises) by Art and Magick Spels, devised a Garland containning all the diversity of Flowers that ever grew in Earthly Gardens: and though it were then in the dead time of Winter, when as the silver Fickles had disrobed both Hearbes and Flowers of their Beauties, and the Northern Snow lay freezing on the Mountains tops, yet was this Garland contrived after the fashion of a rich Imperiall Crown, with as many severall Flowers as ever Flora placed upon the Downs of rich Arcadia: in diversity of colours like the glistering Raine-Bow, when it shineth in greatest pride: and casting such an odoriferous sent and savour, as though the Heavens had rained down Showers of Camphere, Bisse, or sweet smelling Amber-Græce.

This rare and exceeding Garland was no sooner framed by Enchantment, and delivered into his hands, but hee left the Enchantresse sitting in her Ebony Chaire upon a block of Steele (practising her fatall Arts,) with her haire hanging about her shoulders, like wreathes of Snakes or inbenomed Serpents: and so returned to his Mothers Tombe, where he hung it upon a Pillar of Silver that was placed in the middle of the Monument.

The second Brother also repaired to his Mothers Tombe, and brought in his hand an Ivory Lute, whereon hee played such inspiring melody, that it seemed like the harmony of Angels, or the celestall Musick of Apollo when hee descended Heaven for the love of Daphne, whom hee turned into a Bay-Tree. The Musick being finished, hee tied his Lute in a Damask Scarfe, and with great humility hee hung it at the West end of the Tombe upon a knob of Jasper Stone.

Lastly, the third Brother likewise repaired with no outward Devotion or wordly Gift: but clad in a Vesture of white Silk, bearing in his hand an instrument of death, like an in-

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nocent Lambe going to Sacrifice, or one ready to be offered up for the Lobe of his Mothers soule.

This strange manner of Repair, caused his other Brothers to stand attentively. and with diligent Eyes to behold his purpose.

First, after he had (submissively, and with great humility) let fall a shewre of silver Teares from the Cisternes of his Eyes, in remembrance of his Mothers timelesse Tragedy, he prickt his naked Breaſt with a silver Bodkin, the which he brought in his hand, from whence there trickled down some thirty drops of Blood, which he after offered up to his Mothers Tombe in a silver Basin, as an Evident signe that there could be nothing more deare; nor of more precious price, then to offer up his own Blood for her Lobe. This Ceremonious gift caused his two other Brothers to swell in hatred like two chafed Lyons, and run with Fury upon him, intending to catch him by the haire of the Head, and to dragge him round about their Mothers Tombe, till his Vains were dashed against the Marble Pavement, and his Blood sprinkled upon her Grave: but this wicked Enterprize so moved the Majesty of Heaven, that ere they could accomplish their intents, or stain their hands with his Blood, they heard (as it were) the noise of dead mens bones rattling in the Ground, whereupon (looking fearfully about them) the Tombe seemed of it self to open, and thereout to appeare a most Terrible and Gasty Shape, pale, like unto Ashes, in Countenance resembling their Mother, with her Breaſt besmeared in Blood, and her Body wounded with a number of Scarres, and so with a dismall and rusfull Look she spake unto her desperate Sonnes in this manner:

O you degenerate from Natures kinde, why doe you seek to make a Murther of your selves? can you indure to see my Body rent in twain, my Heart split in sunder, and my Tombe dismembred? Abate this Fury, staine not your Hands with your own Bloods, nor make my Tombe a Spectacle of more Death. Unite your selves in Concord that my discontented Soule may lye in Peace, and never more be troubled with your unbrideled Humour. Make haste I say, Arm your selves in Steele Corsets, and follow your
Warrant

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Valiant Father to Ierusalem, he is there in Danger, and distressed of Life; away I say, or else my angry Ghost shall never leave this World, but haunt you up and downe with Deadly Villions.

This being said, she vanished from their sight, into the bright Ayre, whereat for a time they stood amazed, and almost disstraught of wits, through the terrours of her words: but at last recovering their former Senses, they all bowed a continuall Unity, and never to proffer the like Injury again, but to live in Brotherly Concord, till the Dissolution of their Earthly Bodies.

So in haste they went unto the King: and certified him of all things that had happened: and falling upon their knees before his Majesty, requested at his Hands the Honour of Knighthood, with Leave to depart in pursuit of their Father and the other Champions that were fallen into great Distresse.

The King purposing to accomplish their Desires, and to fulfill their Requests, presently condescended, and not onely gave them the Honour of Knighthood, but furnished them with Rich Habilliments of Warre, answerable to their Magnanimous Minde. First, hee frankly bestowed upon them three Stately Horses, bred upon the bright Mountaines of Sardinia, in Colour of an Iron Gray, Beautified with Silver Haires, and in pace swifter then the Spanish Jennets, (which are a kinde of Horse ingendered by the Windes upon the Alpes, certaine cragged Mountaines that divide the Kingdoms of Italy and Spain) for boldnesse and Courage like to Bucephalus the Horse of Alexander the Macedonian, or Cæsars Steed, that never danted in the Field, and they were trapp'd with rich trappings of Gold after the Moroccho fashion, with Saddles framed like unto Iron Chaires with backs of Steel, and their Foreheads were beautified with spangled Plumes, of Purple Feathers, whereon hung many Golden Pendants: the King likewise bestowed upon them three costly Swords wrought of purest Lydian Steel, with Lances bound about with Plates of Brass, at the tops whereof hung silken Streamers beautified with the English Crosse, being the Cymion badge of Knighthood, and Honour of Adventurous Champions: Thus in this Royall manner rode these three.

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three young Knights from the City of London in company of the King with a Train of Knights and gallant Gentlemen conducting them to the Sea-side, where they left the young Knights to their future fortunes, and returned back to the English Court.

Now are Saint George's Sons floating on the Seas, making their first Adventures in the World, that after Ages might applaud their Achievements, and enrolle their Names in the Records of Honour. Fate prosper them successfully, and gentle Fortune smile upon their Travels, for three braver Knights did never cross the Seas, nor make their Adventures into strange Countreys.

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CHAP. III.

How Saint George's Sons after they were Knighted by the English King, travelled towards *Barbary*, and how they redeemed the Dukes Daughter of *Normandy* from Ravishment, that was assayled in a Wood by three tawny *Negroes*: and also of the Tragicall tale of the Virgins strange miseries, with other accidents.



Any dayes had not these three magnanimous Knights indured the danger of the swelling waves, but with a prosperous and successfull Wind, they arrived upon the Territories of France: where being no sooner safely set on shore, but they bountifully rewarded their Parriners, and betook themselves fully to their intended Travels.

Now beganne their costly trapped Steeds to pace it like the scudding Winds, and with their warlike hoves to thunder on the beaten passages: now began true Honour to flourish in their princely breasts, and the renown of their Fathers Achievements to encourage their desires. Although tender youth sate but budding on their cheeks, yet portly man-hood triumpht in their hearts: and although their childish armes as yet never tried the painfull Adventures of Knight-hood: yet bore they high and princely cogitations in as great esteeme as when their Father slew the burning Dragon in Egypt, for preservation of their Mothers life.

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Thus travelled they to the further parts of the Kingdoms of France (guided onely by the direction of Fortune) without any Adventure worth the noting, till at last riding thorough a mighty Forrest standing on the Borders of Lufinia, they heard (afarre off as it were) the ruful Cryes of a distressed Woman: which in this manner filled the Ayre with the Echo of her Moanes.

O Heavens (said she) be kinde and pitifull unto a Maiden in distresse, and send some happy Passengers that may deliver me from these inhumane Monsters.

This wofull and unexpected Noyse, caused the Knights to alight from their Horses, and to see the Event of this Accident. So after they had tyed their Steeds to the Body of a Pine Tree, by the Reines of their Brides, they walked on foot into the thickest of the Forrest with their Weapons drawn, ready to withstand any Assault whatsoever: and as they drew near to the distressed Virgin, they heard her breath forth this pity moving Lamentation, the second time.

Come, come, some Courteous Knight, or else I must forgoe that precious Jewell, which all the World can never again recover.

These words caused them to make the more speed, and to runne the nearest way for the Maidens succour. Where approaching her presence, they found her tied by the Lockes of her own hayr to the trunk of an Orange Tree, and three cruell and inhumane Negroes standing ready to dispoile her of her pure and undefiled Chastity, and with their Lusts to blast the blooming Bud of her deare and unspotted Virginity.

But when Saint George's Sonnes beheld her Lovely Countenance belincared in Dust, that before seemed to be as beautifull as Roses in Milk, and her Chrystall Eyes (the perfect Patternes of Bashfulness) imbrued in Floods of Teares, at one instant they ranne upon the Negroes, and sheathed their angry Weapons in their Loathsome Bowells: the Leaders being slaine, their Blood sprinkled about the Forrest, and their Bodies cast out as a Prey for Ravenous Beasts. To see on, they unbound the Maiden, and like Courteous Knights demanded the Cause of her Captivity, and by what meanes she came into that solitary Forrest: Post Noble

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Noble Knights (quoth she,) and true Renowned men at Armes, to tell the cause of my passed misery, were a prick unto my Soul, for the Discourse thereof will burst my Heart with Grief; but considering your Nobilities, the which I doe perceiue by your Princely behabour, and your kinde Courtesies extended towards me, being a Virgin in Distresse, under the hands of these lustfull Pegzoes whom you have iustly murdered, shall so much imbolden me, though unto my hearts great Grief, to discourse the first Cause of my miserable Fortune.

My Father (quoth she) whilst Gentle Fortune smiled upon him, was a Duke, and sole Commander of the State of Normandy, a Countrey now situated in the Kingdome of France, whose Lands and Revenues in his Prosperity was so great, that he continually kept as Stately a Traine, both of Knights and gallant Gentlemen, as any Prince in Europe: whereat the King of France greatly enuyed, and by Bloody Warres deposed my Father from his Princely Dignity, who for Safegard of his life, in company of me his onely Heire and Daughter, betooke us to these solitary Woods, where euer since wee have secretly remained in a Pore Cell or Hermitage, the which by our industrious Paines hath bene builded with Plants of Vines and Oaken Boughs, and covered over-head with Clods of Earth, and Turfs of Grasse: seven yeares wee have continued in great Extremities, sustaining our Hungers with the Fruites of Trees, and quenching of our Thirsts with the Dew of Heauen, falling slightly upon fragrant Flowers: and here in stead of Princely Attire, Embroydered Garments, and Damask Vestures, we have bene constrained to cloath our selves with Flowers, the which we have painfully woven up together.

Here in stead of Musick, that had wont each Mornning to delight our Eares, we have the Whistling Winds resounding in the Woods: our Clocks to tell the minutes of the wandring Nights, are Snakes and Wounds that sleepe in roots of rotten trees: our Canopies to cover us, are not wrought of Median Silk, the which Indian Virgins weave upon their Silver Lombs, but the Sable Clouds of Heauen, when as the chearfull day hath closed her Chrystall Windows up.

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Thus in this manner continued wee in this solitary wilderness, making both Birds and Beasts our Chief companions, making those mercilesse Mozes (whose hatefull Breasts you have made to water the parched Earth with Streames of Blood) who as you see came into our Cell, or simple Cabbinet, thinking to have found some store of Treasure. But casting their gazing Eyes upon my Beauty, they were presently enchanted with lustfull Desires, onely to crop the sweet bud of my Virginity. Then with Furious and Dismall Countenances, more black then the Sable Garments of sad Melpomine, when she mournfully writes of bloody Tragedies, and with Hearts more Cruel, then was Neroes the Tyrannous Romane Emperour, when he beheld the Entrails of his Naturall Mother laid open by his Inhumane and Mercilesse Commandement, or when he stood upon the highest top of a mighty Mountain, to see that Famous and Impertail City of Rome set on Fire by the remorselesse Hand of his unrelenting Ministers, that added unhallowed Flames of his unholy Furies.

In this kinde I say these Mercilesse and Wicked minded Negroes with Violent Hands took my Aged Father, and most cruelly bound him to the blasted Body of a withered Oake, standing before the Entry of his Cell: where notwithstanding the Reverend Honour of his Silber Hayres, glistering like the frozen Ickles upon the Northerne Mountaines, nor the strained Sighes of his Breast, wherein the Pledge of Wisdom was Inthronized, nor all my Teares, or Exclamations could any whit abate their Cruelties, but (grim Dogs of Barbary) they left my Father fast bounde unto the Tree, and like Eggregious Wipers took me by the Trammells of my Golden Hayre, dragging me like a silly Lambe unto this laughtering Place, intending to satisfie their Lusts with the Flower of my Chastity.

Being used thus, I made my humble Supplication to the Highest Majesty, to be revenged upon their Cruelties: I reported to them the Rewards of Bloody Ravishments by the Example of Tereus sometime King of Thrace, and his Furious Wife, that in Revenge of her Sisters Ravishment, caused her Husband to eat the Flesh of his owne Sonne. Likewise (to preserve my undefiled Honour) I told them that for the Rape

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Rape of Lucrece the Roman Matron, Tarquinius and his whole name was for ever banished out of Rome: with many other examples: thus like the Nightingale, recorded I nothing but Rape and Murder.

Yet neither the feares of Heaven, nor the terrible threats of Hell, could mollifie their bloody minds: but they protested to persevere in that wickednesse, and bowed that if all the leaves of the Trees that grew within the Wood were turned into Indian Pearle, and that place made as wealthy as the golden Streames of Pactolus, where Midas washt his golden With away, yet should they not redēme my Chastity from the staine of their insatiable and lustfull desires.

This being said, they bound mee with the trammels of mine owne haire to this Orange Tree, and at the very instant they proffered to defile my unspotted body, you happily approached, and not only redēmed mee from their tyrannous desires, but quit the World from three of the wickedest creatures that ever Nature framed. For which (most noble and invincible Knights) if ever Virgins Prayers may prevaile, humbly will I make my Supplications to the Deities that you may prove as valiant Champions as ever put on Helmet, and that your Fames may ring to every Princes eare, as farre as bright Hyperion doth shew his golden face.

This Tragical Tale was no sooner ended, but the three Knights (with remorsefull hearts sobbing with sighes) embraced the sorrowfull Mayden betwixt their Armes, and earnestly requested her to conduct them unto the place, whereas she left her Father bound unto the withered Oake. To which she willingly consented, and thanked them highly for their kindness: but before they approached to the old mans presence, what for the griefe of his banishment, and the violent usage of his Daughter, hee was forced to yeeld up his miserable life to the mercy of unavoidable death.

When Saint George's valiant Sonnes (in company of this sorrowfull Mayden) came to the Tree, and (contrary to their expectations) found her Father cold and stiffe, devoid of sense and feeling, also his hands and face covered with grēne Mousse, which they supposed to be done by the

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Robin Red-breast, and other little Birds, who doe use naturally to cover the bare parts of any body that they finde dead in the Field, they all fell into a new confused extremity of griefe.

But especially his Daughter, having lost all joy and comfort in this World, made both Heaven and Earth resound with her exceeding Lamentations, and mourned without comfort, like weeping Noibe, that was turned into a Rock of Stone, lamenting for the losse of her Childzen: thus when the three young Knights perceived the comfortlesse sorrow of the Virgin, and how shee had vowed never to depart from those solitary Groves, but to spend the remnant of her dayes in company of her Fathers dead body, they courteously assisted her to Bury him under a Chesnut Tree, where they left her behind them bawling his senselesse Grave with her teares, and returned back to their Horses, where they left them at the entry of the Forrest tyed to a lofty Pine, and so departed on their journey.

Where wee will leave them for a time and speak of the seven Champions of Christendome, that were gone on Pilgrimage to the City of Ierusalem, and what strange Adventures hapned to them in their Travels.

CHAP.

Seven Champions of Christendom.



CHAP. IIII.

Of the Adventure of the golden Fountaine in *Damasco*: how six of the Christian Champions were taken Prisoners by a mighty Gyant, and how after they were delivered by *S. George*: and also how he redeemed fourteene Jewes out of Prison: with divers other strange accidents that hapned.



Et us now speak of the favourable clemency that smiling Fortune shewed to the Christian Champions in their Trabels to Ierusalem. For after they were departed from England, and had journeyed in their Pilgrimes Attire through many strange Countreys, at last they arrived upon the Confines of *Damasco*, which is a Countrey not only beautified with sumptuous and costly Buildings, framed by the curious Architecture of mans devyce, but also furnished with all the precious gifts that nature in her greatest liberality could bestow.

In this fruitfull Dominion long time the Christian Champions rested their weary steps, and made their abode in the House of a rich and courteous Jew, a man that spent his wealth chiefly for the succour and comfort of Travellers, and wandring Pilgrims: his House was not curiously erected up of carved Timber-work, but framed with quarries of blew Stones, and supported by many statelie Pillars of the purest Marble: the Gates and Entry of his House

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House were continually kept open, in sign of his bountifull minde: over the Portall thereof did hang a brazen Table, whereon was most curiously engraven the picture of Ceres the Goddess of plenty, deckt with Garlands of Wheat, Wheatheaves of Olives, bunches of Vines, and with all manner of fruitfull things: the Chamber wherein these Champions took their nightly reposes and golden sleepes, was garnished with as many Windows of Chrystall Glasse, as there were dayes in the year, and the Walls painted with as many Stories as were years since the Worlds Creation: it was likewise built square, after the manner of Pyramides in Greece, at the East end thereof was most libelly portrayed, bright Phoebus rising from Auroras golden bed, with a glistering countenance dispayning the Element for her departure. At the West-side was likewise portrayed how Thetis tripped upon the silber sands when as Hyperions Carre drives to the watry Ocean, and takes his nights repose upon his Lovers bosome: on the South side was painted high Mountaines of Snow, whose tops did seeme to reach the Clouds, and mighty Woods over-hung with Silber-fikles, which is the nature of the Northern Climate.

Lastly, upon the West-side of the Chamber, sate the God of the Seas, riding upon a Dolphins back, a troop of Mer-maides following him, with their Golden trammels floating upon the silber waves, there the Tritons seemed to dance above the Chrystall Streames: with a number of other silber scaled Fishes that made it seeme delightfull for pleasure.

Over the Roofe of the Chamber was most perfectly portrayed the foure Ages of the World, which seemed to overhang the rest of the curious works.

First, the Golden Age was Pendant over the East: the second being the Silber (a Pettle somewhat baser) seemed to over-spread the freezing North. The third which was the Brazen Age, beautified the Western Parts: The fourth and last being of Iron, (the very basest of them all) seemed to bes fired toward the Southerne Climate.

Thus in this curious Chamber rested these wearie Champions

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Champions a long season, where their food was not delicious, but wholesome, and their services not curious, but comely: answerable to the brave minds of such Heroicall Champions as they were: the courteous Jew their friendly Host, whom Nature had honoured with seven comely Sonnes, daily kept them company, and not only showed them the curiosity of his Habitation, but also described the pleasant Situation of his Countrey, how the Townes and Cities were adorned with all manner of delights, whereby they seemed like the Imperiall Palaces of Love, where are heard most delightfull Harmonies, and the pleasant Fields and flourishing Medowes so beautified with Natures gladsome Ornaments, that they seemed for pleasure to exceed the Pallace of the great Turk, or any other Potentate whatsoever in the World.

Some dayes were spent away in this manner to the exceeding great pleasure of the Christian Knights, and evermore when the dark night approached, and the wanted time of sleep summoned them to their silent and quiet rests, the Jewes Chyllozen, being seven as brave and comely Voyes as ever Dame Nature framed, filled the seven Christian Champions eares, with such sweet and delicate Melodies, gently strained from their Ivory Lutes, that not Arion (when all the Art of sweet Musick consented with his Tune, Voyce, and Hand, when hee wonne favour of the Dolphin, being forsaken of men) was comparable thereto: whereby the Christian Champions were Enchanted with such Delights that their sleeps seemed to be as pleasant as was the sweet joyes of Elizium.

But upon a time, after the courteous Jew had intelligence how they were Christian Knights, and such admirall martiall Champions, whom Fame had Canonized to be the Wonders of the World for martiall Discipline and knightly Adventures: and finding a fit opportunity as hee walked in their companies upon an Evening under an Arbour of Vines Branches, hee revealed to them the secrets of his Soule, and the cause of his so sad and solitary dwelling.

So standing beare-headed in the middle of the Champions, with his white haire hanging downe to his Shoulders, in colour like the Silver Swaine, and softer than the

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Downe of Thistles, or Median like untwisted, hee began with a sober countenance and gallant demour to speak as followeth:

I am sure (quoth hee) you invincible Knights, that ye marvell at my solitary course of living, and that you greatly misse wherefore I exempt my selfe from the company of Worldlings, except my seven Sonnes, whose sights be my chiefe comfort, and the only prolongers of my life. Wherefore prepare your eares to entertaine the strangest Discourse that ever tongue pronounced, or over-tired old man in the height of his extremity delibered.

I was in my former peaces (whilst Fortune smil'd upon my happinesse) the principall Commander and chiefe owner of a certaine Fountaine, of such wonderfull and precious vertue, that it was valued to be worth the Kingdome of India: the water thereof was so strange in operation, that in four and twenty houres it would convert any Metall, as of Brasse, Copper, Iron, Lead, or Tinne, into rich refined Gold: the Rony Flint it would turn into pure Silver, and any kind of Earth into excellent Metall. By the vertue whereof I have made the leaves of Trees a flourishing Forrest of Riches, and the blades of Brasse valuable to the Jewels that be found in the Countrey of America.

The vertue whereof was no sooner byruited through the World, but it caused many foraine Knights to try the Adventure, and by force of Arms to bereave me of the Honour of this Fountaine.

But at that time Nature graced me with one and twenty Sonnes, whereof seven be yet living, and the only comfort of my Age: but the other fourteen (whom frowning fortune hath bereaved me of) many a day by their valiant prowesse and matchlesse fortitudes defended the Fountaine from many great and furious Assayers: for there was no Knight in all the World that was found so hardy or of such invincible courage, that if they but once attempted to Encounter with any of my vallant Sonnes, they were either taken Prisoners, or slaine in the Combat.

The fame of their Valours, and the riches of the Fountaine rung through many strange Countreys, and lastly came to the eares of a furious Giant, dwelling upon the

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the Borders of Arabia: who at the report thereof came armed with his Steely Coat, with a mighty Bat of Iron on his neck, like to furious Hercules that burst the brazen Gates of Cerberus, and bore the mighty Mountain Atlas upon his Shoulders: he was the Conquerour of my Sonnes, and the first causer of my sudden down fall. But when I thus had intelligence of the overthrow of fourtene of my Sones, and that hee had made conquest of my wealthy Fountaine, I with the rest of my children thinking all hope of recovery to be past, betook our selves to this solitary course of life, where ever since in this Pansion or Hermitage wee have made our abode and residence, spending our Wealth to the reliefe of travelling Knights and wandring Pilgrims: hoping once againe that smiling Fortune would aduance us to some better hap: and to be plaine, right worthy Champions, since then my hope was neuer at the height of full perfection till this present time, wherein your excellent Presences almost assure me that the hideous Monster shall be Conquered, my Fountaine restored, and my Sonnes deaths (for dead sure they are) reuenged.

The Champions with great admiration gave eare to the strange Discourse of this reuerend Jew, and intended in requitall of his extraordinary kindnesse to undertake this Adventure. And the more to encourage the other, Saint George began in this manner to utter his minde, speaking both to the Jew their Host, and his valiant fellow Champions.

I have not without great wonder (most reuerend and courteous old man) heard the strange Discourse of thy admirable Fountaine, and do not a little lament that one of so kinde and liberall a disposition should bee dispossessed of such exceeding riches: neither am I lesse sorry, that so inhumane a Monster and knowne Enemy to all courtesie and kindnesse should haue the fruition of so exceeding great Treasure: for to the Wicked Wealth is the cause of their moore wickednesse.

But that which most grieueth mee, is: that having had so many valiant Knights to thy Sonnes, they all were so unfortunate to fall into the hands of that relentlesse Monster. But bee comforted kinde old man, for I hope by the power of my Maker, wee were directed hither to punish that hatefull

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Wyant, redenge the iniuries offered to thine Age, satisfie, with his death, the death of thy Children, (if they bee dead) and restore to thy bounteous Possession that admirable rich Fountaine againe.

And now to you my valiant Champions I speak, that with mee through many dangers have aduentured: let us couragiously attempt this rare Adventure, wherein such Honour to our Names, such happinesse to our Friends, such glory to God consists, in recovering right to the wronged, and punishing rightfully the wrongers of the Oppressed. And that there be no contention among us who shall begin this Adventure, for I know all of you thirst after Honour, therefore let Lots bee made, and to whomsoever the chiefe Lot falleth, let him be foremost in assaying the Wyant, and so good Fortune be our Guides.

The exceeding joy which the old Jew conceived at the Speeches of Saint George, had neare hand bereft him of the use of Sense, for above measure was hee overjoyed. But at length recovering use of Speech, hee thus thankfully brake forth:

How infinitely I find my selfe bound unto you, you Famous and undoubted Christian Champions, all my ablenesse is not able to expresse: only thankfulness from the depth of a true heart shall to you be rendred.

The Champions without more words disrobing themselves from their Pilgrims Attire, every one selected forth an Armour fitting to their portly Bodies, then ready in the Jewes House, and in stead of their Ebony Staves tipped with Silver, they wielded in their hands Steele Blades, and their feet that had wont to indure a painfull Pilgrimage upon the bare ground, were now ready prest to mount the lofty Stirrop: but as I said, they purposed not generally to assaile the Wyant, but singly every one to try his own Fortune, thereby to obtaine the greater Honour, and their Deeds to merit the higher Fame: therefore the Lots being cast among themselves which should begin the Adventure, the Lot fell first to Saint Dennis, the Noble Champion of France, who greatly rejoyced at his Fortune, and so departed for that night to get things in readinesse: but the next morning no sooner had the golden Sunne displayed his beauty in the East, but Saint Dennis arose from his

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his sluggish Bed, and attyzed himselfe in costly Armour, and mounted upon the Steed of Iron Gray, with a spangled Plume of purple Feathers on his Burgonet, spangled with Stars of Gold, resembling the Azure Firmament beautified with glistring Starres.

Where after hee had taken leabe of the other Champions, and had demanded of the Jew where the Gyant had his residence, hee departed forward on his journey, and before the Sunne had mounted to the top of Heaven, he approached to the Gyants presence, who as then sat upon a Block of Steele directly before the golden Fountaine; satisfying his hunger with raw flesh, and quenching his thirst with the Juycce of ripe Grapes.

The first sight of his ugly and deformed proportion almost daunted the Valour of the French Champion, that hee stood in a maze, whether it were better to try the Adventure, or return with dishonour back to his other Fellow Knights. But having a heart furnished with true magnanimity, he chose rather to die in the Encounter, than to return with Infamy: so committing his trust to the unconstant Queen of Chance, he spurred forth his Horse, and assailed the Gyant so furiously, that the Strokes of his Sword sounded like a weighty blow hammered upon an Anvils.

But so smally regarded the Gyant the puissant Force of this single Knight, that hee would scarce rise from the place where hee sat: but yet remembering a strange Dreame that a little before he had in his sleep, which revealed unto him, how that a Knight would come from the Northern Clymates of the Earth, which should alone end the Adventure of the Fountaine, and vanquish him by fortitude: therefore not minding to be taken at advantage, hee suddenly started up, and with a grim and furious countenance hee ran upon Saint Dennis, and took him, Horse, Armour, Furniture and all, under his left Arme, as lightly as a strong man would take a sucking Infant from his Cradle, and bore him to a hollow Rock of Stone, bound about with Barres of Iron, standing neare unto the Fountaine, in a Valley betwixt two mighty Mountaines. In which Prison he closed the French Champion, amongst fourteen other Knights, that were all Donnes to the courteous Jew,

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as you heard before discoursed, and being proud of that attempt, he returned to the block of Sotie, where we will leave him sitting, gazing in his own conceit, and speak of the other Champions remaining in the Jewes House expecting the French Knights fortunate return: but when the sable Curtaines of darknesse were drawn before the Cheyffest windowes of the Day, and Night had taken possession of the Element, and no newes was heard of the Champions successe, they judged presently that either hee was slaine in the Adventure, or discomfited and taken Prisoner.

Therefore they cast Lots againe which of them the next morning should try his Fortune, and revenge the French Knights quarrell, so the Lot fell to Saint James, the Noble Champion of Spaine, whereat his Princely heart more rejoyced than if hee had bene made King of the Westerne World.

So in like manner on the next morning by break of day hee attired himselfe in rich and costly Armour like the other Champion, and mounted upon a Spanish Gennet, in pace most swift and speedy, and in partly state like to Bucephalus the proud Steed of Macedonian Alexander: his Caparison was in colour like to the waves of the Sea, his Burgonet was beautified with a spangled Plume of sable Feathers: and upon his breast he bore the Arms of Spaine.

Thus in this gallant manner departed he from the Jewes Habitation, leaving the other Champions at their Divine contemplations for his happy successe, but his Fortune chanced contrary to his wishes, for at the Gyants first Encounter hee was likewise bozne to the Rock of Stone, to accompany Saint Dennis.

This Giant was the strongest and hardest Knight at Armes that ever set foot upon the Confinnes of Damasco, his strength was so invincible, that at one time hee durst Encounter with an hundred Knights: but now returne we againe to the other Champions, whom when night approached, and likewise missing the company of Saint James, they cast Lots the third time, and it fell to the Noble Champion of Italy, Saint Anthony, who on the next morning attired himselfe in costly Habillments of Marro, and mounted upon a Barbarian Palfrey, as richly as did the valiant Iason when

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When hee adventured into the Ile of Colcos, for the golden fleece, and for Medea's love: his helmet glittered like an Asie Mountain, deckt with many silver Pendants. But his shining glory was soone blemished with a cloud of mischance, for although hee was as valiant a Knight as ever brandisht weapon in the Fields of Mars, yet he found a disability in his fortitude, to withstand the furious blowes of the Gyant, in such sort that he was forced to yield himselfe Prisoner like the former Champions.

The next Lot that was cast, chanced to Saint Andrew of Scotland, a Knight as highly honoured for Partiall Discipline as any of the rest: his Steed was clad with a Caparison after the manner of the Grecians, his Armour varnished with green Oyles, like the colour of the Summer Fields, upon his breast hee bore a Crosse of purple Silk, and on his Barget a goodly Plume of Feathers: but yet Fortune so frowned upon his Enterprize, that hee nothing preballed, but committed his life to the mercy of the Gyant, who likewise imprisoned him with the other Knights.

The first Lot fell to Saint Patrick of Ireland, as brave a Knight as ever Nature created, and as adventurous in his Achievements: If ever Hector upon his Phrygian Steed pranced up and down the Straits of Troy, and made that Age admire his fortitude, this Irish Knight might counterballe his valour.

For no sooner had the silver Moone forsooke the Azure Firmament, and had committed her charge to the Golden burnisht Sunne, but Saint Patrick approached the sight of the Gyant, mounted upon his Irish Hobby, clad in a Collet of proofe, beautified with silver Payles: his Plume of Feathers of the colour of Virgins hayre, his Horse covered with a Waple of Orange tawne Silk, and his Saddle bound about with Plates of Steele, like to an Iron Chaire.

The sight of this Valiant Champion so daunted the courage of the Gyant, that hee thought him to be the Knight that the Willon had revealed, and by whom the Adventure should be accomplished: therefore with no cowardly fortitude hee assailed the Irish Knight, who with as Princely Valour endured the Encounter: but the unkind

Destinies

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Destinies not intending to give him the Honour of the Victory, compelled the Champion to yield to the Gyants force, and like a Captive to accompany the other imprisoned Champions.

The next Lat fell to Saint David of Wales, who nothing discouraged at the discomfiture of the other Christian Knights, but as the Mornings Sunnes up-rise into the Azure Firmament, glistered in his silver Armour before the Fontaine, with a Golden Griffon Whing on his breast, where he endured a long and dangerous Combate with the Gyant, making the Skies resound with Echoes of their strokes, but at last when the Gyant perceived that Saint David began to grow almost breathlesse, in defending the huge and mighty blowes of his Steele Bat, and chiefly through his long Encounter, the Gyant renewed his strength, and so redoubled his strokes, that Saint David was constrained like to the other Christian Champions, to yield to the Gyants mercy.

But now the Invincible and Heroicall Champion of England Saint George, he that is Fames true Knight, the Map of Heaben, and the Worlds Wonder, remaining in the Jewes Babilion, and pondring in his minde the bad successe of the other six Champions, and that it was his turne to try his Fortune the next morning in the Adventure: he fell into great contemplation (quoth he) I that have fought for Christian Knights in Fields of Purple blood, and made my Enemies to swim in streames of Crimson gore, shall I not now confound this bloody and inhumane Monster, that hath discomfited six of the bravest Knights that ever nature framed. I slew the burning Dragon in Egypt: I conquered the terrible Gyant that kept the Enchanted Castle amongst the Amazonians, then Fortune let me accomplish this dangerous Adventure, that all Christians and Christian Knights may applaud thy name.

In this manner spent he away the night, hoping for the happy Successe of the next dayes Enterprize, whereon he bowed by the Honour of his golden Garter, either to return a worthy Conquerour, or to die with Honour Valiantly.

And when the day began to beautifie the Eastern Elements with a faire Purple colour, he repaired to the Jewes Army, and clad himselfe in a black Corset, mounting himselfe upon a Pitchie coloured Steed, adorned with a blood-red Caparison,

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Caparison, in sign of a bloody and Tragicall Adventure: his Plume of Feathers was like a Flame of fire quencht in blood, as a token of speedy revenge: hee armed himselfe not with a sturdy Lance, bound about with Plates of Masse, but took a Javelin made of Steele, the one end sharpened like the point of a Needle, at the other end a Ball of Iron in fashion of a Mace or Club.

Being thus Armed according to his wished desires, hee took leave of the Jew and his seven Sonnes, sitting all attired in black and mournfull Dynaments, praying for his happy and fortunate Successe: and so departed speedily to the golden Fountaine, where he found the Gyant sleeping carelesly upon his Block of Steele, dreading no ensuing danger.

But when the ballant Champion Saint George was alighted from his Horse, and sufficiently beheld the deformed proportion of the Gyant: how the Haire of his Head stood starting upright like to the Whistles of a wilde Boe, his Eyes gazing open like two blazing Comets, his Teeth long and sharpe like to Spikes of Steele, the Payles of his Hands like the Talents of an Eagle, over which was drawn a paire of Iron Globes: and every other Limbe huge and strongly proportioned, like to the body of some mighty Duke, the worthy Champion awakened him in this order.

Arise (said hee) thou unreasonable deformed Monster, and either make delivery of the Captive Knights whom thou wrongfully detainest, or prepare thy ugly selfe to abide the uttermost force of my warlike Arm and death-prepared Weapon.

At which words the furious Gyant started up, as one suddenly amazed or affrighted from his sleep: and without making any reply at all, took his Iron Mace fast in both his hands, and with great terrour let drive at the most worthy English Champion, who with exceeding cunning and nimblenesse defended himselfe from that danger, by speedy avoiding the blowes violence, and withall returned on his Adversary a mighty thrust with the pointed or sharpe end of his Javelin, which rebounded from the Gyants body, as if it had been run against an Adamantine Pillar.

The second part of the

The which the invincible Knight Saint George perceiving, turned his beaſtie round Ball end of his ſhield ſhield, and ſo mightily aſſailed the Gyant, redoubling his beaſtie blowes with ſuch couragious fortitude, that at laſt he beat his braines out of his deformed head : whereby the Gyant was conſtrained to yeld up the Gholt, and to give ſuch a hideous roare, as though the whole frame of the Earth had bene ſhaken with the violence of ſome clap of Thunder.

This being done, Saint George caſt his loathſome Carkelle as a prey for the Fowles and ravenous Beaſts to ſeize upon : and after very diligently ſearched up and downe, till hee found the Rock wherein all the Knights and Champions were impriſoned : the which with his ſhield ſhield hee burſt in ſunder, and delivered them preſently from their ſervitudes, and after returned moſt triumphantly back to the Jewes Babilion, in as great Maieſty and Royalty as Veſpaſian with his Romane Nobles and ſoldiers returned into the Confinnes of flouriſhing Italy, from the admired and glorioſous Conqueſt of Ieruſalem and Indea.

But when the reverend old Jew ſaw the Engliſh Champion returne with Victory, together with his other ſix fellow Champions, and likewiſe beheld his fourtene ſons ſafely delivered, his ioy ſo mightily exceeded the bounds of reaſon, that hee ſuddenly ſwounded, and lay for a time in a dead trance, with the great exceeding pleaſure hee conceived.

But having a little recovered his decayed ſenſes, hee gladly conducted them into their ſeverall Lodgings, and there they were preſently unarmed, and their wounds waſhed in white Wine and new Miſke, and after banqueted them in the beſt manner hee could deviſe. At which Banquet there wanted not all the excellency of Muſick that the Jewes ſeven younger ſonnes could deviſe, extolling in their ſweet Sonnets the excellent fortitude of the Engliſh Champion, that had not only delivered their captived Brethren, but reſtored, by that ugly Gyants deſerved death, their aged Father to the poſſeſſion of his golden Fountaine.

Thus

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Thus after Saint George with the other six Champions had sojourned there for the space of thirty dayes, having placed the Jew with his Sonnes in their former desired Dignities, that is, in the Government of the Golden Fountaine; they cloathed themselves againe in their Pilgrims Attire, and so departed forward on their intended journey to visit the holy Sepulchre at Ierusalem.

Of whose noble Adventures you shall heare more in the Chapter following.

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CHAP. V.

Of the Champions return to *Ierusalem*, and after how they were almost famished in a Wood: and how Saint *George* obtained them food by his Valour in a Gyants House, with other things that hapned.



he Champions after this Battell of the golden Fountaine never rested trabelking till they arriued at the holy Hill of *Sion*, and had visited the Sepulchre, the which they found most richly Built of the purest Marble, garnished curiously by cunning Architecture, with many Carbuncles of Jasper, and Pillars of Ieat. The Temple wherein it was erected, stood seven degrees of Staires down within the Ground, the Gates wherof were of burnisht Gold, and the Portals of refined Silver, cut as it did seeme, out of a most excellent beautified Alabaster Rock.

But in it continually burned a sweet smelling Taper, alwayes mayntained by twelue of the Noblest Virgins dwelling in all *Iudea*, attending still upon the Sepulchre, clad in silken Dynaments, in colour like to Lillies in the flourishing pride of Summer: the which costly Attire, they continually wore as an euident signe of their pure and unspotted Virginities: many dayes offered up these worthy Champions these Ceremonious Devotions, to that sacred Tombe, washing the Marble Pavement with their true

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true and unfained Teares, and witnessing their true and hearty zeales, with their continuall Volleys of discharged sighes.

But at last upon an Evening, when Titans golden beames began to descend the Westerne Element, as those Princely minded Champions, in company of these twelve admired Maydens, kneeled before the Sepulchre, offering up their Evening Prayers, an unsene voyce (to the amazement of them all) from a hollow Vault in the Temple uttered these words:

You magnanimous Knights of Christendome, whose true Nobilities hath circled the Earth with Reports of Fame, whose bare feet for the love of our sweet Saviour, have set more weary Steps upon the parched Earth, than there be Starres within the golden Canopy of Heaven: Return, return into the bloody Fields of Warre, and spend not the Honours of your time in this Ceremonious manner: for great things by you must bee accomplished, such as in time to come shall fill large Chronicles, and cause Babes as yet unborne to speak of your Honourable Achievements.

And you chaste Maidens that spend your time in the Service of your God, even by the plighted promise you have made to true Virginitie, I charge you to furnish forth these warlike Champions with such approved Furniture as hath been offered to this Royall Sepulchre, by those travelling Knights, which have fought under the Banner of Christendome. This is the pleasure of the high Fates, and this for the redresse of all wronged Innocents in Earth, must bee with all immediate dispatch forthwith accomplished.

This unexpected Voyce was no sooner ended, but the Temple (in their conceits) seemed strangely to resound, like the melody of Celestiall Angels, or the holy harmony of Cherubins, as a signe that the Gods were pleased at their Proceedings: whereupon the twelve Virgins arose from their Divine Contemplations, and conducted the seven Champions to the further side of Mount Sion, and there bestowed frankly upon them, seven of the bravest Steeds that they ever beheld, with Partiall

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Furniture answerable thereunto, besitting Knights of such esteeme: Thus the Christian Champions being proud of their good fortunes, Attzyred themselves in rich and sumptuous Cozlets, and after mounted upon their warlike Coursers, kindly bidding the Ladies adieu, betook them to the Worldes wide tourney. This Travell began at that time of the yeare, when the Summers Quene began to spread her beauteous mantles amongst the green and fresh boughes of the high and mighty Cedars, when as all kinde of small Birds flew round about, recreating themselves in the beauty of the day, and with their well-tuned notes making a sweet and heavenly melody: at which time I say, these mighty and well-esteemed Knights, the seven Champions of Christendome, took the way from Ierusalem, which they thought to bee most used: in which they had not many dayes travelled through the Desarts, and over many a Mountaine top, but they were marvellously feeble for lack of their accustomed and daily vittuals, and could not hide nor dissemble their great hunger, so that the Marro which they sustained with hunger, was farre greater than the Battels that they had fought against their Enemies, as you heard discoursed in the first part of this History.

So upon a Summers Evening, when they had spent the day in great extremitie, and night grew on, they hapned into a Thicket of mighty Trees, when as the silver Moone with her bright beames glistered most cleerely, yet to them it seemed to bee as dark as pitch, for they were very sore troubled for lack of that which should sustaine them, and their faces did shew and declare the perplexities of their stomacks.

So they late them downe upon the greene and fresh Hearbes, very penible of their extream necessity, prohibiting to take their rest that night: but all was in vaine, for that their corporall necessities would not consent thereunto: but without sleeping they walked up and downe for that night, till the next day in the morning that they turned to their accustomed Travell and Journey, thinking to finde some food for the cherishing of their stomacks, and had their eyes alwayes gazing about, to spie some Village

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or House, whereth they might satisfie their hunger and take their rests.

Thus in this helpless manner spent they alway the next day, till the closing of the evenings light, by which time they grew so faint, that they fell to the ground with feblencsse: Oh what a sorrow was it to Saint George, not only for himselfe, but to see the rest of the Champions in such a miserable case, being not able to help themselves! and so parting a little from them, hee lamented in this manner following:

Thou that hast given mee many Victories: thou that hast made mee Conquerour of Kings and Kingdomes: and thou by whose invincible power I have tamed the black faced Furies of dark Cocytus, that maskt abroad the World in humane shapes: look downe sweet Queene of Chance I say, from thy Imperiall Seat: shew me some favour, and doe not consent that I and my company perish for hunger and want of Vittuals: make no delay to remedy our great necessity: let us not be meat for Birds hovering in the Ayre, nor our bodies cast as a prey for ravenous beasts ranging in these Woods: but rather, if we must needs perish, let us die by the hands of the strongest Warriors in the universall World, and not basely here lose our lives with cowardly hunger:

These and such like Lamentations uttered this valiant Champion of England, till such time as the day appeared, and the sable curtaines of coale black night were withdrawn. Then turned hee to the rest of his Company, where hee found them very weak and feeble: but hee encouraged them in the best manner hee could devise, to take their Horses and try the Chance of their utmost unkind Fortune.

Although Saint George as they travelled was ready to die by the way, and in great trouble of minde for want of food: yet rode hee first to one, then to another, comforting them, and making them ride apace: which they might very well doe, for that their Horses were not so improvided as their Masters, by reason of the goodly grasse that grew in those Woods, wherewith at pleasure they filled them every night.

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By this time the golden Sunne had almost mounted to the top of Heaven, and the glorious prime of the day began to approach, when they came into a great Field very plaine, where in the midst of it was a little Mountaine, out of the which there appeared a great smoke, which gave them to understand that there should bee some Habitation in that place.

Then the Princely minded Saint George said to the other Champions: take comfort with your selves, and by little and little come forward with an easie pace: for I will ride before to see who shall bee our Host this ensuing night. And of this, brave Knights and Champions, bee all assured: whether bee bee pleased or no, bee shall give us Lodging and entertainment like travelling Knights, and therewithall be set spurres to his Horse, and swiftly scoured away, like to a Ship with swelling Sailes upon the Marble coloured Ocean: his haste was so speedy, that in a short time bee approached the Mountaine, where at the noise and rushing of his Horse in running, there arose from the ground a mighty and terrible Gyant, of so great heighth, that bee seemed to be a big groven Tree, and for hugeness like to a Rock of Stone: but when he cast his starting eyes upon the English Knight, which seemed to him like two brazen Plates, or two Torches ever flaming, bee layd his hand upon a mighty Club of Iron which lay by him, and came with great lightnesse to meet Saint George, but when bee approached his presence, bee thinking him to bee a Knight but of small valour and fortitude, bee threw away his Iron Bat, and came towards the Champion, intending with his Fists to buffet and beat out his Braines, but the courage of the English Champion so exceeded, that bee forgot the extremity of hunger, and like a courageous Knight raised himselfe in his Stirrups, other wise bee could not reach his Head, and gave him such a blow upon the Fore-head with his keene edged Fauchion, that bee cut his Head halfe in sunder, and his Braines in great abundance ranne downe his deformed body: so that amazed he fell to the ground and presently died. His fall seemed to make the ground to shake, as though a Stony Tower had been overturned, for as he lay upon the Earth, he seemed to bee a great Dale blown up by the Roots with a tempestuous whirle-winde.

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At that instant the rest of the Champions came to that place, with as much joy at that present, as before they were sad and sorrowfull.

And so when Saint Dennis with the other Knights did see the greatnesse of the Gyant, and the deformity of his body, they advanced his valour beyond imaginatton, and deemed Saint George the fortunatest Champion that ever nature framed, holding that Adventure in as high honour, as the Grecians held Iasons Prize, when hee returned from Colchos with Medea's Golden Flæce: and with as great danger accomplished as the twelbe fearefull labours of Hercules: but after some few speeches passed, Saint George desired the rest of the Champions to goe and see what store of victuals the Gyant had prepared for him.

Whereupon they concluded, and so generally entred the Gyants House, which was in the manner of a great Barn cut out of hard Stone, and wrought out of a Rock: therein they found a very large Copper Cauldron standing upon a Trebet of Steele, the feet and supporters thereof were as bigge as great Iron Pillars: under the same burned such a huge flaming Fire, that it sparkled like the fiery Furnace in burning Acharon.

Within the Cauldron were boyling the Flesh of two fat Bullocks, prepared only for the Gyants Dinner: the sight of this ensuing Banquet gave them such comfort, that every one fell to work, hoping for their Trabell to eat part of the meat: one turned the Base in the Cauldron: another encreased the Fire, and others pulled out the Coales so that there was not any idle in hope of the benefit to come.

The hunger they had, and their desire to eat, caused them to fall to their meat before it was halfe ready, as though that it had bene ober sodden: but the two Knights of Wales and Ireland, not intending to Dine without Bread and Drink, searched in a secret hollow Cave, whereas they found two great Loaves of Bread, as bigge in compasse as the circle of a Well, and two great Flagons full of as good wine as ever they tasted, the which with great toy and pleasure they brought from the Cave, to the great and exceeding contentment of the other Champions.

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In stead of knives to cut their Vittuals, Saint George used his Curtle-axe, which lately had bene stained with the hateful Gyants detested blood, and imbrowed with his loathsome baines.

Thus, and after this manner qualified they the pining paines and torments of hunger, whereof they took as ioyfull a repast as if they had banquetted in the richest Kings Pallace in the World.

So being ioyfull for their good and happy fortunes, Saint George requested the Champions to take Horse, and mounted himselfe upon his Palfrey, and so they travelled from thence through a narrow path, which seemed to bee used by the Gyant, and so with great delight they travelled all the rest of that day, till night closed in the beauty of the Heavens: at which time they had got to the top of a high Mountaine, from whence a little before night they did discover marvellous and great Playnes, the which were inhabited with faire Cities and Townes: at which sight these Christian Champions receiued great contentment and joy, and so without any staying, they made haste onward on their journey till such time as they came to a low Valley lying betwixt two running Rivers: where in the midst of the way they found an Image of fine Chrystall, the Picture and lively forme of a beautifull Virgin, which seemed to bee wrought by the hands of some most excellent Work-man, all to bespotted with blood.

And it appeared by the wounds that were cunningly formed in the same Picture, that it was the Image of some Lady that had suffered Torments, as well with terrible Cuttings of Irons, as with cruell Whippings: the Ladies Legs and Armes did seeme as though they had bene martyred, and wrung with Cords, and about the Neck, as though shee had bene forcibly strangled with a Rapkin or Towell. The Chrystall Picture lay upon a rich adorned Bed of black Cloathes, under an Arbour of purple Roses: by the curious faire formed Image, sat a goodly aged man in a Chaire of Cypresse Wood, his Attire was after the manner of the Arcadian Shepheards, not curious but comely, yet of a black and sable colour, as a sure signe of some deadly discontent, his haire hung downe before his

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his Shoulders, like untwisted Silke, in whitenesse like Downe of Whittles, his Beard ower-grown dangling downe, as it were frozen Iulkes upon a Hawthorne Tree, his Face wrinkled and ower-worn with Age, and his eyes almost blinde in bewailing the griefes and sorowes of his heart.

Which strange and wofull Spectacle, when the Christian Champions earnestly beheld, they could not by any manner of meanes refraine from shedding some few sorrowfull teares, in seeing before them the Picture of a Woman of such excellent Beauty, which had bene oppressed with cruelty. But the pittifull English Knight had the greatest compassion, when hee beheld the counterfeite of this tormented Creature, who taking truce with his sorrowfull heart, hee courteously desired the old Father, sitting by this wofull Spectacle, to tell the cause of his sorrow, and the Discourse of that Ladies passed Fortunes, for whose sake hee seemed to spend his dayes in that solitary Order: to whom the old man with a number of sighes thus kindly replied:

Wabe Knights, for so you seeme by your courtesies and Behaviours, to tell the Story of my bitter Moes, and the causes of my endlesse Sorowes, will constrain a spring of Teares to trickle from the Conduits of my aged Eyes, and make the mansion of my Heart rive in twaine, in remembering of my undescribed Miseries: as many drops of blood hath fallen from my Heart, as there bee silver Haires upon my Head, and as many sighes have I strained from my Breast, as there be minutes in a yeare, for thrice seven hundred times the mornings Dew hath wet my silver Hayres, and thrice seven hundred times the Winters Frosts hath nippt the Mountaine tops since first I made these ruefull Lamentations: during all which time I have sat before this Chrysell Image, hourly praying that some courteous Knight would bee so kinde as to aide me in my vowed revenge, and now Fortune I see hath smiled upon me, in sending you hither to work a just Revenge for the inhumane Murder of my Daughter, whose perfect Image lieth here carved in fine Chrysell, as the continuall object of my griefe: and because you shall understand the true Discourse of her timelesse Tragedy, I have written it downe in a Paper-Book with mine owne Blood, the which my sorrowfull

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tongue

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tongue is not able to reveale, and thereupon he passed from his bosome a golden covered Book with silver Clasps, and requested Saint George to read it to the rest of the knights, to which he willingly condescended, so sitting down amongst the other Champions upon the graine grasse, hee opened the bloody written Book and read over the Contents, which contained these sorrowfull words following.

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CHAP. VI.

What hapned to the Champions, after they had found an Image of fine Chrystall, in the form of a murdered Mayden : where Saint George had a golden Book given him, wherein was written in blood, the true Tragedies of two Sisters : and likewise how the Champions intended a speedy revenge upon the Knight of the black Castle, for the deaths of the two Ladies.



In former times whilst Fortune smiled upon me, I was a wealthy Shepheard, dwelling in this unhappy Countrey, not only held in great estimation for my wealth, but also for two faire Daughters which Nature had made most excellent in Beauty : in whom I took such exceeding joy and delight, that I accounted them my chiefest happiness : but yet in the end, that which I thought should most content me, was the occasion of these my endlesse sorrows.

My two Daughters (as I said before) were endued with wonderfull Beauty, and accompanied with no lesse honesty : the Fame of whose Vertues was much blazed into many Parts of the World : by reason whereof there repaired to my Shepheards Cottage, divers strange and worthy Knights, with great desire to marry with my Daughters. But above them all, there was one named Leoger, a Knight
of

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of a black Castle (wherein hee now remaineth) being in distance from this place two hundred Leagues, in an Island encompassed with the Sea.

This Leoger I say, was so entangled with the Beauty of my Daughters, that hee desired mee to give him one of them in Marriage: when I little mistrusting the Treason and cruelty that after followed, but rather considering the great Honour that might redound thereof, for that hee was a worthy Knight, as I thought, and of much fortitude: I quickly fulfilled his desire, and granted to him my eldest Daughter in Marriage, where after Hymens holy Kites were solemnized in great pomp and state, she was conducted in company of her new wedded Lord to the black Castle, more like a Princesse in state, than a Shepherds Daughter of such low degree.

But still I retained in my company the youngest, being of farre more Beauty than her elder Sister: of which this Trayterous and unnaturall Knight was informed, and her surpassing Beauty so excelled, that in a small time hee forgot his new married Wife and sweet companion, and wholly gave himselfe over to my other Daughters love, without consideration that hee had married her Sister. So this inordinate and lustfull love-kindled and encreased in him every day more and more, and hee was so troubled with this new desire, that hee daily debited with himselfe by what meanes hee might obtaine her, and keep her in despite of all the World: in the end he used this Policy and Decreit to get her home into his Castle: When the time grew on, that my eldest Daughter his Wife should be delibered, hee came in great Pomp, with a stately Train of Followers to my Cottage, and certified me that his Wife was delibered of a goodly Boy, and thereupon requested mee with very faire and loving words, that I would let my Daughter goe unto her Sister, to give her that contentment which shee desired, for that shee did love her more dearly than her owne Soule: Thus his crafty and subtilt persuasions so much prevailed, that I could not frame an excuse to the contrary, but must needs consent to his Demand: so straight-way when hee had in his power that which his Soule so much desired, hee presently departed, giving mee to understand

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understand that hee would carry her to his wife, for whose sight shee had so much desired, and at whose coming shee would receive so great joy and contentment: her sudden departure bred such sorrow in my heart (being the only stay and comfort of my declining Age) that the fountaines of my Eyes rained downe a shower of Salt Teares upon my aged breast, so deare is the love of a Father unto his Child: but to see that, when this lustfull minded Caitiffe with his Pompous Train came in sight of his Castle, he commanded his Followers to ride forwards, that with my Daughter he might secretly conferre of serious matters, and so standing behind, till hee saw his Company almost out of sight, and they two alone together, then hee found opportunity to accomplish his lustfull desires, and so rode into a little Grove, which was hard at hand, close by a Ribers side, where without any more tarrying hee carryed her into the thickest part thereof, where hee thought it most convenient to performe so wicked a deed.

When hee beheld the Branches of the stick Trees to withhold the Light of Heaven from them, and that it seemed a place as it were over spread with the sable mantles of Night, hee alighted from his Horse, and willed my welbelovèd Daughter that she would likewise alight: she in whose heart rained no kinde of suspicion, presently alighted, and sat her downe by the Ribers side, and washed her faire white hawes in the streames, and refreshed her Mouth with the Chrysell Waters.

When this dissembling Traytour could no longer refraine, but with a Countenance like the lustfull King of Thrace when hee intended the Ravishment of Progne, or like Tarquinius of Rome when hee deflowered Lucrecia, hee let her understand by some outward shewes, and dark sentences, the kindled fire of love that burned in his heart, and in the end hee did wholly declare his devilish pretence and determined purpose.

So my unmarried Daughter being troubled in minde with his lustfull Maypliments, began in this manner to reprehend him: will you (said shee) defile my Sisters Bed, and stain the Honour of your House with Lust? Will you betraye mee of that precious Jewell, the which I hold more deare

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deare than my life, and blot my true Virginitie with your false desires: Brought you mee from the comfortable light of my Father to bee a joy unto my Sister, and will you flourish in the spoyle of my true Chastitie: Look, look, immoderate Knight, (I will not call thee Brother) look I say how the Skies blush at thy attempts, and see how chaste Diana sits upon the winged Firmaments, and threatens vengeance for her Virgins sake: wash from thy heart these lustfull thoughts with showers of repentant Teares, and seek not in this sort to wrong thy Marriage Bed, the which thou oughtest not to violate for all the Kingdoms in the World.

Then this accursed Knight, seeing the chaste and vertuous Mayden to stand so boldly in the defence of her Virginitie, with his rigorous hand hee took fast hold by her neck, and with a wrathfull countenance hee delivered these words: doe not think stubborne Damsell to preserve thy Honour from the purpose of my desires, for I sweare by the Chrystall Tower of Iupiter, either to accomplish my intent, or put thee to the cruellest death that euer was devised for any Damsell or Mayd: at which words the most sorrowfull and distressed Virgin, with a showre of Pearled Teares trickling downe her seemely blushing Cheeks, replied in this order. Think not, false Traytour (quoth shee) that feare of death shall cause mee to yeeld to thy filthy desires: no, no, I will account that stroak ten times more happy, and welcome to my soule than the joyes of Wedlock: then might I walk in the Elizian Fields amongst those Dames that died true Virgins, and not live to behold the bud of my Maydens glory withered with the nipping Frosts of thy unnaturall desires.

Whose words being well understood by the lustfull Knight, who with a countenance more furtious than the savage Lyons in the Desarts of Lybia, took her by the slender waiste, and rigorously dasht her body against the ground, and therewithall spake these words: Understand said hee, and hee well persuaded, thou unrelenting Damsell, that either living or dead, I will performe my will and intended purpose: for in my heart there burnes a fire that all the water in the Seas can never quench, nor all the drizzling Clouds of raine, if they
would

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Should drop sterneall Showers : but it is the water of thy sweet Virginitie that must quench my furious burning love : and thereupon in a madnesse hee cut off a great part of the frame of her Colone, and bound it very fast to the happe of her head, which glistered like to golden Wyers, and drag'd her up and downe the Globe, till the green Grasse turned to a purple colour with the blood that issued from her Body : by which cruelty hee thought to enforce her to his pleasure, but shee respected not his wicked cruelty, and the more hee procured to torment her, the more earnestly shee defended her Honour.

When this cruell and inhumane Monster saw that neither his flattering Speeches, nor his cruell Threats were of sufficiency to prouaile, hee began to forget all Faith and Loyalty hee ow'd unto the Honour of Knight-hood, and the respect hee should beare unto Woman-kinde, and blasphemed against Heaven, tearing her Cloathes all to peeces, he stripped her stark naked, and with the Raines of the Bzilde of his Horse, hee cruelly whipped and scourged her white and tender Back, that it was full of blew spots, and horrible circles of black and settled blood, with such extreame cruelty, that it was a very grieuous and sorrowfull sight to behold. And yet this did profit him nothing at all, for shee continued in her former resolution.

Hee seeing that shee still perseuered in the defence of her Honour, hee straight wayes, like a bloody Monster, heaped cruelty upon cruelty : and so took and bound her well proportioned Legs, and Chrysstaline Armes, straightly unto a withered Tree, saying : Oh cruell, and more cruell than any Woman in the World hath ever bene : why dost thou suffer thy selfe to be thus tormented, and not gibe consent to procure thy ease : Dost thou think it better to endure this torment, than to liue a most loving, sweet, and contented life : and therewithall his anger so encreased, that hee stood staring on her face with his accursed eyes, fixed in such sort that hee could not with-draw them back.

The which being perceibed by this distressed Virgine, as one farre more desirous of death than of life, with a furious Voyce shee said : Oh thou Traytor, thou wicked Monster,

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thou utter Enemy to all Humanity, thou shamelesse Creature, more cruell than the Lyons in the Desarts of Hircania; thou staine of Knighthood, and the bloodiest Wretch that euer Nature framed in the World, wherem dost thou contemplate thus thy selfe? thou fleshy Butcher, thou unmercifull Tyger, thou Lecherous Hogge, and dishonourer of thy Progeny: make an end (I say) of these my Torments, for now it is too late to repent thee, gaze my unspotted breast with thy bloody Weapon, and send my soule into the bosome of Diana, whom I behold sitting in her Celestiall Pallace, accompanied with numberlesse Troopes of Vestall Virgins, ready to entertaine my bleeding Ghost into her pleasant Mansion.

This merciless Knight seeing the stedfastnesse that shee had in the defence of her Honour, with a cruell and infernall heart took a silken Scarfe which the Damsell had girded at her Waiste, and with a brutall anger doubled it about her Neck and pinched it so strait, that her soule departed from her terrestrial body.

O you Valiant Knights that by your Prowesse come to the reading of this dismall Tragedy, and come to the hearing of these bloody lines contained in this golden Book: consider the great constancy and chastity of this unfortunate Mayden, and let the grieve thereof move you to take vengeance of this cruelty shewed without any desert.

So when this infernall minded Knight saw that shee was dead, hee took his Horse and rode after his Fellowes, and in a short time he overtok them, and looked with so farrious and irefull a Countenance, that there was none durst hee so hardy to ask him where my Daughter was, but only one of his Squires that bore mee great affection for the kindnesse and courtesie I offered to him at his Ladies and my Daughters Ruptials, who having a suspition by the great alteration that appeared

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appeared in his Master, and being very desirous to know what was become of the Damsell, for that hee came alone without bringing the Damsell with him, neither could hee have any sight of her: hee then presently with-drew himselfe back, and followed the footings of the Horse, and ceased not untill hee came to the place where this cruelty was wrought: whereas hee found the Mayden dead, at the view whereof hee remained almost beside himselfe, in such sort that hee had well nere fallen to the Ground: The sorrowfull Squire remained thus a good while before hee could speak, but at last when hee came againe to himselfe, hee began with a dolorous complaint to cry out against Fortune, because shee had suffered so great a cruelty to be committed upon this Damsell.

And making this sorrowfull Lamentation, hee unlaced her from the Tree, and laid her naked body upon part of her Apparell, the which he found lying by all besmeared in blood, and afterwards complained in this pittifull sort.

O cruell Knight (quoth hee) what infernall heart remained in thy breast, or what hellish Fury did bear thee company, that thy hands have committed this inhumane sacrifice! Was it not possible that this her surmounting Beauty might have moved thee to pittie, when it is of power to move the bloody Canniball to remorse, and constraine even Savage Monsters to relent: so with these, and other like sorrowfull words that the wofull Squire spake unto the dead Corps, he cut downe Branches from the Trees, and gathered Grasse from the Ground for to cover the Body, and left it lying so, that it seemed to be a Mountaine of greene Grasse, or a Thicket of springing Trees, and then determined with himselfe in the best manner that he could, to dissemble the knowlegge of the bloody Fact: so hee took his Horse and rode the next way towards the Castle, in which hee rode so fast that hee overtook the Knight and his Company at the entring of the Gates, whereas the lustfull Tyrant alighted, and without speaking to any person, entred into his Closet, by reason whereof this kinde and courteous Squire had time to declare all things hee had seene to the new married Lady, and the dolorous end of the constant Damsell her Sister. This sudden and unlooked for sorrow mixed with

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anger and wrath, was such in the Lady, that she caused the Squire not to depart from the Castle, untill such time as more occasion serbed, and to keep all things in secret that hee had scene, and shee her selfe remained sorrowfull, making marvellous and great Lamentations to her selfe all in secret, for that shee would not be perceibed, yet with a soft voyce shee said:

Oh unfortunate Lady, borne in a sorrowfull houre, when some blazing and unlucky Comet rained: Oh unhappy Destinies that made mee Wife unto so cruell a Knight, whose soule misdeeds have made the very Elements to blush, but yet I know that Fortune will not be so farre unkind, but that shee will procure a strange revenge upon his purple-stayned Soule: Oh you immortall Powers, revenge me on this wicked Homicide: if not, I sweare that I will with mine owne hands put in practise such an enterprize, and so staine my unspeckled heart with wilfull Murder, that all the Fates above, and all the bright Celestiall Planets shall sit and look from their immortall Pallace, and tremble at the terror of my hate.

This being said, shee took in her hand a Dagger of the Knights, and in her Arms her young Sonne, being but of the Age of forty dayes, saying: Now doe I wish so much evill unto the World, that I will not leabe a Sonne of so wicked a Father alive: for I will wash my hands in their accursed Bloods, were they in number as many as King Priams Children: and so in this irefull order entred shee the Chamber where the Knight her Husband was, and finding him tumbling upon his Bed from one side to the other, without taking any rest, but in his fury rending and tearing the liken Ornaments, where with a sorrowfull, weeping, and terrible voyce she called him Traytor: and like a firece Tygresse, with the Dagger that he brought in her hand, before his face shee cut the throat of the innocent Babe, and threw it to him on the Bed, and therewithall said: Take there (thou cruell Traytor) the fruit that thy wicked Seed created in my Body, and then threw shee the Dagger at him also, in hope to have killed him, but Fortune would not that it should take effect, for it struck against the Western of the Bed, and rebounded back unto her hands, which when the Lady saw that it nothing prebailed, shee re-
turned.

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turned upon her selfe her out-ragious fury : so taking the bloody Dagger, shee thrust it to her heart in such sort, that it parted it in two pices, and so she fell down dead betwixt his Armes that was the occasion of all this bloody cruelty.

The great sorrow hereat that this false and unhappy Knight received, was so strange, that hee knew not what counsell to take : but thinking upon a severe vengeance that might succeed these cruell Acts, hee straight-ways devised that the body of the Lady should be secretly buried, which being done by himselfe, in the saddest time of the night, in a solitary Garden under his Castle Wall, he heard a hollow voyce breathe from the deep Vaults of the Earth, this manner of Speeches following:

For the bloody Fact which thou so lately hast committed, thy life draws neare to a shamefull end : and thy Castle, with all the Treasure therein shall be destroyed, or fall into the hands of him whose Daughters thou hast so cruelly Murthered.

Upon this hee determined to use a secret Policy : which was, to set Watch and Ward in every Passage neare unto his Castle, and to Arrest all such Travellers, as by adventure landed upon that Island, not suffering them to passe untill such time as they had promised by Oath to Aid and Assist him, even unto death, against all his Enemies.

In the meane time, the afore-named Squire which had scene and heard all the Tragickall dealings that have bene here declared, in the best wise he could, returned again unto my Cottage, and told me all that you have heard, which was unto me very sorrowfull and heavie Newes : judge here then gentle Knights and yee Beholders of this wofull Tragedy, what sorrow I unfortunate Wretch sustained, and what anguish I received : for at the hearing thereof, I fell into a senselesse swoon, and being come again to my selfe, I all to besmeared my milk-white hayres in dust, that before were as clear as tryed Silber, and with my teares, being the true signs of sorrow, I bathed the bosome of my mother Earth, and my sighes passed with such abundance from my tormented heart, that they staid the passage of my speech, and my tongue could not reveale the griefe that my wofull thoughts conceived.

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In this dumbe silence and sorrow of minde I remained three dayes, and three nights, numbing my silent passions with the minutes of the day, and my nightly griefes with the Starres when frosty bearded Winter hath clad the Elements with sparkling Diamonds: but at last, when my amazed griefes were something abated, my eyes (almost blinde with weeping) requiring some sleep, thereby to mitigate the sorowes of my heart, I made my repaire into a certaine Meddow adjoining neare unto my Cottage, where amongst the greene springing Downes, I purposed to take some rest, and to lock up the closets of my fearefull eyes with golden slumbers, thinking it to bee the greatest content my sobbing heart required: But before I could settle my senses to a quiet sleep, I was constrained to breathe this wofull Lamentation from my oppressed soule:

Oh unhappy Chance (quoth I,) oh cruell and most spightfull Fortune! Why diddest thou not make me lose this bitter and sorrowfull life in my child-hood? Or why didst thou not permit and suffer mee to be strangled in my Mothers Wombs, or to have perished in my Cradle, or at my Nurses Bap: then had my heart never felt this sorrow, my eares never heard the Murther of my Children, nor mine eyes had never wept so many helpelesse teares.

Oh you Mountaines, you untamed Beasts! oh you deep Seas, and you infernall Powers of revengefull Hell! come all I say and willingly assist me in this mortall Tragedy, that these my aged Haies, which never yet practised any heinous Crime, may now bee stayned in his accursed blood that hath bereaved mee of the prop and stay of declined Age, my Daughters (I meane) whose bleeding Ghosts will never bee appeased, nor never sleep in quiet upon the joyfull Banks of the Elyzian Fields, but wander up and downe the World, filling each Corner of the Earth with fearefull and dolefull clamours of Murther and Revenge, nor ever shall the furies of my angry Soule be pacified, untill mine Eyes behold a streame of purple gore runne trickling from the detestable breast of that accursed Ravisher, and that the blood may issue from his guilty heart like a Fountaine with a number of Springs, whereby the Pavements of his Castle may be sprinkled with the same, and the Walls of his Turrets coloured

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coloured with a crimson hue, like to the Streets of Troy, when as her Channels ranne with blood : at the end of this sorrowfull Lamentation, what for griefe, and what for want of naturall rest, my Eyes closed together, and my Senses fell into a heaue sleep.

But as I lay slumbering in the greene Meddowes, I dreamed that there was a great and fierce wild-man, which stood before me with a sharp Fauchton in his hand, making as though he would kill me, whereat mee thought I was so frightened, that I gave (in my troublesome Dreame) many terrible shrikes, calling for succour to the empty Ayre. Then mee thought there appeared before my face a company of courteous Knights, which said unto mee, Feare not old man, for we bee come from the Soules of thy Daughters to ayde and succour thee : but yet for all this the wild-man banished not away, but struck with his Fauchton upon my breast, whereat it seemed to open, and then the wild Centaure put his hand into the gaping wound, and pulled out my bleeding heart : where, at the same instant, mee thought that one of the Knights likewise laid hold upon my heart, and they strove together with much contention, who should pull it from the others hands, but in the end, each of them remained with a piece in his hand, and my heart parted in two.

Then the piece which remained in the wild-mans keeping, turned into a hard stone, and the piece which remained in the power of the Knight, converted into red blood, and so they vanished away.

Then straight after this, there appeared before mine Eyes the Image of my murdered Daughter, in the selfe same manner and forme as you behold her portrayed, who with a naked body all besmeared in blood, reported unto mee the true Discourse of her unhappy Fortunes, and told mee in what place, and where her body lay in the Woods, dishonoured for want of Buriall : Also desiring mee not of my selfe to attempt the rebengement, for it was impossible, but to Intombe her Corpse by her Mother, and cause the Picture of her Body to bee most libely Portrayed and wrought of fine Chypstall, in the same manner that I found it in the Woods, and after erect it neare unto a common Passage, where Adventurous Knights doe usually travell. And assuring mee that whither
would

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would come certaine Christian Champions that should revenge this injury and inhumane Murder.

Which words being finished, mee thought she vanished away with a grievous and heavele groane, leaving behind her certaine drops of Blood sprinkled upon the Grasse: Whereat with great perplexity and more sorrow, I awaked out of my Dreame, bearing it in my grievous wounds, not telling it, not so much as to the batt Ayre, but with all expedition performed her bleeding Soules request.

Where, ever since, most courteous and Noble Knights, I have here lamented her untimely death, and my unhappy fortune, spending the time in writing her dolefull Tragedy in blood-red lines, the which I see with great griefe you have read in this Book of Gold.

Therefore most courteous Knights, if ever Honour encouraged you to fight in Noble Adventuress, I now most earnestly intreat you with your magnanimous Fortitudes to assist me to take revenge, for the great cruelty that hath been used against my unfortunate Daughter.

At the reading of this sorrowfull History, Saint George with the other Champions, shed many teares, wherewith there did encrease in them a further desire of revenge, and being moved with great compassion, they protested by their promises made to the Honour of Knight hood, to persevere speedily on their vowed revenge and determined purpose: so sealing up a Promise to their plighte Oaths, protesting that sooner should the lives of all the famous Romanes be raised from death, from the time of Romulus to Caesar, and all the rest unto this time, than to be perswaded to returne from their Promises, and never to Travell back into Christendome till they had performed their Vowes, and thus burning with desire to see the end of this sorrowfull Adventure, Saint George clasped up the bloody written Book, and gave it againe to the Shepheard, and so they proceeded forwards toward the Island where the Knight of the black Castle had his residence, guided only by the direction of the old man, whose aged Limbs seemed so lusty in travelling, that it prognosticated a lucky event: in which journey we will leave the Champions for a time, with the wonderfull provision

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provision that the Knight of the Black Castle made in his
defence, the successe wherof will be the strangest that ever
was reported, and returns and speak of Saint George's three
Sonnnes in the pursuit of their Father, where we left them
(as you heard before) travelling from the Confinnes of Bar-
bary, where they redeemed the Normane Lady from the
salvny Moors:

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CHAP. VII.

A wonderfull and strange Adventure that hapned to Saint *George* his Sonnes, in the pursuit of their Father, by finding certaine drops of blood, with Virgins haire scattered in the Fields, and how they were certified of the injurious dealing of the Knight of the black Castle against the Queen of *Armenia*.



Any and dangerous were the Adventures of the three young valiant Princes in the pursuit of their Father Saint *George*, and many were the Countreys, Ilands, and Princes Courts, that they searched to obtaine a wished sight of his martiall countenance, but all to small purpose, for Fortune neither cast them happily upon that Coast where hee with his famous Champions had their residence, nor luckily sounded in their eares the places of their Arrivals.

In which pursuit I omit and passe over many Noble Adventures that these three Princes atchieved, as well upon the raging Ocean, as upon the firme Land, and only Discourse upon an accident that hapned to them in an Iland bordering upon the Confines of *Armenia*, nere unto the Iland where the Knight of the Black Castle remained, as you heard in the last Chapter, upon which Coast

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Coast after they were Arrived, they travelled in a broad and straight Path, untill such time as they came to a very faire and belectable Forrest, whereas sundry chirping Birds had gathered themselves together, to refresh and shadow themselves from the parching heat of the golden Sunne, filling the Ayre with the pleasures of their shrill tuned notes.

In this Forrest they travelled almost two houres, and then they went up to the top of a small Mountaine which was at hand, from the which they discovered very faire and well towred Townes, with Princely Pallaces very sumptuous to behold: likewise they discovered from the Hill a faire Fountaine brought all of Marble like unto a Pillar, out of which did proceed foure Spouts running with water, which fell into a great Cesterne, and coming to it, they washed their Hands, and refreshed their Faces, and so departed.

After they looked round about them one every side, and toward their right hand they espyed amongst a company of greene Trees, a small Tent of black Cloath, towards which these young Princes directed their courses, with an easie pace, but when they had entred the Tent, and saw no body therein, they remained silent awhile, harkening if they could heare any stirring, but they could neither see nor heare any thing, but only they found the print of certaine little feet upon the sand, which caused them more earnestly to desire to know whose foot-steps they were, for that they seemed to bee some Ladies or Damaisles: so finding the Trace, they followed them, and the more the Knights followed, the more the Ladies seemed to haste: so long they pursued after the Trace, that at the end they approached a little Mountaine, whereas they found scattered about certaine locks of yelloe haire, which seemed like breeds of gold, and stooping to gather them up, they perceived that some of them were wet with drops of blood, whereby they well understood, that in great anger they were pulled from some Ladies Head: likewise they saw in divers places how the Earth was spotted with drops of Crimson blood: then with a more desire than they had before, they went up to the top of that little Mountaine, and having lost the foot-

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steps,

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Steps, they recovered it againe by gathering up the haire, where they had not trabelled far upon the Mountaine, but towards the Waters side they heard a grieuous complaint, which seemed to be the voyce of a Woman in great distresse, and the words which the Knights did understand, were these: O Love, now shalt thou no more rejoyce, nor have any longer dominion oher mee, for death I see is ready to cut my threed of life, and finish these my sorrowfull Lamentations: how often have I askt rebengement at the handes of Fortune against that wicked Wretch that hath bene the Causer of my Banishment, but yet shee will not heare my Request: How oft have I made my sad Complaints to Hell: yet have the fatall Furies kept their eares against my wooll cryes.

And with this shee held her peace, giving a sorrowfull sigh: which being done, the three Chyristian Knights turned their eyes to the place from whence they heard this Complaint, and discovered among certaine græne Trees, a Lady who was endued with singular Beauty, being so excellent, that it almost depzibed them of their hearts, and captivated their Senses in the snares of love, which liberty as yet they never lost: shee had her hayre about her eares, which hung defusedly downe her comely Shoulders, through the violence shee used against her selfe, and leaning her Cheek upon her delicate white Hand that was all to bespotted with Blood, which was constrained by the scratching of her Payles upon her Rosie coloured Face: by her stood another Damself which they conjectured to be her Daughter, for shee was clad in Virgin coloured Silke as white as the Lillies of the FIELDS: and as pleasant to behold, as the glistering Moone in a cleare Winters freezing Night: notwithstanding all this delectable sight, the three Princely Knights would not discover themselves, but stood closely behinde three Pine Trees which grew neare unto the Mountaine, to heare the Event of this Accident: where, as they stood cloked in silence, they heard her thus to conferre with her Beautifull Daughter:

O my Rosana (quoth shee) the unhappy figure of him, that without pittie hath wounded my heart, and left mee comfortlesse with the greatest cruelty that eber Knight or Gentleman left Lady: how hath it bene possible that I have had the
force

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force to bring up the Child of such a Father which hath bereaved me of my Liberty ! O you Sovereign Powers, grant that I may establish in my minde the remembrance of the love of thy Adulterous Father : O h Girl, bozne to a further griefe, here doe I desire the Gubners of thy Fortunes, that thy glistering Beauty may have such force and power, whereby the shining beames thereof may take revenge of the dishonour of thy Mother : give eare deare Child, I say, unto thy dying Mother, thou that art bozne in the dishonour of thy generation, by the losse of my Virginitie, here doe I charge thee upon my Blessing even at my houre of death, and sweare thee by the hands of Nature, never to suffer thy Beauty to be enjoyed by any one, untill thy disloyall Fathers Head be offered up in Sacrifice unto my Grave, thereby somewhat to appease the fury of my discontented Soule, and recover part of my former honour.

These and such like words spake the afflicted Quene, to the wonderfull amazement of the three young Knights, which as yet intended not to discover themselves, but still to mark the Event, for they conjectured that her wolfull complaints were the induction of some strange Accident : Thus as they stood obscurely behinde the Trees, they saw the young and Beautifull Damsell give unto her dying Mother, Paper, Pen and Inke, the which she pulled from her faire Bosome, with which the grieved Quene subscribed certaine sorrowfull Lines unto him that was the Causer of her Banishment : and making an end of her writing, they heard her (with a dying breath) speak unto her Daughter these sorrowfull words following :

Come Daughter (quoth she) behold thy Mother at her latest gaspe, and imprint my dying Request in thy Heart, as in a Table of Wrasse, that it never may be forgotten : time will not give me longer respite, that with words I might shew unto thee my deep affections, for I feele my Death approaching, and the fatall Sifters ready to cut my threed of Life asunder betwene the edges of their Sheares, insomuch that I most miserable Creature doe feele my Soule trembling in my Flesh, and my Heart quivering at this my last and fatall Houre, but one thing (my sweet and tender Child) doe I desire of thee before I die : which is, that thou wouldst procure that this

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Letter may be given to that cruell Knight thy disloyall Father, giving him to understand of this my troublesome death, the occasion whereof was his unreasonable cruelty: and making an end of saying this, the miserable Queene fell down, not having any more strength to sit up, but let the Letter fall out of her hand, the which her sorrowfull Daughter presently took up, and falling upon her Mothers Breast, she replied in this sorrowfull manner:

O my sweet Mother, tell me not that you will die, for it addes a torment more grievous unto my Soule than the punishments which Danaus Daughters keele in Hell: I had rather be torne in pieces by the fury of some merciless Monster, or to have my heart parted in twaine by the hands of him that is my greatest enemy, than to remaine without your company. Sweet Mother, let these my youthfull Peeres, and this my Greene budding Beauty encourage you still to revive, and not to leave me comfortlesse, like an Orle in the World: but if the gloomy Fates doe triumph in your death, and abidge your breathing Trunk of life, and that your Soule must needs goe wander in the Elizian Shades, with Trula's Shaddow, and with Didoes Ghost, here doe I protest by the great and tender love I beare you, and by the due Obedience that I owe unto your Age, either to deliver this your Letter into the hands of my unkinde Father, or with these my rusfull Fingers to rent my Heart in sunder: and before I will forget my Blow, the silver Streamed Tygris shall forsake her course, the Sea her Tydes, and the glittering Queene of Night her usuall Changes: neither shall any forgetfulness be an occasion to withdraw my minde from performing your dying Requests: Then this weak Queene (whose power and strength was wholly decayed, and her houre of death drew neare at hand,) with a feeble voyce she said, O you sacred and immortall Gods, and all you bright Celestiall Powers of Happinesse, into your Divine Bosomes now doe I commend my dying Soul, asking no other revenge-ment against the Causer of my death, but that hee may die like me for want of love.

After this the dying Queene never spake word more, for at that instant the cruell Destinies gave end unto her life: but when Rosina perceived her to be dead, and shee left to the

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the World deuyd of comfort, she began to teare the golden
trammels from her head, and most furiously to beat her
white and Ivory Breast, filling the empty Ayres with clamors
of her moanes, making the Skies like an Echo to resound
her Lamentations, and at last taking her Mothers Letter in
her hands, washing it with floods of teares, and putting it
next unto her naked Breast, she said: Here lie thou, neare
adjoyning to my bleeding heart, neber to be removed un-
till I have performed my dying Mothers Testament. Oh
work, and the last work of those her dying handes, here
doe I sweare by the honour of true Virgins, not to part it
from my grieved bosome untill such time as love hath rent
the dissolail heart of my unkind Father, and in speaking
this she kneld it a thousand times, breathing forth millions
of sighes, and so with a blushing countenance, as radiant as
Aurora's glistering Beames, she rose and said to her selfe:
What is this Rosanz; dost thou think to recall thy Mothers
life with ceremonious complaints, and not performe that
which by her was commanded thee? Arise, arise, I say, gather
unto thy selfe strength and courage, and wander up and downe
the World, till thou hast found thy dissolail Father, as thy
true heart hath promised to doe.

These words were no sooner finished, but Saint George's
Sommes like men whose hearts were almost overcome with
griefe, came from the Pine Trees, and discovered themselves
to the Damsell, and courteously requested her to Discourse the
Story of all her passed miseries, and as they were true Chri-
stian knights, they promised her (if it lay in their powers) to
release her sorowes, and to give end unto her miseries.
Rosana when she beheld these courteous and well demeanur'd
knights, which in her conceit carried relenting minds, and
considering how kindly they desired to be partners in her
griefes, she stood not upon curious terms, nor upon vaine
exceptions, but most willingly condescended to their requests:
so when they had prepared their eares to entertaine her sad and
sorrowfull Discourse, with a sober countenance, she began in
this manner:

Lately, I was (quoth she, whilst Fortune smiled on mee)
the only Child and Daughter of this lovely Queene that you
behold here lying dead, and she before my Birth whilst Fortune
granted

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granted her prosperitie, was the Mayden Queene of a Countrey called Armenia, adjoyning neare unto this unhappy Island: whom in her young yeares when her Beauty began to flourish, and her high renoune to mount upon the wings of Fame, she was so intayped with the golden bait of blind Cupid, and so intangled with the love of a disloyall Knight called the Knight of the Black Castle, who after hee had flourisht in the spoyle of her Virginitie, and had left his fruitfull Seed springing in her Wombe, grew weary of her love, and most discourteously left her as a shame unto her Countrey, and a staine unto her kindred, and after gave himselfe to such lustfull and lascivious manner of life, that hee unlawfully married a Shepheards Daughter in a forraigne Land, and likewise ravished her owne Sister, and after committed her most inhumane daughter in a Desert Wood: this being done, hee fortified himselfe in his Black Castle, only consoled with a cunning Begzomancer, whose skill in Magick is now grown so excellent, that all the Knights in the World can never conquer the Castle, where ever since he hath remained in despite of the whole Earth.

But now speak I of the Tragicall Story of my unhappy Mother. When as I her unfortunate Babe began first to struggle in her Wombe, wherein I with I had bene strangled: she heard newes of her Knights ill demeanour, and how he had wholly given himselfe to the spoyle of Virginitie, and had for ever left her love, never intending to returne againe, the griefe whereof so troubled her minde, that she could not in any wise dissemble it, and so upon a time being amongst her Ladies, calling to remembrance her spotted Virginitie, and the Seed of dishonour planted in her Wombe, she fell into a wonderfull and strange Trance, as though shee had bene oppressed with sudden death, which when her Ladies and Damselfs beheld, they presently determined to unbrace her rich Ornaments, and to carry her unto her Bed, but she made signes with her hands that they should depart and leave her alone, whose commandement was straightway obeyed, not without great sorrow of them all, for their loves were deare unto her. This afflicted Queene, when shee saw that she was alone, began to exclaime against her Fortune, rebelling the Fates with bitter Exclamations:

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Oh unconstant Quene of Chance (said shee) thou that hast wrapped such strange Webs in my Kingdome, thou that gavest my Honour to that Tyrants lust, which without all remorse hath left me comfortlesse, it is thou that didst constrain me to set my life to sale, and to sell my Honour as it were with the Cryer, compelling mee to doe that which hath spotted my Princely Estate, and stained my bright Honour with black infamy: woe is me for my Virginitie! that which my Parents gave mee charge to have respect unto, but I have carelesly kept it, and smallly regarded it: I will therefore chastise my body, for thus forgetting of my selfe, and be so rebenged for the little regard that I have made of my Honour, that it shall be an example to all noble Ladies and Princes of high Estate in the whole World.

Oh miserable Quene, oh fond and unhappy Lady! thy speeches be too foolish, for although thy desperate hand should pull out thy despised heart from thy bleeding breast, yet can it not make satisfaction for thy dishonour.

Oh you Clouds! Why doe you not cast some fiery thunder-Bolt downe upon my Head: or why doth not the Earth gape and swallow my infamous Body? Oh false and deceyving Lord, I would thy loving and amorous words had never bene spoken! nor thy quick-sighted Eyes never gazed upon my Beauty, then had I flourisht still with glory and renowne, and lived a happy Virgin of chaste Diana's Train.

With these and other like Lamentations this grieved Quene passed away the time from day to day, till at last she felt her Wombe to grow big with Child: at the which she received double paine, for that it was impossible to cover or hide it, and seeing her selfe in this case like a woman hated and abhoyred, she determined to discover her selfe publikely unto her Subjects, and deliver her body unto them to be Sacrificed unto their Gods: and with this determination, one day she caused certaine of her Nobles to bee sent for, who straight-way came, according to her commandment, but when shee perceived her Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen of Honour were come thither before her, she covered her selfe with a rich Robe, and sate upon her Bed in her private Chamber, being so pale and leane, that all they that saw her had

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great compassion upon her sorrow : being all set round about her Bed, and keeping silence, shee revealed to them the cause of her griefe in this manner :

My Lords (quoth shee) I shame to entitle my selfe your Quene and Soberaigne, in that I have defamed the Honour of my Countrey, and little regarded the welfare of our Common Wealth : my glistering Crowne mee thinks, is shaded with a cloud of black disgrace, and my Princely Attire converted into unchaste Habillments : in which I have both lost the liberty of my heart, and withall my wonted joy, and now am constrained to endure perpetuall paine, and an ever-pining death : for I have lost my Honour, and reaped nothing but shame and infamy.

To conclude, I have forgone the liberty of a Quene, and sold my selfe to a slavish sinne, only mine owne is the fault, and mine owne shall bee the punishment. Therefore without making any excuse : I here surrender up my body into your Powers, that you may (as an evill Quene) sacrifice mee unto our Gods : for now my Lords you shall understand, that I am dishonoured by the Knight of the Black Castle, hee hath planted a Wee within my fruitfull Garden, and also sowne a Seed within my accursed Wombe, that hath made Armenia infamous : yes it is that hath committed horribly evils in the world, hee it is that delights in Virgins spoiles, and he it is that hath bereaved me of my Honour, but with my consent I must needs confesse, and left me for a testimony of this my evill deed, big with Child, by which my Virgins glory is converted to a monstrous scandall : and with this shee made an end of her Lamentable Speech : And being grievously oppressed with the paine of her burthenous Womb, shee sate her down upon her rich Bed, and attended their wills.

But when those Earls, Lords, and honourable Personages that were present, had understood all that the Quene had said unto them, like men greatly amazed, they changed their colours from red to white, and from white to red, in sign of anger, looking one upon another, without speaking any word, but printing in their hearts the fault done by their Quen, to the great disgrace of their Countrey, they without any further consideration, deprived her from all Princely Dignity, both
of

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of Crowne and Regiment, and pronounced her perpetual Banishment from Armenia, like Subjects not to be Governed by such a defamed Prince, that hath grafted the Fruit of such a wicked Tree within her Womb.

So at the time appointed, like a Woman forlorn and hated of all Companies, she stored her selfe with sufficient Treasure, and betook her selfe to her appointed Banishment. After whose departure, the Armenians elected themselves another Prince, and left their lustfull Queen wandring in unknown Places, big with Child, devoid of succour and reliefe, where in stead of her Princely Bed covered with Canopies of Silk, she took her nightly repose upon the greene Grasse, shadowed with the sable Curtaines of the Skies, and the Puzles that were provided against her delivery, were Symphes and Fayries dancing in the night by Proserpines commandement. Thus in great griefe continued shee many dayes contenting her selfe with her appointed Banishment: making her Lamentations to whispering Winds, which seemed in her conceit to re-answer her complaints: at length the glistering Moone had tenne times borrowed light of golden Phœbus, and the Nights cleare Candle was now almost extinguished, by which time approached the houre of her laboursome Travail, where without help of Woman, she was Delivered of mee her unhappy Daughter, where ever since I have bene nourished in these unfrequented Woods, and many times when I came to years of discretion, my wofull Mother would Discourse unto me this Lamentable Story of both our miseries, the which I have most truly declared unto you.

Likewise shee told me, that many times in my Infancy, when shee wanted Milk in her Breasts to nourish me, there would come a Lynesse, and sometimes a She-Bear, and gently geve mee suck, and contrary to the nature of wild Beasts, they would many times sport with me, whereby she conjectured that the immortal Powers had preserved mee for some strange fortune: Likewise at my Birth, nature had pictured upon my Breast, directly betwixt my two Paps, the lively forme of a purple Rose, which as yet doth beautifie my bosome with a vermillion colour: and this was the cause that my Mother named mee Rosana, answerable to my natures mark.

The second part of the

After this we liued many a yere in great distress, penury, and want, intreating time to redresse our woes, more often then wee had liued houres: the abundance of our teares might suffice to make a watry Sea, and our sighes counterbaile the Starres. But at last, the fatal Sisters listning to my Mothers moanes, and to my great sorowes, depriued her of her life, where now I am left a comfortlesse Orphan to the World, attending the time untill I finde some courteous Knight that may conduct me to the Black Castle, where my disloyall Father hath his residence, that I may there perform my Mothers dying Will.

These words being finished, Rosana stood silent, for that her extreame griefe hindred the passage of her tongue, and her eyes rained such a shower of pearled teares upon the liuelesse body of her Mother, that it constrained Saint George's Sonnes to expresse the like sorow: where after they had let fall a few salt teares down from their sad eyes, and had taken truce for a time with griefe, they took Rosana by the hand, (which before that time neuer touched the hand of any man) and protested neuer to depart from her company till they had safely conducted her to the Black Castle.

Thus after this when the Christian Knights had pittifully bewailed the misery and untimely death of her Mother, they took their Daggers and digged a deep Grave under a Bay Tree, and buried her Body therein, that hungry Rabens might not seize upon it, nor furious Beasts teare it in pieces, nor ravenous Harpies deuoure it, and after with the point of their Daggers, they engravd this Epitaph in the rinde of the Bay Tree, which words were these that follow:

The

The E P I T A P H over the Grave
of the unfortunate Queene
of ARMENIA.

Here lies the Body of a helpleffe Queene,
Whose great good-will to her small joy did bring:
Her willing minde requited was with teene:
Though she deserv'd for love a regall King,
And as her Corps inclosed here doth lie,
Her lucklesse Fate, and Fame shall never die.

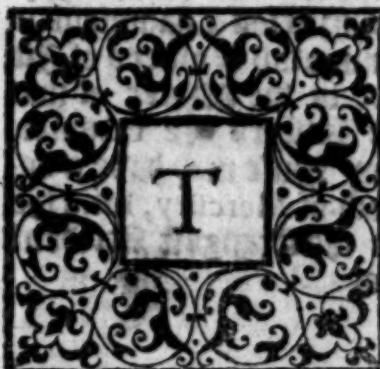
So when they had made this Epitaph and covered her Grave
with greene Turbes, they departed forward on their journey
towards the Black Castle, where we will leave them in their
Trabels, and return to the disloyall Leoger, and how he For-
tified his Castle by Magick Art, according to the learned skill
of a cunning Peggomancer, and of the Adventures that hap-
ned to Saint George with the other Christian Champions in
the same Castle, therefore grant you immortall Powers of In-
vention, that my Pen may bee dipt in the Water of that
Learned Fountaine, where the nine Sisters doe inhabite,
that by the help of that sweet liquor my Muse may have a de-
lightfull vaine, so that mixing the Speech of Mercury, with the
Prowesse of Mars, I may Discourse the strangest Accident
that ever hapned to wandring Knights,

The second part of the



CHAP. VIII.

Of the preparation that the Knight of the Black Castle made by Magick Art, to withstand his Enemies, and how the seven Champions entred the same Castle, where they were enchanted into a dead sleep; so long as seven Lamps burned, which could not be quenched but by the water of an enchanted fountaine.



THE wicked Leoger, as you have read of before, being the Knight of the Black Castle, and one that for Wealth and Treasure surpassed most of the Potentates, when hee grew detested and abhorred in every company, as well by Noble Knights as gallant Ladies, for the spoyle and Murther of those three Virgyn Dames, whose pitifull Stories you heard in the two former Chapters, and fearing sudden Vengeance to fall upon his Head, hee fortified himselfe strongly in his Castle, and with his Treasure hired many furious Gyants to defend it: wherein if they failed, and should chance to be overcome, hee consorted with a wicked Peggomancer, that hee with Charmes and Spels should work Wonders in his Castle, which Magicall accomplishments wee will passe over till a more convenient time

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time, because I purpose to explaine the History in good order to the Reader.

First, speak we of Saint George with the other Christian Knights that came in rebenge of the Shepheard and his unfortunate Daughter, who with good successe arrived upon the shoare of the Island, where this wicked Leoger and the Magician had fortified their Black Castle: In which Countrey the Christian Champions like the invincible Followers of Mars, fearing no danger, nor the frownes of unconstant Fortune, betook themselves to the readiest way towards the Castle, in which journey they were almost ravished with the pleasures of the Island: for entring into a narrow and straight Lane, garnished on both sides with Trees of divers sorts, they heard how the Summer Birds recorded their pleasant melodies, and made their sweet and accustomed Songs without feare of any man to molest them. In which row of pleasant Trees that delighted them on both sides, there wanted not the Greene Lawrell, so much esteemed of learned Schollers: nor the sweet Myrtle Tree, loved by Ladies: nor the high Cypress, so much regarded of Lovers: nor the stately Pine, which for his flourishing height is called the Prince of Trees: whereby they judged it to be rather an Habitation for Goddesses, than any Terrestriall Countrey, for that the golden Sun with his glittering Beames did passe through those Greene and pleasant Trees without any hindrance of black Clouds: for the Skies were as cleare as tryed Silber: likewise the Westerne Winde did softly shake the shivering leaves, whereby it made as sweet a harmony as if they had been Celestiall Cherubins: a thousand little streamed Brooks ran upon the mameled Ground, making sundry fine works by their crooked turnings, and joyning one Water with another, with a very gentle meeting, making such silver Musick, that the Champions with the pleasure thereof were almost ravished, and smally regarded whether their Horses went right or no, and travelling in this sort, they rode forward till they came into a marvellous great and wide Meddow, being of such exceeding faireness, that I am not able with Pen to paint out the excellency thereof: whereas were feeding both wilde and tame Harts, adorned with great and cragged Hornes: Likewise the furtious wilde Boar, the fierce Lyon, and the simple

The second part of the

simple Lambes were all together, feeding with so great friendship, as on the contrary, by nature, they were enemies.

Whereat the Noble Champions were almost overcome in their alone conceits, and amazed in their imaginations, to see so strange love cleane contrary unto nature, and that there was no difference betwixt the love of wilde Beasts and tame: in this manner they travelled along, till upon a sudden they arrived before the Buildings of the Black Castle: and casting their eyes toward the same, they beheld neare unto the principall Gate, right over the Castle, twelve Marble Pinacles, of such an exceeding height, that the Pyramides of Egypt were very low in comparison of them: in such sort that whosoever would look upon them, was scant able with his sight to comprehend the height thereof, and they were all painted most gorgeously with severall colours.

Downe below under the Castle there was an Arch with a Gate, which seemed to be of Diamonds, and all was compassed about with a great Moat or Ditch, being of so great a depth, that they thought it to reach to the midst of the Earth, and it was almost two hundred paces broad, and every Gate had his draw-Bridge, all made of red Woods, which seemed as though they had bene bathed all in blood.

After this the Champions rode to the other side of this goodly Castle, wondering at the curious and sumptuous workmanship, where they styped a Pillar of beautifull Jasper-Stone, all wrought full of precious Stones of strange works, the which Pillar was of great value, and was garnished with Chaines of Gold, that were made fast unto it by Magick Art, at which Pillar likewise hung a very costly Silver Trumpet, with certaine Letters carved about the same, the which contained these words following:

If any dare attempt this place to see,
By sounding this, the Gate shall opened be;
A Trumpet here enchain'd by Magick Art,
To daunt with feare the proudest Champions heart:
Look thou for blowes that entrest in this Gate,
Returne in time; repentance comes too late.

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The which when Saint George beheld, and had understood the meaning of those mysticall Letters, without any more tarrying, he set the Silver Trumpet to his Mouth, and sounded such a vehement blast, that it seemed to echo in the foundation of the Castle: whereat the principall Gate presently opened, and the draw-Bridge, was let downe, without the help of any visible hand, which made the Champions to wonder, and to stand amazed at the strange accident, but yet intending not to returne, like Cowards daunted with a puffe of winde, they alighted from their Warlike Steeds, and delivered them into the old Shepherds hands, to be fed upon the fragrant and greene Grasse, till they had performed the Adventure of the Castle, the which they vowed either to accomplish, or never to returne: so locking downe their Beavers, and drawing forth their keene-edged Fanchions, they entred the Gates, and being safe within, the Champions looked round about them to see if they could espie any body, but they saw nothing but a paire of winding Staires, whereat they ascended, but they had not gone many steps thereto, when as there was so great a darkness, that scarce they could see any light, so that it rather seemed the similitude of Hell, than any other worldly place, yet groping by the Walls, they kept their going downe those narrow and turning Staires, which were very dark, and of such length, that they thought they descended into the middle of the Earth.

They spent a great time in descending those Staires, but in the end they came into a very faire and large Court all compassed with Iron Gates like unto a Prison, or a place provided to keep untamed Lyons, wherein casting their eyes up to the top of the Castle, they beheld the wicked Knight walking with the Peggomancer upon a large Gallery supported with huge Pillars of Brasse: likewise there were attending upon them seven Gyants cloathed in mighty Iron Coats, holding in their hands Bats of Steele: to whom the bold and venturous Champion of England spake with an undaunted Courage and lowd Voyce in this manner, saying:

Come downe thou wicked Knight, thou spoyle of Virginitie, thou that art inticoned with these monstrous
L
Gyants,

The second part of the

Gyants, these the wondrous works of Nature, whose daring looks seeme to scale the Clouds, much like unto the pyres of Nimrod, when hee offered to Build up Babels confused Tower.

Come downe I say, from thy Brazen Gallery, and take to thee thy Armour, thou that hast a heart to commit a Virgins Rape, for whose revenge we come, now likewise have a courage in thy defence: for we bow never to depart out of thy Castle, till wee have conquered thee, or by thy force be discomfited.

At which words hee held his peace, expecting an answer. Whereat the wicked Knight when hee heard these Heroicall Speeches of Saint George, began to fret and fume like to the starved Lyon, famished with hunger, or the cruell Tiger mauling in humane blood, with a great desire to satisfy his thirst: or like the wrath of dogged Cerberus when as hee fasted with Alcides Flesh; even so raged Leoger the Knight of the Black Castle, threatening forth fury from his sparkling eyes: and in this vile manner hee re-answered the Noble Champion of England:

Woud Knight (said he) or Peasant, whatsoever thou art, I passe not the smallest haire of my head, for thy upbraiding mee with thy unruly tongue, I will return thy Speeches on thy selfe, for the Wabements of my Castle shall be sprinkled with thy accursed blood, and the bones of those thy unhappy Followers shall bee buried in the Sinks of my Channels. If thou hadst brought the Army of invincible Caesar, that made all Lands to tremble where hee came, yet were they but as a blast of winde unto my Forces. Seest thou not my Gyants which stand like Dakes upon our Brazen Gallery? they at my Com-mandement shall take you from the places where you stand: and throw you over the Walls of this my Castle, in such sort, that they shall make you see into the Ayre, more than tenne fathomes high. And for that thou hast upbraided mee with the disgrace done unto a Virgin, I tell thee, if I had thy Mother here, of whom thou tuckest first the ayre of life, my hand should split her Wombe, that thou mightest see the Bed of thy Conception, as Nero did in Rome: or if thy Wife and Children were here present before thy face, I would abridge their lives, that thy accursed eyes might be witnesses of

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of their bloody spurfers : so much wrath and hate now rageth in my heart, that all the blood in thy Body cannot wash it thence.

At which words the Gyants which hee had byzed to defend him from his Foes, came unto him very strongly armed with sturdy Weapons in their hands, and requested him to bee quiet, and to abate his so incensed anger, and they would fetch unto his presence, all those braving Knights that were the occasion of his disquietnesse and anger : and so without tarrying for any answer, they departed downe into the Court, and left the Knight of the Castle with the Magician, standing still upon the Gallery to behold the Following Counters.

But when the Gyants approached the Champions presence, and saw them so well proportioned and furnished, and Knights of so gallant features, they flourished about their knotty Clubs, and purposed not to spend the time in words but in blowes.

Then on of the fiercest and cruellest Gyants of them all (which was called Brandamond) seeing Saint George to bee the forwardest in the Enterpryse, and judging him to be the Knight that had so braved his Lord, he began with a sterne countenance to speak unto him in this manner : Art thou that bold Knight (said the Gyant) that with thy witlesse words hast so angred the mighty Leoger the Lord of this Castle : If thou be, I advise thee by submission to seek to appease his furious wrath before revengement bee taken upon thy person.

Also I doe charge thee (that if thou wilt remaine with thy life) that thou dost leave thy Armour, and yeld thy selfe, with all these thy Followers, with their hands fast bound behind them, and goe and aske forgiveness at his feet : To which Saint George with a smiling countenance answered : Gyant (said hee) thy counsell I doe not like, nor thy advice will I receiue, but rather doe we hope to send thee and all thy Followers, without tongues, to the infernall King of fiery Phlegeton : and for that you shall not have any more time to speak such folly and foolishnesse, either return your wayes from whence you came, and repent you of this which you have said, or else prepare your selves to mortal Battell.

The second part of the

The Gyants when they heard the Champions resolutions, and how lightly they regarded their proffers, without any longer tarrying they straight way fell upon Saint George and his Company, intending with their knotty Bats of Steele to beat them as small as Flesh unto the Pot, but the Quene of Chance so smiled upon the Christian Champions, that the Gyants smally prebailed, for betwixt them was fought a long and terrible Battell, in such danger that the Victory hung wavering on both sides, not knowing to whom it would fall: the Bats and Fashions made such a noyse upon one anothers Armour, that they sounded like to the blowes of the Cyclops working upon their Anvils: and at every blow they gave, fire flew from their Steele Corlets, like sparkles from the flaming Furnaces in Hell, the Skies resounded back the Echoes of their strokes, and the ground shook as though it had bene oppressed with an Earthquake: the Pavement of the Court was over-spread with an entermixed colour of blood and sweat, and the Walls of the Castle were mightily battered with the Gyants Clubs: by the time that glistering Sol the Dayes bright Candle, began to decline from the top of Heaven, the Gyants (wearyed in fight) began to faint: whereat the Christian Knights with more Courage, began to encrease in strength, and with such rigour assailed the Gyants, that before the golden Sunne had dived to the Western World, all the Gyants were quite discomforted and slaine: some lay with their heads dismembred from their Bodies, weltring in purple gore: some had their Baines sprinkled against the Walls: some lay in Channels with their Intrales trailing down in streames of Blood: and some joyntlesse, with their Bodies cut in pieces: so that there was not one left alive to withstand the Christian Champions.

Whereat Saint George with the other six Knights fell upon their knees, and thanked the immortall Rector of all good Chances for their Victory.

But when the Knight of the Black Castle which stood upon the Gallery during all the time of the Encounter, and saw how all the Gyants were slaine by the prowess of those strange Knights, he raged in great wrath, wishing that the Ground might gape and swallow him, before he were delibered into

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into the hands of his Enemies, and presently would have cast himselfe headlong from the top of the Gallery, thereby to have dast out his Waines against the Pavement, had not the Magomancer, who likewise beheld the Event of the Encounter, intercepted him in his intended drift, promising to performe by Art, what the Gyants could not doe by force.

So the Magomancer fell to his Magick Spels and Charmes, by which the Christian Champions were mightily troubled and molested, and brought in danger of their lives, by a fearefull and strange manner, as shall bee hereafter shewne.

For as they stood after their long Encounters, unbuckling their Armors to take the fresh Ayze, and to wash their bloody wounds received in their last conflict: the Magician caused by his Art a Spirit in the likeness of a Lady of a marvellous and faire Beauty, to look through an Iron Gate, who seemed to leane her faire Face upon her white Hand very pensively, and distilled from her Chrystall Eyes great abundance of teares. When the Champions saw this beautifull Creature, they remained in great admiration, thinking with themselves, that by some hard misfortune shee was imprisoned in those Iron Gates: at which this Lady did seeme to open her faire and Chrystalline Eyes, looking earnestly upon Saint George, and giving a grievous and sorrowfull sigh, shee with-drew her selfe from the Gate; which sudden departure caused the Christian Knights to have a great desire to know who it should bee, suspecting that by the force of some enchantment, they should be overthowne: but casting up their eyes againe to see if they could see her, they could not, but they saw in the very same place, a Woman of a great and princely stature, who was all Armed in Silber Plates, with a Sword girded at her Wastke, sheathed in a golden Scarberd, and had hanging at her Peck an Ivory Bow and a guilt Arrow: this Lady was of so great Beauty, that shee seemed almost to exceed the other, but in the same sort as the other did, upon a sudden shee vanished away, leaving the Champions no lesse troubled in their thoughts than before they were.

The Christian Knights had not long time betwailed the

The second part of the

absence of the two Ladies, but that without seeing any body they were stricken with such furious blowes upon their backs, that they were constrained to stoop with one knee upon the ground, yet with a trice they rose againe, and looking upon them to see who they were that struck them, they perswaded themselves to bee the likenesse of certaine knights which in great haste seemed to runne in at a Dooze that was at one of the corners of the Court, and with the great anger that the Champions received, seeing themselves so hardily entreated, they followed with their accustomed lightnesse after the knights, in at the same Dooze: wherein they had not entered three steps, but that they fell downe into a deep Cave which was covered over in such subtill sort, that whosoever did tread on it, straight way fell in to the Cave, except hee was advertized thereof before. Within the Cave it was as dark as the silent night, and no light at all appeared: but when the Champions saw themselves treacherously betrayed in the Tray, they greatly feared some further mischief would follow, to their utter overthrowes, so with their swords drawn, they stood ready charged to make their defence, against whatsoever should after happen: but by reason of the great darknesse that they could not see any thing, neither discover wherein they were fallen, they determined to settle themselves against some thing, either Wall, Piller, or Wall, and groping about the Cave, they searched in every place for some other Dooze that might bring them forth out of the darksome Den, which they compared to the Pitt of Hell.

And as they went groping and feeling up and downe, they found that they trod upon no other things but dead mens bones, which caused them to stand still: and not long after, they espied a secret Window, at the which entered a little clearnesse, and gave some light into the Den where they were, by which they espied a Bed most richly furnished with Curtaines of Silk, and golden Pendants, which stood in a secret Room of a Cave, behung with rich Tapestry of a fable colour: which Bed when the Champions beheld, and being somewhat weary of their long fight which they had with the Giants in the Court of the Castle, they required
some

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some rest, and desired to sleep upon the Bed: but not all at one instant: for they feared some danger to be at hand, and therefore Saint George as one most willing to be their Watch man, and keep Sentinall in so dangerous a place, caused the other Champions to take their repose upon the Bed, and hee would bee as wakefull as the Cock against all dangerous Accidents: so the six Christian Knights repayed to the Bed, whereon they were no sooner laid but presently they fell into a heaovie and enchanted sleep, in such sort that they could not bee awaked by any manner of violence, not all the Warlike Drums in Europe if they were sounded in their eares, nor the rattling Thunder-claps of Heaven were sufficient to recall them from their Sleeps: for indeed the Bed was enchanted by the Magomancers Charms in such manner that whosoever but late upon the sides, or but toucht the Furniture of the Bed, were presently cast into as heaovie a sleep, as if they had drunk the Juice of Dwaile, or the seed of Poppy: where we will leave them for a time like men cast into a Trance, and speak of the terrible Adventure that hapned to Saint George in the Cave, who little mistrusting of their Enchantments, stood like a carefull Guard, keeping the furious Wolfe from the spoyle of the silly Sheep: but upon a sudden his heart began to shrob, and his haire to stand upright upon his head, yet having a heart fraught with invincible courage, hee purposed not to awake the other Knights, but of himselfe to withstand whosoever hapned: so being in this Wincely cogitation, there appeared to him, as he thought, the shape of a Magician, with a visage leane, pale, and full of wrinkles, with locks of black hayze hanging downe to his Shoulders, like to weathes of invenomed Snakes, and his Body seemed to have nothing upon it but skin and bones, who spake unto Saint George in this despitfull manner: In an evill houre (said the Magician) comest thou hither, and so shalt thy Lodging bee, and thy entertainment worse: for now thou art in a place where as thou shalt look for no other sping but to be meat unto some furious Beast, and thy sarmounting strength shalt not be able to make any defence.

The English Champion whose heart was oppressed with extreme wrath, Answered, O false and accursed Charmer

The second part of the

Charmer (said hee) whom ill Chance confound for thy condemned Arts, and for whom the Fiends have digged an everlasting Tombe in Hell, what Fury hath incens'd thee, that with thy false and Devillish Charms thou dost practise so much evell against travelling and adventurous Knights: I hope to obtaine my Liberty in despite of all thy mischiefes, and with the strength of this Arme to break all thy Bonds in sunder.

All that thou dost and wilt doe will I suffer at thy hands, replied the Negromancer: onely for the revengement that I will take of thee for the slaughter of my Masters Gyants, which as yet lie purthered in the Court, and that very quickly: and therewithall hee went invisibly out of the Cave. So not long after at his back hee heard a sudden noyse, and beheld as it were a Window opening by little and little where as there appeared a cleare light, by the which Saint George plainly perceived that the Walls of the Cave were dasyt with blood, and likewise saw that the Bones whereon they did tread at there first entry into the Den were of humane Bodies, which appeared not to be very long since their Flesh was torne off with hard and cruell Teeth. But this consideration could not long inure with him, for that hee heard a great rushing, and looking what it should be, he saw coming forth of another Den, a mighty Serpent with Wings, as great in Body as an Elephant, hee had onely two Feet which appeared out of that monstrous Body but of a spanne length, and each Foot had three Clawes of three spans in length, the same with her Mouth open, of so monstrous and hugh a bignesse, and so deformed, that a whole Armed Knight, Horse and all, might enter in thereat: she had upon her Jawes two Tusks, which seemed to be as sharp as Needles, and all her Body was covered with sharp Scales of divers colours, and with great fury shee came with her Wings all abroad. Saint George although he had a valiant and an undaunted minde, yet could he not chuse but be troubled at the sight of so monstrous a Beast.

But considering with himselfe, that it was then time and great need to have Courage, and to be expert and valiant for to make his defence, hee took his good cutting Sword in his hand, and shrouded himselfe under his hard

and

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and strong shield, and carried the cunning of that ugly Monster.

But when the furious Beast saw that there was a prey whereon she might employ her sharp teeth, she struck with her invulnerable wings, and with her piercing Claws she gripped, and laid fast hold upon Saint George's hard shield, pretending to have swallowed whole this courageous Warrior, and fastning her sharp Tusks upon his Helmet, which she found so hard, that she let goe her hold, and furiously pulled at his Target with such a strength that she drew it from his Arm: With that the English Knight struck at her head a most mighty and strong blow with his sword, but in no wise it could hurt her, by reason of the hard scales where-with it was covered, and though he gave her no wound, yet for all that she felt the blow in such sort, that it made her to recoble to the ground, and to fall upon her long and hideous Talle: then this valiant Knight made great hast to redouble his force to strike her another blow, but all was in vaine, for that upon a sudden, she stretched her selfe so high, that hee could not reach her head: but yet kinde Fortune so favoured his hand, that hee struck her upon the belly, whereas she had no defence with scales, nor any other thing but feathers, where-out issued such abundance of black blood, that it besprinkled all the Den about.

This terrible and furious Serpent, when she felt her selfe so sore wounded, struck at Saint George such a terrible blow with her Talle, that if hee had not seen it coming it had bene sufficient to have parted his Body in pieces: The Knight to cleare himselfe from the blow, fell flat upon the ground, for hee had no time to make any other defence: But that terrible blow was no sooner passed over him, but streight-waies hee recovered his feet, at such time as the furious Serpent came towards him. Here Saint George having a great confidence in his strength, performed such a valiant Exploit, that all former Adventures that have bene ever done by any Knight, may be put in oblivion, and this kept in perpetuall memory: for that hee drew his sword out of his hand, and ran unto the Serpent, and embraced her betwixt his Armes, and did so squeeze her, that the furious Beast could not help her selfe with her sharp Claws, but only

The second part of the

with her wings she beat him on every side. This valliant Champion and noble Warriour would neuer let her loose, but still remained holding her betwixt his armes continuing this perillous and dangerous fight, till all his bright Armour was imbued with her bestiall blood, by which occasion shee lost a great part of her strength, and was not able long to continue.

Long indured this great and dangerous Encounter, and the infernall Serpent remained fast unto the noble and valliant breast of the English Knight, till such time as hee plainly perceived that the Monster began to wax faint, and to lose her strength. Likewise it could not be otherwise, but Saint George waxed somewhat weary, considering the former fight hee had so lately with the Gyants. Notwithstanding, when hee felt the great weaknesse of the Serpent, hee did animate himselfe with Courage, and having opportunity by reason of the quantitie of blood that issued from her wounds, he took his trusty Sword and thrust it into her heart with such violence, that hee clove it in two pieces: so this infernall Monster fell downe dead to the ground, and carryed the Christian Champion with her, for that they were fast closed together, but by reason that the Serpent lacked strength, hee quickly cleared himselfe out of her Clawes and recovered his Sword. But when hee saw certainly that hee was cleare from the Monster, and that hee had precluded up her detested breast into the brittle Ayre, hee kneled downe and gave thanks to the happy Quene of Chance for his delivery. The venome was so great that the Serpent threw out to infect the Knight, that if his Armour had not bene of a precious vertue, hee had bene imposed to death.

After the Victory was obtained and the Monster dead, hee grew very weary and unquiet, and was constrained to sit and coole himselfe by a Well which was full of water, standing by in a corner of the Cave, from whence the monstrous Serpent first appeared and came forth. And when hee found himselfe refreshed, hee repaired to the enchanted Bed whereupon the other six Champions lay sleeping, and dreamed of no such strange accident that had hapned to him: to whom hee purposed to reveale the true

Discourse

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Discourse of all the dangers that had befallen him in that Accident.

But no sooner approached he unto that enchanted Bed, and had set himselfe downe upon the one end thereof, and thinking to begin his Discourse, but hee presently fell into a heaue and dead slumber.

There will wee leaue them sleeping and dreaming upon the enchanted Bed, not to be awakened by any meanes, and returne to the Begromancer, that was buſied all the time of the Serpents Encounter, with Leoger in burying of the dead Gyants, but now hee knew by his Art, that the Serpent was ſlaine, and likewise Saint George oppreſſed with a charmed ſleep in company of the other Champions upon the enchanted Bed, from whence hee purpoſed that they neuer more ſhould awake, but ſpend the reſt of their fortunes in eternall ſleeps.

Whereupon by his Deuiliſh Arts he cauſed ſeuen Lamps to burne continually before the entry of the Cave, the properties whereof were ſo ſtrange that ſo long as the Lamps continued burning, the Champions ſhould neuer be waked, and the fires ſhould neuer be quenched but by the water of an enchanted Fountaine, the which hee likewise by Magick Art had erected in the middle of the Court, guarded moſt ſtrongly with fearful ſpights: and the water ſhould neuer be obtained but by a Virgin which at her Birth ſhould haue the forme of a Roſe lively pictured upon her Breaſt.

Theſe things being performed by the ſecrets of the Magicians ſkill, added ſuch a pleaſure to Leogers heart, that he thought himſelfe elevated higher than the Towers of his dwelling: for hee accounted no joy ſo pleaſing unto his ſoule, as to ſee his mortall Enemies captivated in his power, and that the Magician had done more by his Art, than all the Knights in Aſia could perform by Proweſſe. Wee will not now onely leaue the Champions in their ſleeps, dreaming of no miſhap, but alſo the Magician with Leoger in the Black Caſtle, ſpending their time ſecurely, careleſſe of all enſuing danger, and ſpeak now of the old Shepheard whom the Champions at their firſt entering in at the Gates of the Caſtle, left to look unto their warlike Paſſies, as they fed upon the greene graſſe: which old man, when hee could heare

The second part of the

no newes of the Champions returne, he greatly mistrusted their confusion, and that by some treachery they were intercepted in their vowed rebengement, therefore he protested secretly with his owne soule, in that for his sake so many brave Champions had lost their liues, neuer to depart out of those Fields, but to spend his dayes in such sorrow as did that haplesse King of Babylon, that for seuen parching Summers, and as many freezing Winters was constrained to feed upon the Flowers of the Fields, and to drinke the dew of Heauen, till the haire of his head grew as stiffe as Eagles Feathers, and the Nails of his Fingers like unto Birds Claws: the like extremitie he vowed to endure untill he either re-obtained a wished sight of these invincible Knights (the Flowers of Chivalry) or else were constrained by course of Nature to yeld up his loathed life to the fury of those fatall Sisters: In this deep distresse will my weary Muse likewise leade this old Shepheard mourning for the long absence of the English Champion, and the other Christian Knights, and turne unto Saint George's valiant Sonnes, whom we left travelling from the Queene of Armenias Grave with her unhappy Daughter Rosana, to take rebengement of her disloyall Lord being the Knight of this Black Castle, of whose villainies you have heard so much before.

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Seven Champions of Christendom.



CHAP. IX.

How Saint *George's* three Sonnes after their departure from the Queene of *Armenias* Sepulchre, in company of her Daughter *Rosana*, met with a wilde man; with whom there hapned a strange Adventure: and after how they entred the Black Castle, whereas they quenched the Lamps, and awaked the seven Champions of Christendome, after they had slept seven dayes upon an Enchanted Bed, with other things that chanced in the same Castle.



The budding Flowers of Chivalry the balliant Sonnes of Saint George to perform their knightly promises, and to accomplish what they had protested to *Rosana*, at the Queene her Mothers Grave, which was to bring her safety unto the Black Castle, whers her unkinde Father had his residence. First, they provided her a Palfrey, or Jennet, bred upon the Borders of Spaine, which was furnished with black Caparssons, in signe of her heaue and discontented minde, and his fore-head beautified with a spangled Plume of Feathers.

The second part of the

Wherewith in her company travelled they day and night from the Confinnes of Armenia, with successefull fortune, till they happily arrived upon the Iland of the Black Castle: where they were constrained to rest themselves many nights under the shadows of green leaved Trees, where the melodie of silver-tuned Birds brought to them sweet sleeps: and in stead of delicate Fare, they were forced to satisfie their hungers with sweet Oranges and ripe Pomegranets, that grew very plentifully in that Iland.

But at last, upon a morning, when the Skies appeared in their sights very cleare and pleasant, and at such time as when the Sunne began to spread his glistering Beames upon the lofty Mountaines and stately Cedars, they set forward on their journey, hoping before the closing in of the dayes bright countenance, to arrive at the Black Castle, being their long wisht for Haven and desired Port. But entering into an unknowne way and narrow Path not much used, they were intercepted by a strange and wonderfull adventure.

For as they travelled in those untradden passages, spending the time in pleasant conference without mistrusting of any thing that should happen to them in that pleasant Iland: upon a sudden (not knowing the occasion) their Horses started and rose up with their fore-feet, and turned backward into the Ayre in such sort, that they had almost unsaddled their Masters: whereat the valiant knights upon a sudden looked round about them to see who or what it was that caused so much feare: but when they perceived nothing, nor could conjecture what should bee the occasion of such terrour, they grew wonderfully troubled in minde. Then one began to encourage the rest, saying: *Belébe mée Brethren, I muse what should bee the cause of this alteration in our Horses: hath some Spirit glided by us: or remaineth some Debill among these Bushes: Whatsoever it be, let us by the power and favour of all good luck attempt to know, and with our Warlike weapons revenge the frightening of our Horses, for our minds are not daunted by the prowesse of men, nor are we afraid of the fury of Devils.*

These words being spoken with great Courage and Majestie, caused Rosana to smile with a chearefull countenance,

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nance, and to embolden her heart against all ensuing accidents: so presently they came unto a River which was both cleare and deep, the which they iudged to run quite thorow the middle of the Island: and so travelling along by the River side, where within a little while their Horses began againe to startle, and to be wonderfully afraid: whereupon the Knights casting about their vigilant eyes, to see if they could perceiue what it should be that made their Horses so timorous, they espied a terrible Monster in the shape and forme of a Satyre or a wilde man, which did crosse oerthwart the Island, of a wonderfull great and strange making, who was as bigge and broad as any Giant, for hee was almost foure square: his face was three foot in length, and had but one eye, and that was in his fore head, which glistered like unto a blazing Comet or a fiery Planet: his body was covered all oer with long and shagged haire, and in his breast there was as though it had bene glasse, out of the which there seemed a great and shining light to proceed.

This Monster directed his way towards certaine Rocks of Stone which stood in the Island, and by reason of the stragling and great noise that the Horses made, he cast his head aside, and espied the three Knights travelling in company of the Lady: upon whom hee had no sooner cast his blazing eye, but with a devillish fury hee ran towards them, and in stead of a Club, he bare in his hand a great and knotty Maple Tree.

These valiant Knights never dismayd at the sight of this deformed Creature, but against his coming, they cheered up their Horses, and pricked their sides with their golden Spurs, giving a great shout, as in signe of encouragement, and withall drawing forth their sharp cutting Swords, they stood attending the fury of the Monster, who came roaring like a Bull, and discharged his knotty Tree amongst the magnanimous Knights, who with light leaps cleared themselves from his violent blowes, so that his Club fell downe to the ground with a terrible fall: as though with the violence it would have oerthrown a Castle.

With that the Knights presently alighted from their Horses, thinking thereby more nimbly to defend themselves, and with more courage to assaile the Satyre. Many were the
blowes

The second part of the

blowes on both sides, and dangerous the encounter, without signe of victoꝝ inclining to either party.

During the Battell, Rosana (thꝛough the griefe and feare that she receiued) swounded vpon her Walfrey, and had fallen beside his back, if she had not first closed her hands about the pummell of the Saddle: and being come a little vnto her selfe, shee made humble Supplication vnto Lady Chance, soliciting her that shee might rather bee buried in the Monsters bowels, thereby to satisfie his wrath, than to see such Noble Knights lose the least drop of blood, or to haue the smallest haire vpon their heads diminished: such was the love and true zeale she bore vnto those three Knights.

But Saint George's Sonnes so manfully behaued themselves in the Encounter, hearing the howle of their Fathers minde, that they made very deepe wounds in the Monsters flesh, and such terrible gashes in his Body, that all the greene Grasse was covered with his black blood, and the Ground all to besmeared and strewed with his mangled flesh.

When the Deuillish Monster felt himselfe wounded, and saw how his blood stood vpon the Earth like congealed gore, he fled from them more swifter than a whirlewinde, or like to an Arrow forced from a Musket, and ran in great haste to the Rocks that stood there by, where presently he threw himselfe into a Cave, pulling down after him a Rock of Stone, which did close up the Entry, the which was done with so great lightnesse, that the Knights had no time to strike him, but after a while wondering with themselves to see such a strange and sudden thing, they assayed by strength to remoue the Stone, and to clear the mouth of the Cave, the which they did, not without great difficultie.

But for all that they could not finde which way they might enter in thereat, but like vnto Lyons fraught with anger, fretting and chafing, they went searching round about the Rock to see if they could espie any entry, and at last they found a great cleft on the one side of the Rock, and looking in thereat, spied the Monster, lying vpon the Floor licking of his bleeding wounds with his purple tongue.

And seeing him, one of the Knights said, O thou Traytor and Destroyer by the High-ways, O thou infernall Deuill
and

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and Enemy unto the World: thou that art the devourer of Humane Flesh, and drinker of mans blood, think not that this thy strong and fast closing up of thy selfe in this Rock of Stone shall avails thee, or that thy devillish body shall escape unslaughtered out of our hands: No, no, our bloody Weapons shall be thrust in thy detested bowels, and rive thy damned heart asunder, and therewithall they thrust their Weapons through the Cleft of the Rock, and pierced his throat in such sort that the Monster presently dyed, the which being done, they returned in triumph like Conquerors to Rosana, where they found her halfe dead lying upon her Palfrey.

But when she saw them returne in safety, with a joyfull and loud voyce she said, O sweet Queene of Chance, how hath it pleased thy Divine Majesty, to furnish these Knights with more strength and prowesse than any other, in all the World, else could they not have chosen but have bene overcome by this remorselesse Monster, which seemed to be of force to destroy Kingdomes, therewithall she alighted in good state from her Palfrey, and sate her downe under the shadow of a Pine Tree, where the three Knights likewise sate downe, and laid their weary Heads upon her soft Lap to sleep, upon whose Faces she fanned a coole breathing Ayre, and wiped their sweaty Browes with her Handkercher, using all meanes she could to procure them contentment.

Long had they not reposed themselves upon Rosana's Lap, refreshing their weary Bodies with a golden slumber, but they awakned and mounted upon their Steeds, and the next morning by break of day, they approached the sight of the Black Castle: before whose Walls they found seven portly Steeds, feeding within a grasse Pasture, and by them an ancient man, bearing in his face the true picture of sorrow, and carbing in the Barks of Trees the true subject of all his passed griefs: this man was the old Shepheard which the seven Champions of Christendome (before their enchanted sleeps in the Castle) left without the Gates to oversee their Horses, as you heard before in the last Chapter.

But Saint Georges Sonnes (after they had awhile beheld the manner of the Shepheards silent Lamentations)

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demanded

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demanded the cause of his griefe, and wherefore hee remained so neare the danger of the Castle: to whose demands, the courteous old man answered in this manner:

Wise knights (said he) for you seeme to be no lesse, by your Princely demeanours, within this Castle remaineth a bloody Tyrant and a wicked Homicide, called Leoger, whose Tyranny and Lust hath not onely ravished but murdered two of my Daughters, with whom I was honoured in my young yeares, in whose revenge there came with mee seven Christian knights of seven severall Countreys, that entred this accursed Castle about seven dayes since, appointing mee to stay without the Gates, and to have a vigilant care of their Horses, till I heard either newes of the Tyrants confusion, or their other shrowes: but never since by any meanes could I learne whether good or bad were befallen them.

These words strake such a terror to their hearts, that for a time they stood speechlesse, imagining that those seven knights were the seven Champions of Christendom, in whose pursuits they have travelled so many Countreys. But at last, when Saint George's Sonnes had recovered their former speeches, one of them (though not intending to reveale what they imagined) said to the old Shepheard: that likewise they came to be revenged upon that accursed knight, for the spoyle of a beauteous and worshipfull Virgin Queene, done by the same lust-infamed Tyrant.

When the Lady and the three knights alighted from their Horses and likewise committed them to the keeping of the old Shepheard: who courteously received them, and earnestly prayed for their prosperous proceedings. So the three knights buckled close their Armour, laced on their Helmes, and put their Shields upon their Arms, and in company of Rosana they went to the Castle-Gate, the which glistered against the Sun like burnisht Gold: whereat hung a mighty Copper Ring, wherewith they beat so vehemently against the Gate that it seemed to rattle like a violent tempestuous Storme of Thuner in the Element.

Then presently there appeared (looking out of a Marble pillared window) the Magician, newly risen from his Bed, in a wrought shirt with black Silk, and covered with a night-

Cowne

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Cologne of Damask Welbet: and seeing the Knights with the Lady standing before the Gate, hee thus discourteously greeting them.

You Knights of strange Countreys, sayd he, for so both it appeare by your strange demeanours, if you desire to have the Gates opened, and your Bones buried in the Mantles of our Castle, turne back unto the Jasper Pillar, behind you, and sound the Silber Trumpet that hangs upon it, so shall your entry be easie, but your coming forth miraculous. And thereupon the Magician left the Window.

Whereupon one of the Knights went unto the Jasper Pillar, and with a vehement breath sounded the enchanted Trumpet, as Saint George did before, whereat the Gates flew open in like manner: wherinto (without disturbance) they entred: and coming into the same Court where the Champions had fought with the Gyants, they espyed the enchanted Lamps, which hung burning before the entry of the Cave where the Champions lay upon the Enchanted Bed. Under the Lamps hung a Silber Tablet in an Iron Chaîne, in it was wrytten these words following.

These fatall Lamps with their enchanted Lights,
In deaths sad sleep have cast seven Christian Knights,
Within this Cave they lie with sloth confounded,
Whose Fame but late in every place resounded.
Exe:pt the flaming Lamps extinguish be,
Their golden thoughts shall sleep eternally.

A Fountaine fram'd by Furies rais'd from Hell,
About whose Spring doth feare and terrour dwell:
No earthly water may suffice but this,
To quench the Lamps where Art commander is,
No wight alive this water may procure,
But shee that is a Virgin chaste and pure,
And Nature at her Birth did so dispose,
Vpon her Breast to print a purple Rose,

These verses being perused by the three Knights, also finding them as it were conceived in the manner of a mysticall Oracle, they could not imagine what they should signifie:

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but Rosana being singular well conceited, and of a quick understanding, presently knew that by her the Adventures should be finished, and therefore shee encouraged them to a forwardnesse, and to seek out the Enchanted Fountaine, that by the water therfore the Lamps might be quenched, and the seven Champions delivered out of Captivity.

This importunate desire of Rosana, caused the three young Knights not to lose any time, but to search in every corner of the Castle, till they had found the place wherein the Fountaine was: for as they went towards the North side of the Court, they espied another little Doore standing in the Wall, and when they came to it, they saw that it was made all of very strong Iron, with a Portall of Steele, and in the key-hole thereof there was a brazen key, with the which they did open it, whereat presently (unto their wonderfull amazements) they heard a very sad and sorrowfull Voyce breath forth these words following:

Let no man be so foolish hardy, as to enter here, for it is a place of terrour and confusion.

Yet for all this they entred in therat, and would not bee daunted with any ceremonious feare, but like Knights of an Heroicall estimation they went forward: wherein they were no sooner entred, but they saw that it was wonderfull dark, and it seemed unto them that it should be a very large Hall, and therein they heard very fearefull howlings, as though there had bene a Legion of Hell-hounds, or that Pluto's Dogge had bene vice-gerent of that place. Yet for all this these valliant Knights did not lose any of their accustomed Courage, nor would the Lady leave their companies for any danger at all: but they entred in further, and took off their Gauntlets from their left hands, whereon they wore marvellous great and fine Diamonds, which were set in Rings, that gave so much light, that they might plainly see all things that were in the Hall, the which was very great and wide, and upon the Walls were painted the Figures of many furious Fiends, and Devils, with other strange Visions framed by Magick Art, onely to terrifie the Beholders. But looking very circumspectly about them

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them on every side, they espyed the Enchanted Fountaine standing directly in the middle of the Hall, towards which they went with their Shields braced on their left Arms, and their good Swords charged in their right hands, ready to withstand any dangerous Accident whatsoever should happen.

But coming to the Fountaine, and offering to fill their Helms with water; there appeared before them a strange and terrible Gzyphon, which seemed to bee all of flaming fire, who strack all the three Knights one after another in such sort, that they were forced to recople back a great way: yet notwithstanding with great discretion they kept themselves upright, and with a wonderfull lightnesse, accompanied with no lesse anger, they threw their Shields at their backs, and taking there Swords in both their hands, they began most fiercely to assaile the Gzyphon with mortall and strong blowes. Then presently there appeared before them a whole Legion of Devils with flesh-hooks in their hands, spitting forth Flames of Fire, and breathing from their Nostrils smoking Sulphur and Brimstone. In this terrible sort tormented they these three valiant Knights whose yeares although they were but young, yet with great wrath and redoubled force adventured they themselves amongst this Hellish Crew, striking such terrible blowes, that in spite of them they came unto the Fountaine, and proffered to take of the water: but all in vaine, for they were not only put from it by this devillish Company, but the water it selfe glided from their hands.

Oh in what great travell and perplexity these Knights remained amongst this wicked and devillish Generation, for to defend themselves that they might attaine to the finishing of this Adventure, according to their knightly promise.

But during the time of all these dangerous Encounters, Rosana stood like one bereft of sense, through the terrour of the same: but at last remembryng her selfe of the Superscription written in the silver Tablet, the which the Knights perused by the enchanted Lamps: the signification of which was that the quenching of the Lights should bee accomplished by a pure Virgin that had the libely forme of a Rose naturally

The second part of the

rally pictured upon her Breast, all the which Rosana knew most certainly to bee comprehended in her selfe, therefore whilst they continued in their dangerous fight, she took up a Helmet that was pulled from one of the Knights Heads by the furious force of the Gziphon, and ran unto the Fountaine, and filled it with water, wherewith she quenched the Enchanted Lamps, with as much ease as though one had dipped a wren Torch in a mighty River of water.

This was no sooner done and finished, to Rosana's chiefest contentment, but then the Skies began to war dark, and immediately to bee over-spread with a black and thick Cloud, and it came with great Thundrings and Lightnings, and such a terrible noise as though the Earth would have sunk: and the longer it endured, the more was the fury thereof, in such sort that the Gziphon with all that deluding Generation of Spirits vanished away, and the Knights forsook their Encounters, and fell upon their knees: and with great humility they desired in their hearts to be delivered from the fury of that exceeding and terrible Tempest.

By this sudden alteration of the Heavens, the Knight of the Castle knew that the Lamps were extinguished, the Champions redeemed from their enchanted sleeps, the Castle yielded to the pleasure of the three Knights, and his own life to the fury of their Swords, except hee preserved it by sudden flight, so presently hee departed the Castle and secretly fled out of the Island unsuspected by any one: of whose after Fortunes, miseries and death, you shall heare more hereafter in the course of the History following.

The Magomancer by his Art likewise knew that the Castle was yielded unto his Enemies Power, and that his Charms and Magick Spels nothing prevailed: therefore he caused two Ayrie Spirits in the likenesse of two Dragons to carry him swiftly through the Ayre in an Ebony Charlot.

Here we likewise will leave him in his wicked and Devilish Attempts, and Damned Enterprizes, which shall bee Discoursed hereafter more at large: because it appertaineth to our History now to speak of the seven renowned Champions of Christendom, that by the quenching of the Lamps, were awakened from their Enchantments, wherein they had lain in obscurity for the space of seven dayes. If

When

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When they were risen from their sleep, and had colosed up their drowsie spirits, like men newly recovered from a Trance, being ashamed of that dishonourable Enterprize, they long time gazed on each others Face, being not able to expresse their minds, but by blushing looks, being the silent speakers of their extreame sorowes. Yet at last, Saint George began to expresse the extremity of his griefs in this manner:

What is become of you brave Europs Champions (said hee) where is now your wanted Valours, of late so much renowned through the World: what is become of your surmounting Strengths, that hath bruised enchanted Hel-mets, and quaild the power of mighty multitudes: what is become of your terrible blowes, that have subdued Mount-aines, helwed in sunder Diamond Armour, and brought whole Kingdomes under your subjections: Now I see that all is forgotten and nothing worth, for that we have buried all our Honours, Dignities, and Names, in doothfull slumbers, upon a sicken Bed.

And thereupon he fell upon his knees, and said, thou that art the Guilder of all our Fortunes, to thee I invoke and call, and desire thee to help us, and doe not permit us to have our Names taken away for this dishonour, and let us merit Dignity by our Victories, and that our bright Renownes may ride upon the glorious wings of Fame, whereby the Wages, as yet unborn may speak of us, and in time to come fill whole Volums with our Wondrously Attievements.

These and such like Speeches pronounced this discontented Champion, till such time as the Elements cleared, and that golden faced Phcebus glistered with splendant brightnesse into the Cave through a secret hole, which seemed in their conceits to dance about the Waple of Heaven, and to rejoyce at their happy deliberates.

In this joyfull manner returned they up into the Court of the Castle, with their Armour buckled fast unto their Bodies, which had not been unbrazed in seven dayes before, where they met with the three Knights coming to salute them, and to give them the com testes of Knighthood.

But when Saint George saw his Sonnes, whom hee had not

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not same in twice two yeares before, hee was so ravished with joy, that he swooned in their Bosomes being not able to give them his Blessing, so great was the pleasure hee took in their sights.

Here I leave the joyfull greeting betwixt the Father and his Sonnes, to those that knowes the secret love of Parents to their Children, and what deare affection long absence breedeth.

For when they had sufficiently opened the integrity of their Soules each to other, and had at large explained how many dangers every Knight and Champion had passed since their departure from England, when as they began first their intended Pilgrimage to Ierusalem as you heard in the beginning of this Book, they determined to search the Castle, and to finde out Leoger with his Associate the wicked Enchanter, that they might receive due punishments for their committed offences, but they like wily Foxes were fled from the Hunters Traps, and had left the empty Castle to the spoyle of the Christian Champions: but when Rosana saw her selfe dismiss from her purpose, and that she could not performe her Mothers will against her disloyall Father, she protested by her Mothers Name, never to close up her carefull Eyes with quiet slumbers nor never rest her weary Limbes in Bed of Downe, but travell up and downe the circled Earth, till she enjoyed a sight of her disloyall Father, whom as yet her Eyes did never see. Therefore she conjured the Champions by the love and honour that Knights ought for to beare unto poore distressed Ladies, to grant her liberty to depart, and not to hinder her from her intended Travell.

The Knights considered with themselves that she was a Lady of a Divine Inspiration, born unto some strange fortune, and one by the Heavens appointment which had redeemed them from a wonderfull misery.

Therefore they condescended to her desires, and not only gave her leave to depart, but furnished her with all things belonging to a Lady of so brave a minde.

First, they found within the Castle an Armour fit for a woman, the which the Enchanter had caused to be made by magick

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magick Art, of such a singular nature, that no weapon could pierce it, and so light in wearing, that it weighed no heavier than a Tygers Skin: it was contrived after the Amazonian fashion, plated before with silver plates, like the Scales of a Dolphin, and ribbed together with golden Ralles: so that when she had it upon her back, she seemed like to Diana, hunting in the Forrests of transformed Acteon.

Likewise they found standing in the Stable at the East side of the Castle, a lusty limbed Stead, big of stature, and of a very good haire, for the halfe parts forwards was of the colour of a Wolfe; and the other halfe was all black, saving that here and there it was spotted with little white spots: his feet were cloben, so that hee needed not at any time to be shod: his Becke was somewhat long, having a little Head, with great Eares hanging down like a Hound: his pace was with great majesty, and hee so doubled his neck, that his mouth touched his breast: there came out of his mouth two great tuskes like unto an Elephant, and hee did exceed all Horses in the world in lightnesse, and did runne with an exceeding good grace. This likewise bestowed they upon the Lady, the which did more content her minde, than any thing that ever her eye had seen before that time. Also the ten Christian Knights gave her at her departure ten Diamonds Rings, continuall to weare upon her fingers, in perpetuall remembrance of their courtesses.

This done, without any longer tarryance, but only thinking them for their great kindnesse shewed unto her in distresse, she leapt into the Saddle without the help of Stirrop or any other thing, and so rode speedily away from their sights as a shower of raine driven by a violent tempest.

After her departure, the Champions remembred the old Shepheard, whom they had almost forgotten, though the joy that they took in their happy meetings: hee as yet remained without the Castle Gates, carefully keeping their Horses, whom now they caused to come in, and not only gave him the honour due unto his Age, but bestowed frankly upon him the state and government of the Castle, with store of Jewels, Pearls, and Treasure, only to be maintained and kept for reliefe of poore Travellers.

The second part of the

This being performed with their generall consents, they spent the remnant of the day in banquetting and other pleasant conference of their passed Adventures: And when the Night with her sable Clouds had overspread the dayes delightfull countenance, they betook them to their rests: the seven Champions in a Chamber that had as many Windows as there were dayes in the yeare, the old Shepheard by himselfe in a rich furnished Parlor, and Saint George's three Sonnes in the greatest Hall in the Castle.

CHAP.

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CHAP. X.

How after the Christian Knights were gone to Bed in the Black Castle : Saint *George* was awaked from his sleep in the dead time of the night, after a most fearefull manner, and likewise how hee found a Knight lying upon a Tombe that stood over a flaming fire, with other things of note that hapned upon the same.



Most sweet were the sleeps that these Princely minded Companions took in the Castle all the first part of the night without molestation either by disquieted Dreames or disturbing motions of their minds, till such time as the glistering *Queen* of Night had run halfe her weary Journey, and had spent the better part of the night: for betwixt twelve and one, being the stillest time of feare and terrour in the night, such a strange alteration did work in Saint *Georges* thought, that hee could not enjoy the benefit of sweet sleep, but was forced to lie broad waking, like one disquieted by some sudden feare: but as hee lay with wakefull eyes thinking upon his passed Fortunes, and numbing the minutes of the night with his cogitations, he heard as it were a cry of night-Ravens, which flew beating their
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The second part of the

fatall Wings against the Windows of his Lodging, by which he imagined that some dreffull Accident was neare at hand: yet being not frighted with this fearefull noyse: nor daunted with the croaking of these Ravens, hee lay still silently, not revealing it to any of the other Champions that lay in the six severall Beds in the same Chamber: but at last being betwene sleeping and waking, hee heard as it were the Voyce of a sorrowfull Knight that constrayned these bitter passions from his tormented Soule, and they contained these words following:

O thou invincible Knight of England, thou that art not frighted with this sorrowfull dwelling, wherein thou canst see nothing but torments, rise up I say, from thy sluggish Bed, and with thy undaunted courage and strong arm, break the Charm of my Enchantment.

And therewithall he seemed to give a most terrible groan and so ceased. This unexpected noyse caused Saint George (without the knowledge of any of the other Champions) to arise from his Bed, and to buckle on his Armour, and to search about the Castle to see if he might finde the place that harboured the Knight that made such sorrowfull Lamentation.

So going up and down by corners in the Castle, all the latter part of the night, without finding the adventure of this strange Voyce, or disturbance by any other meanes but that he was hindered from his naturall and quiet sleeps, by the break of day, when the dark night began to with-draw her sable curtaines, and to give Aurora liberty to explaine her purple brightnesse, hee entred into a foure square Parlor, hung round about with black Cloath, and other mournfull Habillments, where on the one side of the same hee saw a Tombe all covered likewise with black, and upon it there lay a man with a pale colour, who at certaine times, gave most marvellous and grievous sighes, caused by burning Flames that proceeded from under the Tombe, being such that it seemed that his body therewith should be converted into Coales: the flame thereof was so stinking, that it made Saint George somewhat to retyze himself from the place where he did see that most horrible and fearfull Spectacle.

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Hee which lay upon the Tombe, casting his eyes aside, espied Saint George, and knowing him to be a humane creature, with an afflicted voyce he said, who art thou Sir Knight that art come into this place of sorrow, where nothing is heard but clamours of feare and terror?

Ray, tell me said Saint George, who thou art, that with so much griefe dost demand of mee, that which I stand in doubt to reveale to thee?

I am the King of Babylon (answered he) which without all consideration, with my craell hand did pierce thorow the white and delicate brest of my beloved Daughter: woe bee to me, and woe unto my Soule therefore: for thee at once did pay her offence by death, but I a most miserable wretch with many Torments doe die living.

When this worthy Champion Saint George was about to answer him, hee saw come forth from under the Tombe a Damsell who had her haire of a yallow and wan colour, hanging down about her shoulders, and by her Face shee seemed that shee should be very strangely afflicted with torments, and with a sorrowfull voyce shee said:

Oh unfortunate Knight, what dost thou seek in this infernall Lodging, where cannot be given thee any other pleasure, but mortall torment, and there is but one thing that can cleare thee from them, and this cannot be told thee by any other but by mee: yet I will not expresse it except thou wilt grant mee one thing which I will aske of thee.

The English Champion that with a sad countenance stood beholding of the sorrowfull Damsell, and being greatly amazed at the sight which he had scene, answered and said: The Powers which were Governours of my Liberty, will doe their pleasures, but touching the grant of thy request I never denyed any lawfull thing to either Lady or Gentlewoman, but with all my power and strength I was made to fulfill the same, therefore demand what thy pleasure is, for I am ready to doe any thing that may work thy remedy.

And with that the Damsell threw her selfe into the Sepulchre, and with a grievous voyce shee said: Now most courteous Knight perform thy promise: Strike but three strokes upon this fatal Tombe, and thou shalt deliver us from a world of miseries, and likewise make an end of our continuall torments.

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Then the invincible Knight replied in this order, whether you be humane creatures said hee, placed in this Sepulchre by Enchantment, or Furies raised from fiery Acheron, to work my confusion or no, I know not, and there is so little trust in this infernall Castle, that I stand in doubt whether I may beleve thy words or not: but yet Discourse unto mee the trust of all your passed Fortunes, and by what meanes you were brought into this place, and as I am a true Knight and one that fights in the quarrell of Christendome, I vow to accomplish whatsoever lyeth in my power.

Then the Damself began with a grieuous and sorrowfull Lamentation to declare as strange a Tragedy as euer was told: And lying in the fatal Sepulchre, unseen of Saint George, that stood leaning his back against the Wall to heare her Discourse and Lamentable Storye: with a hallovv Woyce like a murdered Lady, whose bleeding Soule as yet did feele the terrible stroke of her death, she repeated this pittifull Tale following.

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CHAP. XI.

Of a Tragicall Discourse pronounced by a Lady in a Tombe, and how her enchantment was finished by Saint George, with other strange Accidents that hapned to the other six Champions of Christendome.



A famous Babylon sometimes reigned a King, although a Heathen, yet adorned with noble and vertuous Customes, and had onely one Daughter that was very faire, whose name was Angelica, humble, wise, and chaste: who was beloved of a mighty Duke and a man wonderfull cunning in the Black Art. This Magician had a sage and grave countenance, and one that for wisdom better deserved the Government than any other in the Kingdome, and was very well esteemed throughout all Babylon, almost equally with the King: for the which there ingendred in the Kings heart a secret rancour and hatred towards him. This Magician cast his love upon the young Princesse Angelica, and it was ordained by destiny that she should repay him with the same affection, so that both their hearts being wounded with love the one to the other, they induced sundry great passions.

Then

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Then love which continually seeketh occasions, did on a time set before this Magician, a waiting Maide of Angelica's, named Fidela : the which thing seemed to be wrought by the immortall power of the Goddess Venus : Oh in what feare the Magician was to discover unto her all his heart and to bewray the secrets of his love-sick soule : but in the end, by the great industry and diligence of the waiting Maide (whose name was answerable unto her minde) there was order given that these two Lovers should meet together.

This faire Angelica for that she could not at her ease enjoy her true Lover, she did determine to leave her owne naturall Countrey and Father : and with this intention being one night with her Love, she cast her Armes about his Neck and said :

Oh my sweet and welbeloved Friend, seeing that my Distinies have bene so kinde to me, as to have my heart linked in thy breast let no man finde in thee ingratitude, for that I cannot live, except continually I enjoy thy sight : and doe not muse (my Lord) at these my words, for the entire love that I beare to you, constraineth mee to make it manifest. And this beléeve of a certainty, that if thy sight bee absent from mee, it will be an occasion that my heart will lack his vitall recreation, and my soule forsake her earthly habitation. You know (my Lord) how that the King my Father doth bear you no good will, but doth hate you from his soule, which will be an occasion that we cannot enjoy our hearts contentments : for the which I have determined) if you thinke well thereof) to leave both my Father and my native Countrey, and to goe and live with you in a strange Land. And if you deny me this, you shall very quickly see your loving Lady without life : but I know you will not deny mee, for thereon consisteth the benefit of my welfare, and my chiefest prosperity. And therewithall shedding a few teares from her Christall eyes, she held her peace.

The Magician (as one halfe ravished with her earnest desires) answered and said :

My Love and sweet Mistresse, wherefore have you any doubt that I will not fulfill and accomplish your desire in all things : therefore out of hand put all things in a readinesse

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nesse that your pleasure is to have done : for what more benefit or contentment can I receive, than to enjoy your sight continually, in such sort that neither of us may depart from the others company, till the farrall Destinies give end to our lives : Or if it so fall out that Fortune scolden upon us, that wee be elpyed and taken in our Enterpryse, and suffer death together, what more glozy can there happen unto mee, than to die with thee, and to end my life betwixt thy Armes : therefore doe not trouble your selfe deare Lady and Distresse, but give mee leabe for to depart your ptesence, that I may provide all things in readinesse for our departures : and so with this conclusion they took leabe one of the other, and departed away with as great secrecie as might possibly be devised.

After this, within a few dayes, the Magician by his Enchantment caused a Chariot to be made, that was drawne by two flying Dragons, into the which without being elpyed of any one, they put themselves, together with their trusty waiting Waide, and in great secrecie they departed out of the Kings Pallace, and took their journey towards the Countrey of Armenia : in the which Countrey in a short time they arrived, and came without any misfortune unto a place whereas deep Rivers did continually strike upon a Rock, upon the which stood an old and ancient Building, wherein they intended to inhabite, as a most convenient place for their dwelling, whereas they might without all feare of being found, live peacefully, enjoying each others love.

Not farre from that place there was a small Village, from whence they might have necessary Provision for the maintaining of their bodies. Great joy and pleasure these two Lovers received when they found themselves in such a place whereas they might take their fill of each others loves.

The Magician delighted in no other thing but to goe a hunting with certaine Countrey Dwellers, that inhabited in the next Village, leaving his sweet Angelica accompanied with her trusty Fidelia in that strong House, so in this order they lived together foure yeeres, spending their dayes in great pleasure: but in the end, Time (who never resteth in one degree)

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did take from them their Rest, and repayed them with sorrow and extreame misery. For when the King her Father found her missing, the sorrow and griefe was so much that hee received, that hee kept his Chamber a long time, and would not be comforted of any body.

Four years hee passed away in great heavinesse, filling the Court with Echoes of his beloved Daughter, and making the Skies to resound his Lamentations: sorrow was his food, salt Teares his Drink, and Griefe his chiefe companion.

But at last, upon a time as hee sate in his Chaire, lamenting her absence with great heavinesse, and being over-charged with griefe, hee chanc't to fall into a troublesome Dreame, for after quiet sleep had closed up the closets of his eyes, he dreamed that hee saw his Daughter standing upon a Rock by the Sea side, offering to cast her body into the Waves before she would return to Babylon, and that he beheld her Lober with an Army of Satyres, and wild men ready furnished with Habillments of Warre to pull him from his Thron, and to dep'the him of his Kingdom.

Out of this Vision he presently started from his Chaire as though it had bene one frighted with a Legion of Spirits, and caused foure of the chiefest P'eres of his Land to be sent for, to whom hee committed the Government of his Countrey: certifying them that hee intended a Voyage to the Sepulchre at Memphis, thereby to qualifie the fury of his Daughters Ghost, whom hee dreamed to be drowned in the Seas, and that except hee sought by true Submission to appease the angry Fates, whom hee had offended, hee should be Deposed from his Kingdom.

None could with draw him from his determination, though it was to the prejudice of his whole Land: therefore within twenty dayes hee furnished himselfe with all necessaries, as well of Armour and Partiall Furniture, as of Gold and Treasure, and so departed from Babylon privately and alone, not suffering any other (though many desired it humbly and very earnestly) to beare him company.

But he travelled not as he told his Lords, after many Ceremonious Order, but like a blind Hound searching Countrey after

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after Countrey, Patton by Patton, and Kingdome by Kingdome, that after a barbarous manner hee might be rebenged upon his Daughter for her disobedience. And as hee travelled, there was no Cave, Den, Wood, or Wildernesse, but hee furiously entred, and diligently searched for his Angelica.

At last, by strange Fortune hee hapned into Armenia, neare unto the place whereas his Daughter had her residence, where after he had intelligence by the Commons of the Countrey, that shee remained in an old ruinated Building on the top of a Rock neare at hand, without any more delay he travelled unto that place, at such a time as the Magician her Husband was gone about his accustomed Hunting: where coming to the Gate and finding it lockt, he knockt thereat so furiously that hee made the noyse resound all the House over with the redoubling Eccho.

When Angelica heard one knock, shee came unto the Gate, and with all speed did open it, where when shee thought to embrace him, thinking it to be her Lover, shee saw that it was her Father, and with a sudden alteration shee gave a great shriek, and ran with all the speed shee could back into the House.

Her Father being angry, like a furious Lyon followed her, saying: It doth little avayle thee Angelica to run away, for that thou shalt die by this rebengefull hand, paying mee with thy death, the dishonour that my Crowne hath received by thy flight.

So hee followed her till hee came to the Chamber where her waiting Maide Fidelia was, who likewise presently knew the King: upon whose wrathfull countenance appeared the Image of pale Death, and fearing the harm that might happen unto her Lady, she put her selfe over her Ladies body, and gave most terrible, lowd, and lamentable shrieks.

The King, as one kindled in wrath, and forgetting the naturall love of a Father towards his Child, hee laid hands upon his Sword, and said: It doth not profit thee Angelica to flee from thy death, for thy desert is such, that thou canst not escape from it: for here mine owne Arme shall be the killer of mine own flesh, and I unnaturally hate that, which Nature it selfe commandeth me especially to love.

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Chamber Wails these Verses following with his Daughters blood :

Now unto Hills, to Dales, to Rocks, to Caves I goe.
To spend my dayes in shame, in sorrow, grieve, and woe.

Fidelia (after the departure of the King) used such violent fury against her selfe, both by rending the golden trammels of her haire, and tearing her Rorie-coloured Face with her furious Nipples, that she rather seemed an infernall Fury, subject to Wrath, than any Earthly Creature furnished with clemency: shee late over Angelica's Body, wiping her bleeding bosome with a Damask Scarfe, which shee pulled from her Wast, and bathing her dead Body in luke-warme Teares, which forcibly ranne downe from her eyes like an over-flowing Fountaine.

In this wofull manner spent the sorrowfull Fidelia that unhappy day, till bright Phœbus went into the Westerne parts: at which time the Magician returned from his accustomed Hunting, and finding the Doze open, hee entred into Angelica's Chamber, where when hee found her Body weltring in congealed blood, and beheld how Fidelia late weeping over her bleeding wounds, hee cursed himselfe, for that hee accounted his negligence the occasion of her death, in that hee had not left her in more safety. But when Fidelia had certified him, how that by the hands of her owne Father shee was slaughtered, hee began like a frantick tyrant to rage against black destiny, and to fill the Ayre with terrible exclamations.

Oh cruell Murderer (said hee) crept from the wombe of some untamed Tyger: I will be so revenged upon thee, O unnatural King, that all Ages shall wonder at thy misery.

And likewise thou unhappy Virgine shalt endure like punishment, in that thy accursed tongue hath justified this fatall Deed unto my Eares: the one for committing the Crime, and the other for reporting it. For I will cast such deserved vengeance upon your Heads, and place your Bodies in such continuall torments, that you shall lament my Ladies death, leaving alive the Fame of her with your Lamentations.

And

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And in saying these words, hee drew a Book out of his Bosome, and in reading certaine Charms, and Enchantments that were therein contained, hee made a great and very black Cloud appear in the Skies, which was brought by terrible and hasty winds, in the which hee took them up both, and brought them into the enchanted Castle, where ever since they have remained in this Tombe cruelly tormented with unquenchable Fire, and must for ever continue in the same extremity, except some courteous Knight will vouchsafe to give but three blowes upon the Tombe, and break the Enchantment.

Thus have you heard, you magnanimous Knight, the true Discourse of my unhappy Fortunes. And the Virgin which for the true love she bore unto her Lady was committed to this torment is my selfe, and this pale Body lying upon the Tombe, is the unhappy Babylonian King which unnaturally murdered his owne Daughter: and the Magician which committed all these villanies, is that accursed wretch, which by his Charms and Devillish Enchantments hath so strongly withstood your Encounters.

These words were no sooner finished, but Saint George drew out his sharp cutting Sword and gave three blowes upon the enchanted Tombe, whereat presently appeared the Babylonian King standing before him, attyred in rich Robes, with an Imperiall Diadem upon his Head: and the Lady standing by him, with a countenance more beautifull than the Damask Rose.

When Saint George beheld them, hee was not able to speak for joy, nor to utter his minde, so exceeding was the pleasure that hee took in their sights. So without any long circumstance hee took them betwixt both his hands, and led them into the Chamber, whereas hee found the other Knights newly risen from their Beds. To whom hee revealed the true Discourse of the passed Adventure, and by what meanes hee redeemed the King and the Lady from their Enchantments, which to them was as great joy as before it was to Saint George.

So, after they had for some six dayes refreshed themselves in the Castle, they generally intended to accompany the

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the Babylonion King into his Countrey, and to place him
again in his Regiment.

In which Travele we will leave the Christian Knights to
the Conduct of Fortune, and returne againe to Rosana, whom
(as you heard before) departed from the Castle in the pur-
suite of her disloyall Father : of whose strange Accidents
shall be spoken in this following Chapter.

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CHAP. XII.

How the Knight of the Black Castle after conquest of the same by the Christian Champions, wandered up and downe the World in great terrour of conscience, and after how he was found in a Wood by his owne daughter, in whose presence he desperately slew himselfe, with other accidents that after hapned.



You doe well remember when that Christian Champions had slaine the seven Gyants in the enchanted Castle and had made conquest thereof, disloyall Leoger, being Lord of the same, secretly fled: not for any anger of the losse, but for the preservation of his life. So in great griefe and terrour of conscience he wandered like a fugitive up and downe the world; sometimes remembering of his passed prosperity, other times thinking upon the Rapes he had committed, how disloyally in former time he had left the Queen of Armenia big with Child, bearing in her Womb the shame of her honour, and the confusion of her reputation. Sometime his guilty minde imagined that the bleeding Ghosts of the two Sisters (whom hee both ravished and mythered) followed him up and down, haunting his ghost
Q with

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with fearfull exclamations, and filling each corner of the Earth
with clamours of rebengement.

Such feare and terrour raged in his soule, that he thought
all places where hee travelled, were filled with multitudes of
Knights, and that the strength of Countreys pursued him, to
heap vengeance upon his guilty head for those wronged Ladies.

Whereby hee cursed the houre of his birth, and blamed
the cause of his creation, wishing the Fates to consume his
Body with a flash of Fire, or that the Earth would gape and
swallow him. In this manner he travelled up and downe,
filling all places with Echoes of his sorowes and grieve,
which brought him into such a perplexity, that many times
hee would have slain himselfe, and have rid his wretched soule
from a world of miseries.

But it hapned that one morning very early, by the first light
of Titans golden Torch, hee entred into a narrow and straight
path which conducted him into a very thick and solitary Forrest,
wherein with much sorow hee travelled till such time as gli-
tering Phcebus had passed the halfe part of his journey.

And being weary with the long way and the great weight
of his Armour, hee was forced to take some rest and ease under
certaine fresh and greene Myrtle Trees, whose large leaves did
shadow a very faire and cleare Fountaine, whose stream made
a bubbling murmur on the pebbles.

Being set, he began anew to have in remembrance his
former committed cruelty, and complayning of Fortune, hee
thus published his great grieve: and although he was weary
of complayning, yet seeing himselfe without all remedy, he
resolved like unto the Swan to sing a while before his death:
and so thinking to give some ease unto his tormented heart,
he warbled forth these Verses following.

Mournfull *Melpomene* approach with speed,
And shew thy sacred face with teares besprent:
Let all thy Sisters hearts with sorrow bleed,
To hear my plaints and rufull discontent.
And with your moanes sweet Muses all assist
My mournfull Song that doth on woe consist.

That

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That so I may at large paint out my paine,
Within these desert Groves and Wildernesse:
And after I have ended to complaine,
They may record my woes and deep distresse:
Except these Myrtle Trees relentlesse be,
They will with sobs assist the sighes of me,

Time weares out life, it is reported so,
And so it may, I will it not deny:
Yet have I tryed so long, and this doe know,
Time gives no end to this my misery:
But rather Fortune, Time, and Fates agree
To plague my heart with woe eternally.

Ye Silvan Nymphes that in these Woods do shrow'd,
To you my mournfull sorrowes I declare:
You savage Satyres, let your eares be bow'd,
To heare my woe your nimble selves prepare:
Trees, Herbs, and Flowers, in rurall Fields that grow,
While thus I mourn, doe you some silence show.

Sweet *Philomel*, cease thou thy Songs awhile,
And will thy mates their melodies to leave:
And all at once attend my mournfull stile,
Which will of mirth your sugred notes bereave:
If you desire the burthen of my Song,
I sigh and sob, cause Ladies I did wrong.

You furious Beasts that feed on Mountaines high,
And restlesse run with rage your prey to finde,
Draw neare to him whose brutish cruelty
Hath cropt the bud of Virgins chaste and kinde:

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This only thing yet rests to comfort me,
Repentance comes a while before I die.

Since all agree for to encrease my care,
What hope have I for to enjoy delight?
Sith Fates and Fortune do themselves prepare
To work against my soule their full despight,
I know no meanes to yeeld my heart reliefe,
'Tis only death which can dissolve my griefe.

I muse, and may, my sorrowes being such,
That my poore heart can longer life sustain,
Sith daily I doe finde my griefe so much,
As every day I feele a dying paine.
But yet alas, I live afflicted still,
And have no hope to heale me of my ill.

When as I think upon my pleasures past,
Now turn'd to paine, it makes me rue my state:
And since my joy with woe is over-cast,
O death give end to my unhappy fate,
For only death will lasting life provide,
Where living thus, I sundry deaths abide.

Wherefore all you that here my mournfull Song,
And tasted have the griefe that I sustain,
All lustfull Ravishers that have done wrong,
With teare-fill'd eyes assist me to complain,
All that have being doe my being hate,
Crying haste, haste, this wretches dying state.

This

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This sorrowfull Song being done, he layd himselfe all along upon the green grasse, closing up the closets of his eyes in hope to repose himselfe in a quiet sleep, and to admbon all discontented thoughts, in which silent contemplation we will leave him for awhile, and returne to Rosana the Quenes Daughter of Armenia, that bold Amazonian Lady, whom you remember likewise departed from the Black Castle (clad with enchanted Armour) in the pursuite of her disloyall Father, whom she never in her life beheld. This courteous Lady (to perform her Mothers Will) travelled up and down strange Countreys with many a weary step, yet never could she meet with her unkinde Father, unto whom she was commanded to give her Mothers Letter, neither could she heare in any place wheresoever she came, where she might goe to seek him. In the which travell she met with many strange Adventures, which with great honour to her name she finished, yet still she wandred over Hills and Dales, Mountaines and Valleys, and through many solitary Woods, till at last she hapned by fortune into the Wilderness where as this discontented Knight lay sleeping upon the green grasse, nere to which place she likewise reposed her selfe under the branches of a Chestnut Tree, desiring to take some rest after her long Travell.

But upon a sudden being betwixt waking and sleeping, she heard towards her left hand a very dolorous groane, as if it were of some sorrowfull Knight, which was so terrible, heable, and bitter, that it made her to give an attentive eare unto the sound, and to see if she could heare and understand what it should be.

So with making the least noyse that she could possibly, she arose up and went towards the place, where as she might see who it was, and there she beheld a Knight very well armed, lying upon the green grasse, under a certaine faire and green myrtle Tree, his Armour was all rusted, and full of bars of black Steele, which shewed to her a very sad, sorrowfull, and heavy enamelling, agreeable to the inward sadnesse of his heart.

He was somewhat of a big stature of body, and well proportioned, and there seemed by his disposition to be in his heart great griefe: where after she had a while stood, in secret, beholding

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holding his sorrowfull countenance, in a wofull manner hee tumbled his restless body upon the green grasse, and with a sad and heauy looke breathed forth this wofull Lamentation.

Oh heauie and peruerse Fortune (said hee) why dost thou consent that I so vile and cruell a wretch doe breathe so long upon the Earth, upon whose wicked head the golden Sunne disdaimes to shine, and the glistering Elements deny their cheerefull lights?

Oh that some ravenous Harpy would wealter from his Den, and make his loathsome bowels my fatall Tombe, so that my eyes were sightlesse, like the miserable King of Thebis, that I neuer might againe behold this Earth, whereon I haue long liued and committed so many cruelties.

I am confounded with the curse of sad mischance, for wronging that Mayden Queene of Armenia, in the spoyle of whose Virginitie I made a triumphant conquest.

Oh Leoger, Leoger, what fury did induce thee to commit so great a sinne, in leauing her stained with thy lust, and dishonoured by thy disloyalty? Oh cruell and without faith, thou wert nursed with some unkindly milk of Tygers, and borne into the world for thine owne torment. Where was thine understanding when thou forsakest that gracious Princeesse, who not only yielded to thee her Liberty, Love, and Honour, but therewith a Kingdom and a golden Diadem: and therefore too unto me Traptow, and more woe shall upon my soule, than there be hairens upon my head, and may the sorrowes of old Priam be my latest punishment.

What doth it profit me to fill the Ayre with Lamentations, when that the crime is already past, without all remedy or hope of comfort? This being said, hee gave a grieuous and terrible sigh, and so held his peace.

Rosana, by those heauie and sorrowfull Lamentations, together with his reasons which she heard, knew him to be her disloyall Father, whom she had so long travelled after to finde out: but when she remembred how that his unfaithfulness and unkindnesse was the death of her Mother, her heart endured such extreame pain and sorrow, that shee was constrained (without any feeling) to fall down to the ground.

But yet her couragious heart could not remaine long in that passion, but strait-ways shee rose up again upon her feet,

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feet, with a desire to perform her Mothers Will, but yet not intending to discover her name, nor to reveale unto him that she was his Daughter. So with this thought and determination, she went unto the place where Leoger was, who when he heard the noyse of her coming, straitwayes started upon his feet.

Then Rosana did salute him with a voyce somewhat heauie, and Leoger did return his salutation with no lesse shew of grace.

Then the Amazonian Lady took forth the Letter from her naked breast, where so long time she had kept it, and as she delivered it into his hands, she said:

Is it possible that thou art that forgetfull and disloyall Knight, which left the unfortunate Queen of Armenia (with so great paine and sorrow) big with child amongst those unmercifull Tyrants her Countrey-men, which banished her out of her Countrey in reuenge of thy committed crime, where euer since she hath been companion with wild Beasts that in their natures have lamented her banishment?

Leoger when he heard her to say these words, began to behold her, and although his eyes were all to be blubbered and weary of weeping, yet hee most earnestly gazed in her face, and answered her in this manner:

I will not deny to thee gentle Amazonian (said he) that which the very Clouds doe blush at, and the low Earth doth mourn for. Thou shalt understand that I am the same Knight whom thou hast demanded after: Tell me therefore what is thy will?

My will is, said she, thou most ungratefull Knight, that thou read here this Letter, the last work of the white hand of the unhappy Armenian Queen.

At which words the Knight was so troubled in thought, and grieved in minde, that it was almost the occasion to dissolve his soule from his body: and therewithall putting forth his hand somewhat trembling, he took the Letter, and set him down very sorrowfull upon the green grasse, without any power to the contrary, his griefe so abounded the bounds of reason.

No sooner had he opened the Letter, but he presently knew it to be written by the hand of his wronged Lady the Armenian Queen.

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Quene, and with great alteration both of heart and minde
has read the sorrowfull lines, which contained these words
following:—

The Queen of Armenia her Letter.

THU thou disloyall knight of the Black Castle, the
unfortunate Quene of Armenia can neither send nor
with salutations: for having no health my selfe, I cannot
send it unto him whose cruell minde hath quite forgotten my
true love: I cannot but lament continually, yea, and com-
plaine unto my Fates incessantly, considering that my for-
tune is converted from a crowned Quene to a miserable
and banished Castiffe, where as savage beasts are my chiefe
companions, and the mournfull birds my best sollicitors.
Oh Leoger, Leoger, why dost thou leave mee comfortlesse
without all cause, as did Eneas his unfortunate Dido?
What second love hath bereaved me of thy sight, and made
thee forget her that ever shall remember thee? Oh Leoger,
remember the day when first I saw thy face, which day was
fatal evertmore, and counted for a dismal day in time to
come, both heavy, black, and full of foule mischances, for it
was unhappie unto mee: for in giving thee joy, I bereaved
my selfe of all, and lost the possession of my Liberty and Ho-
nour; although thou hast not esteemed nor took care of my
sorrowfull fortunes, yet thou shouldst not have mockt my
perfect love, and disdaind the fervent affection that I have
been thee, in that I have yielded to thee that precious Jewell,
the which hath been denyed to many a noble King. O Love,
cruell and spitefull Love, that so quickly dost make me blinde,
and deprivedst me of the knowledge that belonged to my royall
highnesse. Oh uncourteous knight, being blinded with thy
love, the Queen of Armenia sayned her honesty, which she
ought to have kept, and preserved it from the biting canker of
disloyall love: Hadst thou pretended to mock me, thou shouldst
not have suffered me to have lost so much as I did forgoe for thy
sake.

Tell mee, why dost thou not suffer mee to execute my
will, that I might have opened my white breast with a
piercing

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piercing Sword, and sent my soule to the shady Banks of sweet Elizium? then had it been better for mee to have dyed, than to live still and daily die.

Remember thy selfe Leoger, and behold the harme that will come hereof: have thou a care unto the paine which thou hast sealed in my womb, and let it be an occasion that thou dost (after all thy violent wrongs) return to see me sleeping on my Tombe, that my child may not remaine fatherlesse in the power of wild Beasts, whose hearts be fraughted with nothing but cruelty. Doe not consent that the perfect love which I beare thee should be counted vaine, but rather perform the promise which thou hast made to me.

Unkind Leoger, Cruell and hard heart! is falsehood the firme love that so unfainedly thou didest professe to mee? What is hee that hath bene more unmercifull than thou hast bene? There is no furious beast nor lurking Lyon in the Desarts of Lybia, whose merciless pawes are all besmeared in blood, that is so cruelly hearted as thy selfe, else wouldest thou not leave me comfortlesse, spending my dayes in solitary Woods, whereas the Tygers mourn at my distresses, and the chirping Birds in their kinds, greebe at my lamentations: the unreasonable torments and sorrowes of my soule are so many, that if my pen were made of Lidian Steele, and my Inke the purple Ocean, yet could I not write the number of my woes.

But now I determine to aduertise thee of my desired death, for in writing this my last Testament, the Fates are cutting asunder my thred of life, and I can give thee knowledge of no more: but yet I desire thee by the true love which I beare thee, that thou wilt read with some sorrow these few lines, And now I desire of the Destinies that thou mayst die the like death that for thee I now doe. And so I end,

By her which did yeeld unto thee
her Life, Love, Honour, Fame, and Liberty.

When this sad and beaute knight had made an end of reading this dolorous Letter, hee could not re- strain his eyes from distilling salt teares, so great was the grieve that his heart sustayned: Rosana did likewise beare

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him company to solemnize his heaviness, with as many teares trickling from the conduits of her eyes.

The great sorrow and lamentation was such and so much in both their hearts, that for a great space the one could not speak unto the other: but afterwards their griefes being somewhat extenuated, Leoger began to say:

O! messenger, from her, with the remembrance of whose wrong my heart is wounded, being undeservably of me evill rewarded: tell me (even by the nature of true love) if thou dost know where she is: then unto me her abiding place, that I may goe whisper and give a discharge of this my great fault by yielding unto death.

O! cruel and without love (answered Rosana) what discharge canst thou give unto her that already (through thy cruelty) is dead and buried: only by the action of such a forsworn knight.

This penitent and grieved knight, when he understood the certainty of her death, with a sudden and hasty fury he struck himselfe on the breast with his fist, and lifting his eyes unto the Clouds, in manner of exclamation against the Fates, giving deep and sorrowfull sighes, he threw himselfe to the ground: tumbling and wallowing from the one side unto the other, without taking any ease, or having any power or strength to declare the inward griefe which at that time hee felt, but with lamentations which did torment his heart, he called continually on the Armenian Queene, and in that devilish fury wherein he was, drew out his dagger, and lifting up the skirt of his shirt of Maille, he thrust it into his body, and giving himselfe this unhappy death (with calling upon his longed Lady) hee finished his life, and fell to the ground.

This sad and heave Lady when she beheld him so desperately to gore his martiall Breast, and to fall lifelesse to the Earth, she greatly repented her selfe that she had not discovered her name, and revealed to him how that shee was his unfortunate Daughter, whose face before that time he had never beheld: and as a Lyon (though all too late) who seeing before her eyes a young Lionesse evill treated of the Hunter, even so shee ran unto her murdered Father, and with great speed pulled off his Helmet from his

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his wounded head, and unbrazed his Armour, the which was in colour according to his passion, but yet as strong as any Diamond, made by Magick Art. Also shee took away his shield which had on it a russet Flag, and in the midst thereof was portrayed the God of Love with two Faces, the one was very faire and bound with a cloath about his eyes, and the other was made marvellous fierce and furious.

This being done, with a faire linnen cloath shee wiped off the blood from his wounded body. And when shee was certaine that it was hee after whom shee had travelled so many weary steps, and that hee was without life, with a furious madnesse shee tore her Attire from her Head, and all to rent her golden Haire, tearing it in pieces, and then returned againe and wiped his bleeding body, making such sorrowfull lamentation, that whosoever had seene her would have bene moved to compassion. Then shee took his Head betwixt her hands striving to lift it up, and to lay it upon her Lap, but seeing for all this, that there was no moving in him, shee joyned her Face unto his pale and dead Cheeks, and with sorrowfull words shee sayd:

Deare Father, open thine eyes and behold mee, open them sweet Father, and look upon mee thy sorrowfull Daughter; if Fortune be so favourable, let me receive some contentment whilst life remaineth: Oh strengthen thy selfe to look upon mee wherein such delight may come to me, that we may either accompany other, Oh my Lord and onely Father, seeing that in former times my unfortunate Mothers teares were not sufficient to reclaine thee, make mee satisfaction for the great travell which I have taken in seeking thee out. Come now in death and joy in the sight of thy unhappy Daughter, and die not without seeing her: open thine eyes that shee may gratifie thee in dying with thee.

This being said, Rosana began againe to wipe his body, for that it was againe all to be bathed in blood, and with her white hands shee felt his eyes and mouth, and all his Face, and Head, till such time as shee touched his Breast, and put her hand on the mortall wound, where shee held it still and looked upon him whether hee moved or no. But when shee felt

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felt him without sence or feeling shee began anew to complaine, and crying out with most terrible exclamations, shee said.

Oh my haplesse Father, how many troubles and great Trabels hath thy Daughter passed in seeking thee, watering the Earth with her Teares, and allwayes in vaine calling for thee: Oh how many times in praying thy name hath shee bene answered with an Eccho, which was unto her great dolour and griefe: and now that Fortune hath brought her where thou art, to reioyce her selfe in thy presence, the same Fortune hath converted her wishes into griefe and dolour. Oh cruell and unconstant Quene of Chance, hath Rosana deserved this, to bee most afflicted when shee expected some joy: Oh Leoger, if euer thou wilt open thine eyes, now open them, or let the glasses of my eyes be closed eternally.

Herewith she perceived his dim eyes to open, and his senses now a little gathered together: and when he saw himselfe in her Arms, and understood by her words, that shee was his Daughter, whom hee had by the unfortunate Quene of Armenia, hee suddenly strove against weaknesse, and at last recovering some strength, he cast his peelding Armes about the milk-white Neck of the faire Rosana, and they joyned their Faces the one with the other, distilling betwixt them many salt and bitter teares, in such sort that it would have moved the very wild Beasts unto compassion: and then with a feeble and weak voyce she wounded Knight said:

Oh my Daughter, unfortunate by my disloyalty, let me recreate and comfort my selfe, in enjoying this thy mouth, the time that I shall remaine alive, and before my lilly soule doth depart the company of my dying body: I doe confesse that I have been pittilesse unto thy Mother, and unkind to thee, in making thee to travell with great sorrow in seeking me, and now thou hast found mee, I must leaue thee alone in this sorrowfull place with my dead body pale and wan: yet before my death sweet Girl give me some few gentle kisses: this only delight I crave for the little time I have to carry, and afterward I desire thee to intombe my body in thy Mothers Grave, though it bee farre in distance from this unlucky Countrey.

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Oh my deare Lord (answered shee) doe you request mee to giue your body a Sepulchre? I thinke it more requisite, to seek some to giue it unto us both: for I know my life cannot continue long, if the angry Fates depriue mee of your liuing company. And without strength to proceed any further in speeches, shee kissed his Face with many sobbings and sighes, and hauing within her selfe a terrible conflict, shee tarried for the answer of her dying Father, who with paine and great anguish of death, said:

O my Child, how happy should I bee, that thus imbracing one in anothers Arms, we might depart together? then should I be ioyfull in thy company, and account my selfe happy in my death: but alas, I must leave thee unto the World. Daughter farewell, good Fortune preserve thee, and for ever may she take thee into her fauour. And when he had said these words, inclining his Neck upon the Face of Rosana he dyed.

When this sorrowfull Lady saw that the Soule had got the victorie and departed from the body, shee kissed his pale lips, and giuing deep and dolorous sighes, shee began a marvellous and most heauy Lamentation, calling her selfe unhappy and unfortunate, and layd her selfe upon the dead body, cursing her destinies, so that it was lamentable to heare.

Oh my dreare Father, said shee, what small benefit haue I receiued for all my trauell and paine, the which I haue suffered in seeking of thee, and now in the finding of thee the more is my griefe, for that I came to see thee die? Oh most unhappy that I am, where was my minde when I saw that fatall Dagger pierce thy tender Breast: whereon was my thought? wherefore did I stand still, and did not with courage make resistance against that terrible and fatall blow?

If my strength would not haue serued me, yet at the least I should then haue borne thee company. You furious Beasts that are hid in your dens and deep Caves, where are you now? why doe you not come and take pittie upon my griefe in taking away my life? doing so, you shew your selues pittifull, for that I doe abhorre this dolorous life. Yet all this while shee did not forget the promise that shee made him, which was to giue his body buriall in her Mothers Tombe. Which was the occasion that shee did somewhat cease her Lamentation, and taking unto her selfe more courage than her

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sorrowfull griefe would consent unto, She put the dead body under a broad branched Vine-apple Tree, and covered it with leaves and greene grasse, and withall hung his Armour upon the boughes, in hope that the sight thereof would cause some aduenturous knight to approach her presence, that in kindnesse would afill her to intombe him. This done, here we toll leave Rosana weeping over her Fathers Body, and speak of the Perzomanee after his flight from the Black Castle.

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CHAP. XIII.

How the Magician found *Laogers* Armour hanging upon a Pine-Tree, kept by *Rosana* the Queenes Daughter of *Armenia*, betwixt whom hapned a terrible Battell: also of the desperate death of the Lady: and after how the Magician framed by Magick Art an enchanted Sepulchre, wherein he inclosed himselfe from the sight of all humane creatures.



Am sure you doe well remember, when the Christian Knights had conquered the Black Castle, which was kept by Enchantment, how the furious *Pegzomancer* to preserve his life, fled from the same, carried by his Art through the Ayre in an Iron Chariot, drawn by two flying Dragons: in which charmed Chariot he crossed over many Parts and Platnes of the Easterne Climates.

At last, being weary of his journey, he put himselfe into the thickest of a Forrest, wherein travelling with his whirling Dragons, he never rested till he came unto a mighty and broad River, the which seemed to be an arme of the mar-ble coloured Ocean: there he alighted from his Chariot for

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to refresh himselfe, and took water with his hands and drunke thereof, and washed his face: and as hee found himselfe all alone, there came into his minde many thoughts of his fore-past life, and how hee was vanquished by the Christian Knights, for which with great anger hee gave terrible sighes, and began to curse not only the houre of his Birth, but the whole World, and all the Generation of Mankinde.

Likewise hee remembred the great sorrow and travell that hee ever since had endured, and what toyle travelling Knights doe endure: In these variable cogitations spent hee the time away till golden Phœbus began to with-draw himselfe into his accustomed Lodging, to hide his light in the Occidentall parts, and therewith drew on the dark and tenebrous night, which was the occasion that his paine did the more encrease: all that night hee passed away with such sorrowfull Lamentations for his late disgraces, that all the Woods and Pountaines did resound his woofull exclamations, till that Sol with his glittering beames began againe to cover the Earth.

The which being seene by the Magician, with a trice hee arose up, and intending to prosecute his journey: but lifting up his eyes towards the Elements, hee discovered hanging upon a high and mighty Pine-apple Tree the Armour of Leoger.

This Armour was hung there by Rosana, in the remembrance of his death, as you heard in the last Chapter. And although it had almost lost the wonted colour, and began to rust through the abundance of raine that had fallen thereon, yet for all that it seemed of great value and of a wonderfull richnesse: so without any further circumspection or regard, hee took downe the Knights Armour, and armed himselfe therewith, and when hee lacked no more to put on but the Helmet, hee heard a voyce that said; Be not so hardy thou Knight as to undoe this Trophie, except thou prepare thy selfe to win it by sword.

The Magician at this unexpected voyse, cast his Head on the one side, and espied Rosana newly awaked from a heavy sleep, most richly Armed with a strong enchanted Armour, after the manner of the Amazonians, but for all that hee did not let to make an end of arming himselfe, and having laced on his Burgonet, hee went towards the Demander with his sword

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sword ready drawn in his hand, inviting her to a mortal battell.

Rosana, who saw his determination, did provide to defend her selfe, and offend her enemy.

Oh my Muse! that I had but learned Eloquence to relate out and declare the noble Encounters of these two gallant Warriours: Rosana though shee was but a Feminine by nature, yet was she as bold in herseall Adventures as any Knight in the world, except the invincible Christian Champions.

But now return we to our History. The valiant Amazonian when her Enemy came unto her, she struck him so terrible a blow upon the visour of his Helmet, that with the fury thereof she made sparkles of fire to issue out with great abundance, and forced him to bow his Head unto his breast.

The Magician did return unto her his salutation, and struck her such a blow upon her Helmet, that with the great noise thereof it made a sound in all the Mountaines. And so began betwixen them a marvellous and fearefull Battell. Fortune not willing to use her most extremity, inclined the soulds to neither party, nor as yet gave she conquest to any: all the time of the conflict, the furious Magician and the valiant Amazonian thought on no other thing, but either of them endeavoured to bring the other to an overthrow, striking each at other such terrible blowes, and with so great fury, that many times it made either of them senselesse: and both seeing the great force one of another, were marvellously incensed with anger.

Then the valiant Lady threw her Shield at her back, that with more force shee might strike and hurt her Enemy: and therewithall gave him so strong a blow upon the Burgonet, that he fell quite astonied to the Earth without any feeling.

But when the Magician came againe to himselfe, hee returned Rosana such a terrible blow, that if it had chanced to hit right upon her, it would have cloben her head in pieces, but with great discretion she cleared her selfe thereof, in such sort that it was stricken in vaine, and with great lightnesse she replyed, and struck the Magician so furiously, that shee made him once againe to fall to the ground all astonied, and there appeared at the visour of his Helmet, great abundance of blood that issued out of his mouth: but presently hee revived and got up in a trice, with so great

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anger, that the smoke which came from his mouth, seemed like a mist before his Helmet, so that almost it could not be seen.

When this furious Devil (blaspheming against his hard hap) having his sharp sword very fast in his hand, ran towards his Enemy, who (without any feare of his fury) went forth to receive him: and when they met together, they discharged their blowes at once; but it fortuned that the Amazonians blow did first fasten, with so great strength that for all the Helmet of the Magician, which was wrought of the strongest Steele, it was not sufficient to make defence, but with the rigorous force wherewith it was charged, it bended in such sort that it brake into peeces: and the Magicians head was so grievously wounded, that streams of blood ran down his Armour, and he was forced for want of strength to yield to the mercy of the valiant Lady, who quickly condescended to his requests, upon this condition, that hee would be a meane to convey her fathers dead body to an Island neare adjoining to the Borders of Armenia, and there to intomb it in her Mothers Grave, as she promised when that his ayze of life flaked from his body.

The Magician for safeguard of his life, presently agreed to perform her desires, and protested to accomplish whatsoever she demanded.

When presently by his Art hee prepared his Iron Chariot with his flying Dragons in a readinesse, wherein he layd the murdered Body of Leoger upon a Pillow of pistle-toe, and likewise placed themselves therein, wherein they were no sooner entred, with necessaries belonging to their Trabels, but they fled thowgh the Ayze more swifter than a Whirl-winde, or a Ship sayling on the Seas in a stormy tempest.

The Wonders that he performed by the way, be so many and miraculous, that I want an Orators Eloquence to describe them, and a Poets skill to expresse them.

But to be short, when Rosana was desirous to eat, and that her hunger increased, by his Charms he would procure Birds (of their own accords) to fall out of the Skies, and yield themselves unto their pleasures, with all things necessary to suffice their wants.

Thus

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Thus Rosana with her Fathers dead Body, carryed through the Ayre by Magick Art, over Hills and Dales, Mountaines and Vallies, Woods and Forrests, Townes and Cities, and through many both wonderfull & strange places and Countreys.

And at last, they Arrived neare unto the Confines of Armenia, being the place of their long desired rest. But when they approached near unto the Queen of Armenia's Grave, they descended from their enchanted Chariot, and bore Leogers Body to his burying place, the which they found (since Rosana's departure) over-grown with Moss and withered Brambles: yet for all that they opened the Sepulchre and laid his Body (yet freshly bleeding) upon his Ladies consumed Carcasse: which being done, the Magician covered againe the grave with Earth, and layd thereon green Turves, which made it seeme as though it never had been opened.

All the time that the Magician was performing the Ceremonious Funerall, Rosana watered the Earth with her teares, never withholding her eyes from looking upon the Grave: and when it was finished, she fell into this sorrowfull lamentation following.

Oheruell Destinies (sayd shee) sith your rigours have bereaved mee of both my Parents, and left me to the world, a comfortlesse Orphan, receive the sacrifice to my chastity, in payment of your vengeance: and let my blood here shed upon this Grave, shew the singlenesse of my heart. And with the like solemnity may all their hearts be broken in peeces, that seek the downfall and dishonour of Ladies.

As shee was uttering these and the like sorrowes, shee took forth a naked Sword which shee had ready for the same effect, and putting the Hammell to the ground, cast her breast upon the point. The which shee did with such furious violence and exceeding haste, that the Magician although hee was there present, could not succour her, nor prevent her from committing on her selfe so bloody a fact.

This sudden mischance so amazed him, and so grieved his Soule, that his heart (for a time) would not consent that his tongue should speak one word to expresse his passion. But at last (having taken trace with sorrow, and recovering his former speech) he took up the dead body of Rosana, bathed all in blood, and likewise buried her in her Parents Grave:

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and over the same hee hung up an Epitaph that did declare the occasion of all their deaths.

This being done, to expresse the sorowes of his heart for the desperate death of such a magnanimous Lady, and the rather to exempt himselfe from the company of all humane creatures, hee erected over the Grave by Magick Art a very stately Tombe, which was in this order framed: First, there were fixed foure Pillars, every one of a very fine Rubie: upon which was placed a Sepulchre of Chrysell: within the Sepulchre there seemed to be two faire Ladies; the one having her bzeast pierced thozow with a sword, and the other with a Crown of Gold upon her Head, and so leane of Body that she seemed to pine away: and upon the Sepulchre there lay a Knight all along, with his Face looking up to the Heavens, and armed with a Corset of fine Steele, of a russet enamelling: under the Sepulchre there was spred abroad a great Carpet of Gold, and upon it two Pillars of the same, and upon them lay an old Shepheard and his sheephooke lying at his feet: his eyes were shut, and out of them distilled many pearled teares: at either Pillar there was a Gentlewoman of a comely feature, the one of them seemed to be murdered, and the other ravished.

And near unto the Sepulchre there lay a terrible great Beast, headed like a Lyon, his bzeast and body like a Wolfe, and his taile like a Scorpion: which seemed to spit continually flames of fire. The Sepulchre was compassed about with a Wall of Iron, with foure Gates for to enter in thereat: the Gates were after the manner and colour of fine Diamonds: and directly over the top of the chiefest Gate stood a Marble Pillar, whereon hung a Table written with red Letters, the Contents whereof were as follow:

So long shall breathe upon this brittle earth
The framer of this stately Monument,
Till that three Children of a wondrous birth
Out of the Northern Climate shall be sent:
They shall obscure his name as Fates agree,
And by his fall the Fiends shall tamed bee.

This

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This Monument was no sooner framed by the assistance of Pluto's legions, and maintained by their devilish powers, but the Necromancer inclosed himselfe in the Walls, where hee consorted chiefly with Furies and walking Spirits, that continually fed upon his blood, and left their damnable soles sticking upon his left side, as a sure token and witness that hee had given both his soule and body to their governments after the date of his mortall life was finished.

In which enchanted Sepulchre wee will leave him for a time conferring with his damnable Gates, and return to the Christian Knights where wee left them travelling towards Babylon, to place the King again in his Kingdome.

How the seven Champions of Christendom
the Babylonian King unto the Kingdome: and after
how honorably they were received at Rome
where the young Prince is to be crowned
Daughter being a protected Name: of the
chiefe that ended thereby, and of the
end of young Prince of Rome.

the young Prince of Rome
how honorably they were received at Rome
where the young Prince is to be crowned
Daughter being a protected Name: of the
chiefe that ended thereby, and of the
end of young Prince of Rome.

the young Prince of Rome
how honorably they were received at Rome
where the young Prince is to be crowned
Daughter being a protected Name: of the
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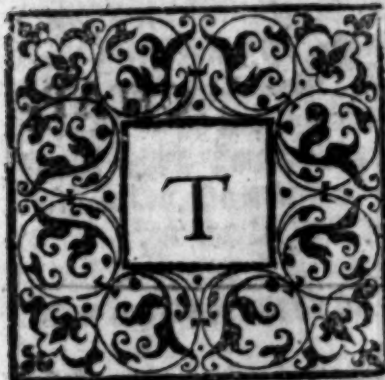
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CHAP. XIII.

How the seven Champions of Christendom restored the Babylonian King unto the Kingdom: and after how honourably they were received at *Rome*, where *S. George* fell in love with the Emperours Daughter, being a professed Nunne: of the mischiefes that ensued thereby, and of the desperate end of young *Lucius* Prince of *Rome*.



The valiant Christian Champions, having as you heard in the Chapter going before, performed the adventure of the enchanted Monument, accompanied the Babylonian King to his Kingdome of Assyria, as they had all solemnly promised him.

But when they approached the Confines of Babylon, and made no question of peacefull and princely entertainment, there was neither sign of peace, nor likelihood of joyfull and friendly welcome: for all the Countrey ragged with intestine Warre, foure seuerall Competitors unjustly striving for what unto the King properly and of right belonged.

The unnaturall cankers and stirrers up to this blood-deboursing controverſie, were the foure Noblemen, unto whom the King unadvisedly committed the Government of

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of his Realme, when hee went in the Tragicall pursuit of his faire Daughter, after his dreaming illusion that caused him so cruelly to seek her death. And the breaking out into this huriburly grow first to head in this manner following:

Two yeares after the Kings departure, these Deputies governed the publick State in great peace, and with prudent Policy, till after no tidings of the King could be heard, notwithstanding so many Messengers as were into every quarter of the World sent to enquire of him: then did Ambition kindle in all their hearts, each striving to wrest into his hand the sole Possession of the Babylonian Kingdome.

To this end, they all made severall friends: for this had they contended in many Fights, and now lastly, they intended to set all their hopes upon this maine chance of Warre, intending to Fight till they fell, and one remained Victoz over the rest, whose Head should be beautified with a Crowne.

But of Traytors and Treason the end is sudden and shamefull: for no sooner had Saint George (placing himselfe between the Battels) in a briefe Oration shewed the adventures of the King, and hee himselfe to the People discovered his reverend Face, but they all shouted for joy, and haling the Usurpers presently to death, they re-installed in his Ancient Dignity, their true, lawfull, and long lookt for King.

The King being thus Restored, married Fidelia for her faithfullnesse: and after the Nuptiall Feasts, the Champions (at the earnest request of Saint Anthony) departed towards Italy: where in Rome the Emperour spared no cost honourably and most sumptuously to entertaine those never daunted Knights, the famous Wonders of Christendome.

At that time of the yeare when the Summers Queen had beautified the Earth with interchangeable Ornaments, Saint George (in company of the Emperour) with the rest of the Champions, chanced to walk along by the side of the Riber Tyber, to delight themselves with the pleasant Meads, and beautifull prospect of the Countrey.

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Before they had walked halfe a mile from the City, they approached unto an ancient Punnery, which was very faire and of a stately building, and likewise encompassed about with chrystall streames and many green Medowes, furnished with all manner of beautifull Trees and fragrant Flowers.

This Punnery was consecrated to Diana the Quene of Chastity, and none were suffered to lye therein, but such chaste Ladies and Virgins as had vowed themselves to a single life, and to keep their Virginities for ever unspotted.

In this place the Emperours only Daughter lived as a professed Nunne, and exempted her selfe from all company, except it were the fellowship of chaste and religious Virgins.

This vertuous Lucina (for so was she called) having intelligence before, by the Overseers of the Punnery, how that the Emperour her Father with many other Knights, were coming to visit their Religious Habitation, against their approach she attyzed her selfe in a Gown of white Satten, all layd over with Gold Lace, having also her golden Locks of Haire somewhat layd forth: and upon her Head was knitt a Garland of sweet smelling Flowers, which made her seeme like some celestiall or divine creature.

Her Beauty was so excellent, that it might have quailed the heart of Cupid, and her bzavery excaded the Paphyan Quens. Never could Nature with all her cunning frame more Beauty in any one creature, than was upon her Face: nor never could the flattering Syzens more beguile the Travellers, than did her bright countenance enchant the English Champion: for at his first entrance into the Punnery, hee was so ravished with her sight, that hee was not able to withdraw his eyes from her Beauty, but stood gazing upon her rosie coloured Cheeks, like one bewitched with Medusæes shadowes. And to be short, her Beauty seemed so Angelicall, and the burning flames of love so fired his heart, that hee must either enjoy her company, or give end to his life by some untimely meanes.

Saint George being wounded thus with the Dart of Love, dissembled his griefe, and revealed it not to any one, but

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but departed with the Emperour back againe to the City, leaving his heart behinde him closed in the Stony Monastery with his lovely Lucina.

All that ensuing night hee could not enjoy the benefit of sleep, but did contemplate upon the Divine Beauty of his Lady, and fraughted his minde with a thousand severall cogitations how hee might attaine to her love, being a chaste Virgin and a professed Nunne.

In this manner spent hee away the night, and no sooner appeared the mornings brightnesse in at the Chamber Window, but hee arose from his restlesse Bed, and Atttyzed himselfe in watchet Welbet, to signifie his true love, and wanded all alone unto the Monastery, where hee revealed his deep affection unto the Lady, who was as farre from granting to his Requests, as the Skies from the Earth, or the deepest Seas from the highest Elements: for shee protested while life remayned withyn her Body, never to yeld her love in the way of marriage to any one, but to remaine a pure Virgin, and one of Diana's Traine.

No other resolution could Saint George get of the chaste Nunne, which caused him to depart in great discontent, intending to seek by some other meanes to obtaine her love; so coming to the rest of the Christian Champions, hee revealed to them the truth of all things that had hapned: who in this manner counselled him, that hee should provide a multitude of Armed Knights, every one bearing in their hands a Sword ready drawn, and to enter the Monastery at such time as shee little mistrusted, and first with faire promises and kinde Speeches to seek her love, but if shee yielded not, to fill her eares with cruell threatnings, protesting that if shee will not grant to requite his love with like affection, he would not leave one Stone of that Monastery standing upon another, and likewise to make her a bloody offering up to Diana.

This policy liked well Saint George, though hee intended not to prosecute such cruelty: so the next morning by break of day he went unto the Nunnerie in company of no other but the Christian Champions, Armed in bright Armour with their glistering Swords ready drawn, which they carried under their side Cloaks to prevent suspicion.

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But when they came to the Monastery, and had entred into the Chamber of Lucina (whom they found kneeling upon the bare ground at her Ceremonious Orisons) Saint George first proffered her kindnesse by faire promises, but finding that thereby hee nothing prebailled, hee then made knowne his pretended unmercifull purpose, and thereupon all of them shaking their bright Swords against her vertuous Breast, they protested (though contrary to their intents) that except shee would yeld to Saint George her unconquered Love, they would bathe their Weapons in her dearest Blood.

At which words the distressed Virgin being overcharged with feare, sunk downe presently to the ground, and lay for a time in a dead agony, but in the end recovering her selfe, she lifted up her Angelicall Face, shrowded under a cloud of pale sorrow, and in this manner declared her minde.

Most renowned, and well approb'd Knight (said shee) it is as difficult to mee to climb up to the highest top of Heaven, as to perswade my minde to yeld to the fulfilling of your requests. The pure and chaste Goddess Diana that sits now crowned amongst the golden Stars, will revenge my perjured promise if I yeld to your desires, for I have long since deeply vow'd to spend my dayes in this religious House, in honour of her Deity, and not to yeld the flower of my Virginitie to any one, which vow I will not infringe for all the Wealth of Rome: you know brave Champions, that in time the watry drops will mollifie the hardest Diamond, and time may root this resolution out of my heart. Therefore I request you by Honour of true Knight-hood, and by the lobes you beare to your native Countreys, to grant mee the liberty of seven dayes, that I may at full consider with my heart before I gibe an Answer to your Demands, and to the intent that I may make some publick Sacrifices, as well to appease the wrath which the chaste Goddess Diana may conceive against me, as to satisfie my own Soule for not fulfilling my Vow.

These words were no sooner ended, but the Champions incontinently without any more delay joyfully consented, and

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and moreover proffered themselves to be all present at the same sacrifice, and so departed from the Monastery with exceeding great comfort.

The Champions being gone, Lucina called together all the rest of the Nunnes, and declared to them the whole discourse of her assayment, where after amongst this Religious Company, with the help of some other of their approbated friends, they devised a most strange Sacrifice, which hath since been the occasion that so many inhumane and bloody Sacrifices have been committed.

The next morning after six dayes were finished, no sooner did bright Phœbus shew his golden beames abroad, but the Nunnes began to prepare all things in readinesse for the Sacrifice: for directly before the doore of the Monastery, they hyred cunning Work-men to erect a Scaffold, all very richly covered with Cloth of Gold, and upon the Scaffold (about the middle thereof) was placed a faire Table, covered also with a Carpet of Cloth of Gold, and upon it a Chafing-dish of Coales burning: all this being set in good order, the Emperour with the Christian Champions, and many other Roman Knights being present to behold the Ceremonious Sacrifice, little mistrusted the dolefull Tragedy that after hapned.

The Assembly being silent, there was strait-ways heard a sweet and harmonious sound of Clarions and Trumpets, and sundry other kinds of Instruments: these entred first upon the Scaffold, and next unto them were brought seven Rams, all adorned with fine white Wool more soft in feeling than Arabian Silk, with huge and mighty cragged Hornes bound about with Garlands of Flowers: after them followed a certain number of Nunnes attyzed in black Vestures, singing their accustomed Songs in the Honour of Diana: after them followed an ancient Matron drayn in a Chariot by four comely Virgins, bringing in their hands the Image of Diana: and on either side of her two ancient Nunnes of great estimation, each of them bearing in their hands rich Vessels of Gold full of most precious and sweet Wines: then after all this came the beautifull Lucina apparrelled with a rich Robe of estate, being of a great and inestimable value.

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Thus ceremoniously they ascended the Scaffold, where the Patron placed the Image of Diana behind the Chafingdish of Coales that was there burning: and the rest of the Punnies continued still singing their Songs and drinking of the precious Wines that were brought in the golden Vessels. This being done, they all at once brought low the necks of the Kins by cutting their throats, whose blood they sprinkled round about the Scaffold, and opened their bowels, and burned their inward parts in the Chafingdish of Coales.

Thus, with the laughter, they made Sacrifice to the Queen of Chastity: at the sight whereof was present the sursetting Lober Saint George, with the other six Christian Knights Armed all in bright Armour, and were all very attentive to this that I have here told you.

The Sacrifice ended, this Lucina commanded silence to be made, and when all the company were still, she rayed her selfe upon her seat, and with a heaue boyce, distilling many salt teares, she said:

O most excellent and chaste Diana, in whose blessed bosome wee undefiled Virgins doe recreate our selves: unto thy most Divine excellency doe I now commend this my last Sacrifice, calling to record all the Gods, that I have done my best to continue a spotlesse Maiden of thy most beautifull Traine.

O Heavens! shall I consent to deliver my Virginitie willingly to him, whose soule desires to have the use of it? or shall I my selfe commit my utter ruine and sorrowfull destruction, which proceedeth only by the meane of my flourishing Beauty: the which I would it had been as black as the nightly Ravens, or like to the tawny tanned Moores in the furthest Mountaines of India.

O sacred Diana! thou blessed Queen of Chastity, is it possible that thou dost consent that a Virgine descended from so royall a Race as I am, should suffer the worthinesse of her Predecessors to be spotted by yielding her Virgin honour to the conquest of Love, without respecting the chaste Vow I made unto thy Deity?

Well, seeing it is so that I must needs violate my selfe against

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against all humane nature, I beseech thee to receive the solemnity of this my death, which I offer up in sacrifice to thy divine excellency: for I am here constrained with mine own trembling hand to cut off the flourishing branches of these my dayes. For this I sweare before the Majesty of Diana, that I had rather offer up my soule into the society and sacred bosome of that great Goddess, than to yield the castle of my chastity to the conquest of any knight in the world.

And now to thee I speak thou valiant knight of England, behold here I yield unto thy hands my lifelesse body, to use according to thy will and pleasure, requesting onely this thing at thy hand, that as thou lovedst me living, thou wilt love me dead, and like a mercifull Champion suffer me, to receive a Princely Funerall.

And last of all to thee Divine Diana doe I speak, accept of this my bleeding soule, that with so much blood is offered unto thee.

So, in finishing this sorrowfull speech, she drew out a faire and bright shining sword, which she had hidden secretly under her Cowne, and setting the hilt against the Scaffold (little looked for of her Father and those that were present) she suddenly threw her selfe upon the point of that sword, in such furious manner, that it parted her bloody heart in sunder, and so rendred her soule to the tuition of her unto whom she offered her most bloody and richfull sacrifice.

What shall I here declare the lamentable sorowes and pittifull Lamentation that was there made by her Father and other Roman knights that were present at this unhappy mischance: so great it was that the Walls of the Palace Echoed, and their pittifull shrieks ascended to the Clouds.

But none was more grieved in minde than the afflicted English Champion, who (like a man distraught of sense) in great fury rushed amongst the people, throwing them downe on every side, till hee ascended upon the Scaffold: and approaching the dead body of Lucina, hee took her up in his Armes, and with a sorrowfull and passionate voyce hee said:

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said : O my beloved joy, and late my only hearts delight, is this thy sacrifice wherein (through thy desperatenesse) thou hast deceived me, who loved thee more than thy selfe : is this thy respit that thou requiredst for seven dayes, wherein thou hast concluded thy owne death and my utter confusion :

O noble Lucina, and my beloved Lady, if this were thy intent, why didst thou not first sacrifice me thy Ser-
vant and Love, wholly subjected unto thy divine beauty :
Woe bee unto me, and woe be unto my unhappy Enterprize :
for by it is shee lost, who was made soveraigne Lady of my heart.

O Diana, accursed by this chance, because thou hast consented to so bloody a Tragedy : for I doe here protest, that never more shalt thou bee worshipped, but in thy stead in every Land and Countrey where the English Cham-
pion commeth, shall Lucina bee adored. For from hence-
forth will I seek to diminish thy name, and blot it from the
godzoll of the Firmament, yea, and utterly extinguishe it for
ever, so that there shall never more memory remaine of thee,
for this thy bloody tyranny, in suffering so lamentable a
sacrifice.

So sooner had he delivered these Speeches, but incensed
with fury hee drew out his sword, and parted the Image
of Diana into two pieces, protesting to ruinate the Mona-
stery within whose Walls the device of this bloody sacrifice
was concluded.

The sorrow and extreame griefe of the Roman Empe-
rour so exceeded for the murder of his Daughter, that hee
fell to the Earth in a senselesse swoond, and was carried by
certaine of his Knights, halfe dead with griefe, home to
his Pallace, where hee remained speechlesse by the space of
thirty dayes.

The Emperour had a Sonne, as valiant in Armes as any
brave Italian except Saint Anthony. This young Prince
whose name was Lucius, seeing his Sisters timelesse death,
and by what meanes it was committed, hee presently inten-
ded with a traine of an hundred Armed Knights which
continually attended upon his Person, to assaile the
dis-

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discontented Champions, and by force of Armes to revenge his Sisters death.

This resolution so encouraged the Roman Knights, but especially the Emperours Sonne, that betwixt these two companies began as terrible a Battell as ever was fought by any Knights; the fierceness of their blowes so exceeded the one side against the other, that they did resound Echoes, which yielded a terrible noyse in the neighbouring Woods.

This Battell did continue betwixt them both sharp and fierce for the space of two houres, by which time the valour of the incensed Champions so prevailed, that most of the Roman Knights were discomfited and slaine: some had their Heads parted from their Shoulders, some had their Arms and Legs lopped off, and some lay breathlesse, weltring in their own bloods, in which Encounter many a Roman Lady lost her husband, many a Widow was bereaved of her Sonne, and many a Child left fatherlesse, to the great sorrow of the whole Countrey.

But when the valiant young Prince of Rome saw his Knights discomfited, and he left alone to withstand so many noble Champions, he presently set spurs to his Horse, and fled from them like a heape of dust forced by a whirlwind.

After whom the Champions would not pursue, accounting it no glory to their names to triumph in the overthrow of a single Knight, but remained still by the Scaffold, where they buried the sacrificed Virgin, under a Marble Stone close by the Monastery Wall. The which being done to their contentments, Saint George engraved this Epitaph upon the same Stone with the point of his Dagger, which was in this wise following:

Under this Marble Stone interr'd doth lie
Lucklesse *Lucina*, yet of beauty bright:
Who to maintaine her spotlesse chastity,
Against th'assaylment of an English Knight,

Upon

The second part of the
Vpon a blade her tender Breast shee cast;
A bloody offering to *Diana* chaste.

So, when hee had written this Epitaph, the Christian Champions mounted upon their swift-footed Steeds, and hade adue to the unhappy Confinnes of Italy, hoping to finde better Fortunes in other Countreys. In which Trabell wee will leaue them for a time, and speak of the Prince of Rome: who after the discomfiture of the Roman Knights, fled in such haste from the furies of the Marlike Champions. After which, hee like a raging Lyon trauesed along by the River of Tybris, filling all places with his melancholy passions, untill such time as hee entred into a thick Grove, wherein he purposed to rest his weary Limbs, and lament his mis-fortunes. After hee had in this solitary place unlaced his Helmet, and hurled it scornfully against the ground, the infernall Furies began to blist him, and to sting his Breast with motions of fiery reuenge. In the end hee cast up his wretched eyes unto the Skies and said:

O you fatall Torches of the Elements, why are you not clad in mournfull Habillments, to cloake my wandring Steps in eternall darknesse? or shall I hee made a scorn in Rome for my cowardise? or shall I returne and accompany my Roman friends in death, whose blood mee thinks I see sprinkled about the fields of Italy? Noe thinks I heare their bleeding Soules fill each corner of the Earth with my base sight: therefore will I not liue to be termed a fearefull Coward, but die couragiously by mine owne hands, whereby those accursed Champions shall not obtaine the conquest of my death, nor triumph in my fall.

This being said, hee drew out his Dagger, and clabe his heart in sunder. The newes of whose desperate death, after it was bzisted to his Fathers eares, hee interred his body with his Sister Lucina's, and erected ober them a stately Chappell, wherein the Punnies and Ceremonious Monks, during all their liues, sung Dirges for his Childzens Soules.

After this, the Emperour made Proclamation through all

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all his Dominions, that if any Knight were so hardy as to
travell in pursuit after the English Champion, and by force
of Armes to bring him back, or deliver his Head unto the
Emperour, he should not onely be held in great estimation
through the Land, but receive the Government of the Em-
pire after his Decease. Which rich proffer so encouraged the
minds of many Adventurous Knights, that they went from
 sundry Provinces in the pursuit of Saint George, but their at-
tempts were all in vaine.

CHAP. XV.

There are several other persons who have been
admitted into the Order of the Knights of the
Honor, and of the Honorable Adventures
Society, held in Constantinople, by the Greek
of the Triumph, Titles and Tournament, that were

V

CHAP.



CHAP. XV.

Of the Triumphs, Titles and Turnaments, that were solemnly held in Constantinople, by the Grecian Emperour, and of the Honourable Adventures that were there atchieved by the Christian Champions, with other strange Accidents that hapned.



IN the Eastern Parts of the World the Fame and valiant Deeds of the Champions of Christendome was noysed, with their honourable Victories, heroicall Acts and feates of Armes, naming them the Mirrours of Nobility, and the types of bright Honour. All Kings and Princes (to whose eares the report of their Valours were bzulted) desired much to behold their noble Personages. But when the Emperour of Grecia (keeping then his Court in the City of Constantinople) heard of their mighty and valiant Deeds, was thirsted after their sights, and his minde could never be satisfied with content, untill such time as hee had devised a means to Traine them unto his Court, not only in that hee might enjoy the benefit of their Companies, but to have his Court honoured with the presence of such renowned Knights: and therefore in this manner it was accomplished.

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The Emperour dispatched Messengers into divers Parts of the World, giving them in charge to publish throughout every Countrey and Province as they went, of an Honourable Tournament that should bee holden in the City of Constantinople within six Moneths following: thereby to accomplish his intent, and to bring the Christian Champions (whose company he so much desired) unto his Court.

This charge of the Grecian Emperour (as he commanded) was speedily performed, with such diligence, that in a short time it came to the eares of the Christian Knights, as they travelled betwixt the Provinces of Asia and Africa, who at the time appointed, came in great Pomp and Majesty to Constantinople, to furnish forth the Honourable Triumphs.

At the same whereof likewise resorted thither a great number of Knights of great valour and strength: among whom was the Prince of Argier with a goodly company of Noble Persons: and the Prince of Fesse with many well proportioned Knights. Likewise came thither the King of Arabia in great State: and with no lesse Majesty came the King of Sicilia, and a Brother of his, who were both Spaniards. Many other brave and valiant Knights (whose names I here omit) came thither to honour the Grecian Emperour, for that hee was very well esteemed of by them all. And as they came to honour the Triumphs: so likewise they came to prove their Fortitudes, and to get Fame and Name, and the praise that belongeth to adventurous Knights. It was supposed of all the company that the King of Sicilia would gaine by his prowess the Dignity from the rest, for that he was a Giant of very big Limbs, although his Brother was taken to be the more furious Knight: who determined not to Just, for that his Brother should get the Honour and Praise from all the Knights that came, but it fell out otherwise, as hereafter you shall understand.

For when the day of Tournament was come, all the Ladies and Damselfs put themselves in places to behold the Justing, and attyred themselves in the greatest bravery that they could devise, and the great Court swarmed with people that came thither to behold the triumphant Tournament.

The second part of the

What shall I say here of the Emperours Daughter, the faire Alcida, who was of so great Beauty that she seemed more liker a Divine Substance than an Earthly Creature, and late glittering in rich Ornaments amongst the other Ladies like unto Phoebe in the Christall Firmament, and was noted of all Beholders to be the fairest Pynceſſe that ever mortall eye beheld, so when the Emperour was seated up on his Imperiall Throne under a Tent of green Welbet, the Knights began to enter into the Lists, and he that first entred, was the King of Arabia, mounted upon a very fast and well adorned Courser, hee was armed with black Armour, all to be spotted with silver knobs, and hee brought with him fifty Knights all apparrelled with the same Livery, and thus with great Majesty hee rode round about the Palace, making great Obedience unto all the Honorable Ladies and Damſels.

After him entred a Pagan Knight, who was Lord of Syria, and armed with Armour of Lyons colour, accompanied with an hundred Knights all apparrelled in Welbet of the same colour, and passed round about the Palace, shewing unto the Ladies great friendship and courtesie as the other did.

Which being done, hee beheld the King of Arabia tarrying to receive him at the List: and the Trumpets began to sound, giving them to understand that they must prepare themselves ready to the Encounter: whereto these Knights were nothing unwilling, but spurred their Coursers with great fury, and closed together with couragious valour.

The King of Arabia most strongly made his Encounter, and strook the Pagan without missing upon his Breast: but the Pagan at the next Blaw, being heated with furie, strook him so sorely with his Lance, that hee heaved him out of his Saddle, and hee fell presently to the ground, after which the Pagan Knight rode up and downe with great pride and gladnesse.

The Arabian King being thus overthrowne, there entred into the Lists the King of Argier, armed with no other Furniture but with Silver Mail, and a Breast plate of bright Steele.

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Steele before his Beast; his pomp and pride exceeded all the knights that were then present, but yet to small purpose his pride and arrogancie served: for at the first Encounter he was overthrowen to the ground: in like sort did this Pagan use fiftene other knights of fiftene severall Provinces, to the great wonder and amazement of the Emperour and all the Assembly.

During all these valiant Encounters, Saint George with the other Christian Champions stood a farre off upon a high Gallery beholding them, intending not as yet to be scene in the Tilt.

But now this valiant Pagan after hee had rode some six Courses up and down the place, and seeing none entering the Tilt yard, he thought to beare all the Fame and Honour away for that day.

But at the same instant there entered the noble minded Prince of Fesse, being for Courage the onely Pride of his Countrey, hee was a marvellous well proportioned knight, and was armed all in white Armour, wrought with excellent knots of Gold, and hee brought in his Company a hundred knights, all attyred in white Hairen, and riding about the place, hee shewed his obedience unto the Emperour, and to all the Ladies, and thereupon the Trumpets began to sound.

At the noise whereof the two knights spurred their Couriers, and made their Encounters so strong, and such great fury, that the proud Pagan was cast to the ground, and so departed the Lists with great dishonour.

Straight way entered the brave King of Sicilia, who was armed in a glittering Coat of very fine Steele, and was mounted upon a mighty and strong Courser, and brought in his Company two hundred knights, all apparrelled with rich Cloth of Gold, having every one a severall Instrument of Musick in their hands, sounding thereon most delightfome Melodie.

And after the Sicilian King had made his accustomed compassse and curtseie in the place, hee locked down his Bebor, and put himselfe in readinesse to Fight.

So, when the signe was given by the chiefe Barrold at Armes,

The second part of the

Armes, they spurred their Horses and made their Encounters so balliantly, that the first Rance they made, their Lances shivered in the Ayre, and the peeces thereof scattered abroad like Aspen leaves in a whirle-winde.

At the second course the young Prince of Fesse was carryed over his Horse buttocks, and the Saddle with him bewirt his Legs, which was a great griefe unto the Emperor, and all the company that did see him, for that hee was well beloved of them all, and held for a Knight of great estimation.

The Sicilian King grew proud at the Prince of Fesses overthrow, and was so enraged and so furious, that in a small time he left not a Knight remaining on Horse-back in their Saddles that durst attempt to Fight with him, but every one of what Countrey or Nation soever he unhorsed in the attempt: so that there was no question among either Nobles or the multitude, but that unto him the undoubted Honour of the Victory in triumph would be attributed.

But being in this arrogant pride, he heard a great noise in the manner of a Tumult drawing neare, which was the occasion that hee stood still, and expecting some strang accident, and looking about what it should be, hee beheld Saint George entering the Lists, as then come from the Gallery, who was Armed with his rich and strong Armour, all of purple, full of golden starres, and before him rode the Champions of France, Italy, Spaine and Scotland, all on stately Couriers, bearing in their hands foure Silken Streamers of four severall colours. And there followed him the Champion of Wales, carryng his Shield, whereon was portrayed a golden Lyon in Sable Field, and the Champion of Ireland likewise carryed his Speare being of knotty Ashe, strongly bound about with Plates of Steele, all which shewed the highnesse of his descent, in that so many brave Knights attended upon him.

So when Saint George had passed by the Royall Seat whereon the Emperour sat Invested, in whose company were many Princes of great Power, hee rode along by the other side, whereas Alcida the Emperours faire Daughter sat amongst many gallant Ladys and faire Damels, richly

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richly apparell'd in a Vesture of Gold, to whom hee baled his Bonnet, shewing them the curtesie of a Knight, and so passed by Alcida, who at the sight of this noble Champion, could not refraine her selfe, but with an high and bold voyce shee said unto the Emperour: Most mighty Emperour and my royall Father, this is the Knight in whose power and strength all Christendome doe put their Fortunes, and this is hee whom the whole World admires for Chivalry. Which words of the lovely Princesse although Saint George heard them very well, yet passed hee on as though hee had heard nothing.

Now when hee was come before the Face of his Adversary, hee took his Shield and his Speare, and prepared himselfe in readinesse to fust, and so being both provided, the Trumpets began to sound, whereat with great fury these two warlike Knights met together, and neither of them missed their blowes at their Encounter: but yet by reason that Saint George had a desire to extoll his Fame, and to make his name resound through the World, hee strook the Gyant such a mighty blow upon his Breast, that hee presently overthrew him to the ground, and so with great State and Majesty he passed along without any shew of disdain, whereat the People gave so great a shout, that it resounded like an Echo in the Ayre; and in this manner said: The great and furious Boaster is overthrowen, and his mighty strength hath little availed him.

After this many Princes proved their Adventures against the English Champion, and every Knight that was of any estimation fust with him, but with great ease he overcame them all in lesse then the space of two houres. So at such time as bright Phoebus began to make an end of his long journey, and the day to draw to an end, there appeared to enter into the Lists the brave and mighty Gyant, being Brother to the Sicilian King, with a mighty great Speare in his hand, whose glimmering point of Steele glittered through all the Court, hee brought with him but onely one Squire, attyred in silver Pails bringing in his hand another Lance.

So this furious Gyant, without any care of courtesie due unto the Emperour or any of his Knights there present, entered

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entred the place, which being done, the Squire that brought the other Speare, went unto the English Champion, and said: Sir Knight, ponder brave and valiant Gyant, my Lord and Master, doth send unto thee this Warlike Speare, and therewithall bee willesse thee to defend thy selfe to the uttermost of thy power and strength, for hee hath vow'd before Sunne set, to bee either Lord of thy Fortunes or a Wastall to thy Widow, and likewise saith that hee doth not only desie thee in the Turnament, but also challenge thee to mortal Battell.

This braving Message caused Saint George to smile and byed in his Breast a new desire of Honour, and so returned him this Answer: Friend, goe thy wayes and tell the Gyant that sent thee, that I doe accept his Demand, although it doth grieve my very soule to beare his arrogant Desiance, to the great disturbance of this Royall Company, and in the presence of so mighty an Emperour: but seeing his stomack is gorged with so much Pride, tell him that George of England is ready to make his Defence, and also that shortly hee shall repent him by the pledge of my Knight hood.

In saying these words, he took the Speare from the Squire and delivered him his Gantlet from his hand to carry to his Master, and so put himselfe to the standing, awaiting for the Encounter.

At that time hee was very nigh the place where the Emperour sat, who heard the Answer which the English Knight made unto the Squire, and was much displeased that the Gyant in such sort would desie Saint George without any occasion.

But it was no time as then to speak, but to keep silence, and to mark what event came to his great Pride and Arrogancy.

All this time the two Warriours (mounted upon their Steeds) carrying the signe to bee made by the Trumpets, which being given, they set forward their Coursers, with their Speares in their Rests, with so great fury and desire the one to unhorse the other, that they both layled in their Encounter.

The Gyant who was very strong and proud, when hee
saw

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saw that he had missed his intent, hee returned againe against Saint George, carryng his Speare upon his shoulder, and coming nigh unto him, upon a sudden before hee could cleare himselfe, hee struck him such a mighty blow upon his Corlet, that his staffe brake in peces, by reason of the finesse of his Armour, and made the English Knight to double his body backwards upon his horses crupper.

But when hee saw the great villany that the Gyant used against him, his anger increased very much, and so taking his Speare in the same sort, hee went towards the Gyant and sayd:

Thou furious and proud beast, thou scoone of nature, and enemy to true Knight-hood, thinkest thou for to entrap mee treacherously, and to goe mee at unawares like to a savage Boare? Now as I am a Christian Knight, if my knotty Speare have good successe, I will revenge me on thy metibilty.

And in saying this, hee struck him so furiously on the breast, that the Speare passed thorow the Gyants body, and appeared forth at his back, whereby he fell presently downe dead to the ground, and yelded his life to the conquest of the fatall Sisters. All that were present were very much amazed thereat, and wondred greatly at the strength and force of Saint George, accounting him the fortunatest Knight that ever wielded Lance, and the very patterne of true Nobility.

At this time the golden Sonne had finished his course, having nothing above the Horizon but his glistering beames, whereby the Judge of the Tournaments commanded with sound of Trumpets, that the Jests should cease, and make an end for that day.

So the Emperour descended from his Imperiall Throne into the Tilting place, where all his Knights and Gentlemen were, for to receive the noble Champion of England, and desired him, that hee would goe with them into his Palace, there to receive all Honours due unto a Knight of such desert: to the which hee could not make any denyall, but most willingly consented. After this the Emperours Daughter (in company of many Courtly Virgins) likewise descended to their places, where Alcida bestowed upon Saint

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Georg. his Wife, we which has done for her labour many a day after in his Burgonet.

The other six Christian Champions, although they merited no Honour by this Tournament, because they did not try their Adventures therein, yet obtained they such good liking among the Grecian Ladies, that every one had his Mistress, and in their presence they long time fired their chief delights: where we must leave the Champions in the Emperours Court for a time, surfeiting in pleasures, and returne to Saint George's Sonnes travelling in the world to seek out Adventures.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XVI.

How a Knight with two Heads tormented a beautiful Mayden that had betrothed her selfe to the Emperours Sonne of *Constantinople*: and how she was rescued by Saint *Georges* Sonnes, and after how they were brought by a strange adventure into the company of the Christian Champions, with other things that hapned in the same Travels.



His renowned Emperour (within whose Court the Christian Champions made their abodes) of late yeares had a Sonne named Pollemus, in all vertues and knightly demeanours, equall with any living. This young Prince in the spring time of his youth, through the piercing darts of blinde Cupid, fell in love with a Mayden of meane Parentage, but in Beauty and other precious gifts of nature, most excellent.

This *Dulcippa* (for so was she called) being but Daughter to a Countrey Gentleman, was restrained from the Emperours Court, and denyed the sight of her beloved Pollemus, and he forbidden to set his affection so low, upon the displeasure

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sure of the Emperour his Father: for hee being the Sonne of so mighty a Potentate, and shee the Daughter of so meane a Gentleman, was thought to be a match unfit and disagreeable to the Lawes of the Countrey: and therefore they could not be suffered to manifest their loves as they would, but were constrained by stealth to enjoy each others beloved and much desired company.

So upon a time these two Lovers concluded to meet together in a Valley betwixt two Hills, in distance from the Emperours Court some three miles, whereas they might in secret (devoid of all suspicion) unite and tie both their hearts in one knot of true love, and to prevent the determination of their Parents that so unkindly sought to crosse them.

And so when the appointed day drew on, Dulcippa arose from her carefull Bed, and attired her selfe in rich and costly Apparrell, as though she had bene going to performe her nuptial Ceremonies.

And in this manner entred shee the Valley, at such time as the Sunne began to appeare out of his golden Horizon, and to shew himselfe upon the face of the Earth, glistring with his bright beames upon the silver floating Waters. Like wise the calmy Western Winds did very sweetly blow upon the green leaves, and made a delicate harmony: at such time as the fairest Dulcippa (accompanied with high thoughts) approached the place of their appointed meeting.

But when shee found not Prince Pollemus present, shee determined to spend the time away till hee came in triuming of her golden haire, and decking her delicate Body, and such like delightfull pleasures for her contentment and recreation.

So sitting down upon a greene Bank under the shadow of a little Tree, shee pulled a golden Cable from her Head, wherein her haire was wapped, letting it fall and disperse it selfe all abroad her back, and taking out from her Christalline Breast an Ivory Comb, she began to kemb her haire, her hands and fingers seeming to be of white Alabaster, her Face shayning the beauty of Roses and Lillies mixed together, and the rest of her Body comparable to Hyrens, upon whose lobe and beauty Mahomet did somewhat doate.

But

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But now mark (gentle Reader) how fortune
crossed her desires, and changed her wished joyes into un-
expected sorowes. For as she sat in this Edaine and
Angelicall likenesse, there fortun'd to come wandring by an
inhumane Tyzant, named the Knight with two Heads,
who was a Ravisher of Virgins, an Oppresser of Infants, and
an utter Enemy to vertuous Ladies and strange travelling
Knights.

This Tyzant was bodied like unto a man, but covered
all over with Locks of Hatre. Hee had two Heads, two
Mouthes, and foure Eyes, but all as red as blood. Which
deformed Creature presently ranne unto the Virgin, and
caught her up under his Arme, and carryed her away over
the Mountaine into another Countrey, where hee intended
to torment her, as you shall heare more at large here-
after.

But now returne wee to Prince Pollemus, who at the
time appointed likewise prepared to meet his betrothed
Lobe: but coming to the place, hee found nothing but a
filken Scarfe, the which Dulcippa had let fall through the
fearefull frightening shee took at the sight of the two-headed
Knight.

So sooner found hee her Scarfe, but he was oppressed ex-
treamely, with sorrow, fearing Dulcippa was murdered
by some inhumane meanes, and had left her Scarfe as a
token that shee infringed not her promise, but performed it,
to the losse of her own life. Therefore taking it up, and put-
ting it next his heart hee breathed forth this woofull lamen-
tation.

Here rest thou neare unto my true loving heart, thou
precious token and remembrance of my dearest Lady,
never to bee hence removed till such time as my eyes
may either behold her Body, or my eares heare certaine
newes of her untimely death, that I may in death comfort
with her.

Frown you glistering Lamps of brightnesse, that gave
first light unto this fatal morning, for by your dismall
light the pride of earthly women is dishonoured. Come,
come you washyfull Planets, descend the lucklesse Hori-
zon, and raine upon my head eternall vengeance, oppresse

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my body with continuall misery, as once you did the wofull King of Thebes; for by my foolish negligences and overlong tarrying, this bloody Tragedy hath bene committed.

And for her sake I vow to travell through the world, as farre as ever golden Phoebus lends his Light, filling each corner of the Earth with clamours of her Name, and making the Elements resound with Echoes of my Lamentation.

In which resolution hee returned home to the Emperours his Fathers Palace, dissembling his griefe in such manner that none could suspect his discontented fortunes, nor the strange Accident that unto beauteous Duciopa had hapned.

And so upon a day as hee was meditating with himselfe, seeing the small comfort that hee took in the Court, considering the want of her presence whom hee so much desired, hee determined in great secret, as soon as it was possible, to depart the Court.

Which determination hee first layes put in practice, and took out of the Emperours Armoury very secretly, an exceeding good Corset, the which was all russet, and enamelled with black, and embordered round about with a gilded edge, very curiously and artificially graven and carved.

Also hee took a Shield of the same making, saying that it was not graven as the Armour was, and commanded a young Gentleman that was Sonne unto an ancient Knight of Constantinople, of a good disposition and hardy, that hee should keep them safely, and gave him to understand of his determined presence.

Although it did grieve the young man very much, yet for all that, seeing the great friendship that hee used towards him, in uttering his secrets unto him before any other, without replying to the contrary, he very diligently took the Armour and hid it, till hee found a convenient time to put it into a Ship very secretly.

So likewise, hee put into the same Ship two of the best Horses which the Emperour had; and forth-with hee gave the Prince to understand that all things were then in a readinesse,

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readinesse, and in good order: Pollemus dissembling with the accustomed sorrow that he used, with drew himselfe into his Chamber, till such time as the dark night came.

Which when it was come, he made himselfe ready with his Apparell, and when all the people of the Court were at their rest, and in their deep sleep, hee alone with his Page, who was named Mercutio, departed the Palace and went to the Sea-side. His Page did call the Marriners of the Ship, who Traitt-way brought unto them their Boat, into the which they entred, and went Traitt aboard.

And being therein, for that the Wind was very faire, hee commanded to waigh their Anchors, and to hoyle up Sayles, and to commit themselves to the mercy of the Waters: as hee commanded all was done, and so in short time they found themselves ingulged in the maine Ocean, far from the sight of any Land.

But when the Emperour his Father understood of his secret departure, the Lamentation which hee made was very much: and hee commanded his Knights to goe unto the Sea-side, to know if there were any Ship that departed that night. And when it was told them that there was a Barque that had an Anchor, and hoyle Sayle, they supposed Traitt-way that the Prince was gone away.

I cannot here declare the great griefe and sorrow which the Emperour felt in his wofull heart for the absence of his Sonne, which a long time hee alwayes suspected and feared. But when the departure of Pollemus was hunted throughe all Constantinople, all Sports and Feasts ceased, and all the People of the Countrey were overcome with a generall sorrow.

So Pollemus sayled throughe the deep Seas three dayes and three nights with a very faire and prosperous fore-wind.

The fourth day in the Evening being calme, and no wind at all, the Marriners went to take their rests, some on the Poop, and some on the fore-Ship, for to ease their wearied bodies. The Prince (who late upon the Poop of the Ship) asked his Page for his Lute, the which Traitt-way was given him: and when he had it in his hands, hee played and sung so sweetly, that it seemed to be a most heavenly melody.

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melody : and being in this sweet Musick, hee heard a very lamentable cry as it were of a woman, and leauing his delicate Musick, he gave a listning and attentive eare to hearken what this sorrowfull creature said, and by reason of the stillnesse of the night, hee might easily heare as it were a woman uttering these words :

It will little profit thee thou cruell Tyrant, this thy bold hardinesse, for that I am beloved of so worthy a Knight, as will undoubtedly revenge this thy tyrannous cruelty proffered me.

Then hee heard another voyce which seemed to Answer :

Now I have thee in my power, there is no humane creature of strength able enough to deliver or redeeme thee from the torments that (in my determination) I have purposed thou shalt endure.

Pollemus could heare no more by reason that the Barque wherein they were, passed by so swiftly, but hee supposed that it was his Ladies voyce which hee heard, and that shee was carryed by force away. So (laying downe his Lute) hee began to fall into a great thought, and was very heaueie and sorrowfull, in that hee knew not how to adventure for her recovery.

Being in this cogitation, hee returned to his Page which was asleepe, and struck him with his foot, and awaked him, saying : What, didst thou not heare the great lamentation that my Lady Dulcippa made (as to mee it seemed) being in a small Barque that is passed by, and gone forwards along the Seas : To the which the Page Mercutio answered nothing, for hee was still in a sound sleep. To whom the Prince called againe, saying : Arise I say, bring forth my Armour, call upon the Partners that they may lanch their Boat into the Sea; for by the omnipotent Iupiter, I sweare that I will not be called the Sonne of my Father, if I doe suffer such violence to be done against my Love, and not procure with all my strength to revenge the same. Mercutio would have replied unto him, but the furious countenance of the Prince would not give him leaue; no, not
once

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once to look upon his face : to be brought with his Armour and buckled it on.

In the meane time the Marriners had landed their Boat into the Sea, wherinto he leaped with a hasty fary, and carried with him his Page and foure of the Marriners for to tow the Barque, and hee commanded them to take their way towards the other company that passed by them.

So they laboured all the night till such time as bright Phœbus with his glistering beames gave unto them such light, that they might discover and see the other Barque, although somewhat asfarre off.

So they laboured with great courage till two parts of the day was spent, at which time they saw come after them a Gallie which was rowed with eight Dares upon a side, and it made so great speed, that with a trice they were with them, and hee saw that there was in her three Knights, in bright Armour, to whom Pollemus called with a loud voyce, saying : Most courteous Knights, I request you to take me into your Galley, that being in her I may the better accomplish my desire.

The knights which were in the Gallie passed by the Prince without making return of any answer, but rather shewed that they made but little account of him.

These three knights were the Sonnes of the English Champion, who departed from their Father in his journey towards Babylon, to set the King againe in his Kingdome.

But now to follow our History: the Prince of Constantinople seeing the little account they made of him, with the great anger and fury that he receiued, hee took an Dare in one hand, and another in the other hand, and with such strength he struck the water, that he made the stofffull Barque to rise, and laboured so sore at the Dares, that with a trice they were equall with the Gallie.

So leaving the Dares, with a light leap hee put himselfe into the Gallie with his Helm on, and his Shield at his shoulder, and being withyn, he sayd : Now shall you doe that by force, which before, I using great courtesie, you would not yeld unto.

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This being said, one of Saint Georges Sonnes took the Encounter in hand, thinking it a blemish to the Honour of Knight hood, by multitudes to assaile him; so they two brave Knights without any advantage the one of the other, made their Encounters so valiantly, that it was a wonder to all the Beholders.

The Prince of Constantinople struck the English Knight such a furious blow, that hee made him to decline his head to his breast, and forced him to recople backwards two or three steps, but hee came quickly againe to himselfe, and returned him so mighty a blow upon his Helmet, that hee made all his Teeth to chatter in his head, which was pittifull to see.

Then began betwixt them a marvellous and well fought battell, that all that beheld them greatly admired: with great policy and strength they endured the bickering all day, and when they saw the dark and tenebrous night come upon them, they strove with more courage and strength to finish their battell.

The Prince of Constantinople, puffing and blowing like an enraged Bull, lift up his Sword with both his hands, and discharged it so strongly upon his Enemy, that perforce hee made him to fall to the ground, and therewithall offered to pull his Helmet from his Head. But when the English Knight saw himselfe in that sort, hee threw his Shield from him, and very strongly caught the other about the neck, and held him fast, so that betwixt them began a mighty and terrible wrestling, tumbling and wallowing up and downe the Gallie, breaking their Planks and Dares, that it was strange to behold.

At this time the night began to be very dark, wherefore they called for Lights, which presently were brought them by the Sparriners; in the meane time these Knights did somewhat breathe themselves, although it was not much. So when the Lights were brought, they returned to their old combat with new force and strength.

Oy Heavens, said Pollemus, I cannot beleve to the contrary but that this is Mars the God of War, that doth contend in battell with me, and for the great envie hee beares against mee, hee goeth about to dishonour mee. And with these

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these words they thickened their blowes with great desperation.

And although this last assault continued more than two houres, yet neither of them did faint, but at the last, they both together lift up their Swords, and charged them together, the one upon the others Helmet, with so great strength that both of them fell downe upon the Vatches without any remembrance.

The rest that looked upon them, did beleue verily that they were both dead, by reason of the abundance of blood which came forth at their Wounds, but quickly it was perceibed that there was some hope of life in them. When presently there was an agreement made betwixt the Knights of the Gally and the Barriners of the Barque, that they should conioyn together and travell whither Fortune would conduct them; in this order as you have heard, carried they these two Knights without any remembrance.

But when the Prince of Constantinople came to himselfe, with a lowd voyce he said; Oh love, is it possible to be true that I am overthrowen in this first Encounter and Assault of my Knight-hood? here I curse the day of my creation, and the houre when first I merited the name of a Knight; henceforth Ile bury all my Honours in disgrace, and spend the remnant of my life in base cowardise; and in speaking these words, he cast his eye aside, and beheld the English Knight as one newly risen from a trance, who likewise breathed forth these discontented speeches; Oh unhappy Sonne of Saint George, now a coward and of little valour; I know not how thou canst name thy selfe to bee the Sonne of the valiantest Knight in the world, for that thou hast lost thy Honour in this last Assault.

This being sayd, the two weary Knights concluded a peace betwixt them, and revealed each to the other their names and living, and wherefore they adventured to travel; the which when it was knowne, they sayled forward that way whereas the dolorous woman went; so in this sort they travellled all the rest of the night that remayned, till such time as the day began to bee cleare, and straightway they descryed Land, to which place with great haste they noyed.

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And coming aland, they found no used way, but one narrow Path, the which they kept: wherein they had not travelled long when that they met with a poore simple Countrey-man, with a new-ground Hatchet in his hand, and he was going to cut some fire-wood off the high and broad, spreading Trees, of whom they demanded what Countrey and Land it was.

This Countrey (said he) is called Armenia, but yet most courteous Knights you must pardon me, for that I doe request you to return again, and proceed no further if you doe esteem of your lives; for in going this way there is nothing to be had but death.

For that the Lord of this Countrey is a furious Monster, called the two Headed Knight, and hee is so furious in his tyranny, that never any stranger could as yet escape out of his hand alive. And for proofe of his cruelty, no longer than yesterday hee brought hither a Lady prisoner, who at her first coming on Shoar, hee all to belwhipt and beat her in such sort that it would make the most tyrannous Tyrant that is, to relent and pittie her distresse, swearing that every day hee would so torment her, till her life and body did make their separation.

Pollemus the Prince of Constantinople, was very attentive to the old mans words, thinking the Lady to be his Dulcippa after whom hee so long travelled: the griefe hee received at this report struck such a terrour to his heart, that he fell into a swoond, and was not able to goe any further. But Saint Georges Sonnes, who knew him to be a Knight of much valour, encouraged him, and protested by the Honour of their Knight-hoods, never to forsake his company, till they saw his Lady delivered from her torments, and hee safely conducted home into his own Countrey.

So travelling with this resolution, the night came on, and it was so dark, that they were constrained to seek some convenient place to take their rests, and laying themselves downe under a broad-branched Oak Tree, they passed the Night, pondering in their minds a thousand imaginations.

So when the morning was come, and that the Diamond of Heaven began to glister with his beames upon the Mountaintops,

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tops, these martiall Knights were notlothfull, but rose up and followed their journeyes.

After this they had not trabelled scarce halfe a mile, when that they heard a pittifull Lamentation of a woman, whose voyce by reason of her lowd Thieks, was very hoarse; so they stayd to heare from whence that lamentable noyse should come.

And presently, as farre off, they beheld a high Pillar of Stone, out of the which there came forth a spout of faire and cleare water, and thereat was bound a woman all naked, her back fastned to the Pillar, her armes backward embracing it, with her armes fast bound behind her. Her skin was so faire and white, that if it had not bene that they heard her lamentation, they would have judged her to have been an Image made artificially of Alablaster, and joyned to the Pillar.

These warlike Knights laced on their Helmes, and came unto the place where shee was; but when the Prince of Constantinople saw her, hee presently knew her to bee his Lady and lovely Mistresse. For, by reason of the coldnesse of the night, and with her great Lamentation and weepings, shee was so full of sorow and affliction, that shee could scarce speak. Likewise the Princes heard so perned at the sight of his unhappy Lady, that almost hee could not look upon her for weeping.

But yet at last, with a sorrowfull sigh he said: Oh cruell hands! is it possible that there should remain in you so much mischief, that whereas there is such great Beauty and fairenesse, you should use such basenesse and villany? shee doth more deserbe to be loved and serbed, than to be in this sort so evill intreated.

This woofull Prince with much sorow did behold her white skin and back all to bespotted with her red blood, and taking a Cloak from one of the Barriners, hee threw it upon her, and covered her body, and took her in his Armes whilst the other Knights unbound her.

This unhappy Lady never felt nor knew what was done unto her, till such time as shee was loosed from those hands, and in the Armes of her Lober. But yet shee thought that shee had been in the Armes of the monstrous two-headed

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Knicht, and therefore she gave a terrible sigh, saying: Oh Pollemus, my true betrothed Husband, where art thou now, that thou comest not to succour me: and therewithall ceased her speeches.

This Prince hearing these words, would have answered her, but hee was disturbed by hearing of a great noyse of a Horse, which seemed to be in the Woods amongst the Trees.

The rest of the Knights intending to see what it should be, left the Lady lying upon the green grasse in the keeping of Prince Pollemus and the Parriners, and so Saint Georges Sonnes went towards that place whereas they heard that rushing noyse, and as they diligently lookt about them, they beheld the two-headed Monster mounted upon a furious and great Palfrey, who returned to see if the Lady were alive, for to torment her anew.

But when hee came to the Pillar and saw not the Lady, with an irefull look hee cast his eyes, looking round about him on every side, and at last hee saw the three Knights coming towards him with a slow and quiet pace, and how the Lady was untied from the Pillar where hee left her, and in the Arms of another Knight, making her sorrowfull complaint.

The two-headed Knight seeing them in this order, with great wrath hee came riding upon his furious Horse towards them: and when he was neare them, he said: Foul Knights, what wretched folly and madnesse hath bewitched you, that without any leave you have adventured to untie the Lady from the Pillar where I left her, or come you to offer up your bloods in sacrifice upon my Fauchion: To whom one of the three valiant Brothers answered, and sayd: Wee bee Knights of a strange Countrey, that at the sorrowfull complaint of this Lady arrived at this place, and seeing her to be a faire and beautifull woman, and without any desert to be thus evil-intreated, it moved us to put our persons in adventure against them that will seeme farther to mist-use her.

In the meane time that the Knight was speaking these words, the ugly deformed Monster beheld him very precisely, knitting his brows with the great anger hee received

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in hearing his speeches, and with great fury he spurred his monstrous beast, that he made him to give so mighty a leap, that he had almost fallen upon the English knight: who with great lightnesse did deliver himselfe, and so drawing out his sword, he would have stricken him, but the beast passed by with so great swiftnesse, that he could not reach him.

Here began as terrible a battle between the two-headed knight and Saint Georges Sonnes, as ever was fought by any knights; their mighty blowes seemed to rattle in the Elements like to a terrible thunder, and their swords to strike sparkling fire in such abundance, as though it had been from a Smiths Anvil.

During this conflict, the English knights were so grievously wounded, that all their bright Armour was stained with a bloody gore, and their Helmes bruised with the terrible strokes of the Monsters Fanchion, whereat they grew more enraged, and their strength began to increase in such sort, that one of them struck an overthrowing blow with his trusty sword upon his knee, and by reason that his Armour was not very good, he cut it cleave asunder, so that leg and all fell to the ground, and the two-headed knight fell on the other side to the earth, and with great roaring he began to rage and scare like a beast, and to blaspheme against the Fates for this his sudden mishap.

The other two Brethren seeing this, presently cut off his two heads, whereby he was forced to yield to the mercy of victorious death.

There was another knight that came with the Monster, who when he saw all that had passed, with great feare returned the way from whence he came.

These Victorious Conquerours, when they saw that with so great ease they were delivered from the Tyrants cruelty, with joyfull hearts they departed, with conquest, to the Prince of Constantinople, where they left him comforting his distressed Lady.

So when they were all together, they commanded the Sparriners to provide them somewhat to eat, for that they had great need thereof, who presently prepared it, for that continually they bore their Provision about them: of this Banquet

The second part of the

Wanke the Knights were very glad, and rejoyced much at that which they had atchieved, and commanded that the Lady should be very well looked to, and healed of her harme received.

So at the end of three dayes, when the Princely Lady had recovered health, they left the Countrey of Armenia, and departed back to the Seas, whereas they had left their Ships lying at roade, that carried there untill their coming.

Whereinto they had no sooner entred, but the Marriners hoysed Sayle, and took their way towards Constantinople, as the Knights commanded. The Winds serued them so prosperously that within a small time they arrived in Greece, and landed within two dayes journey of the Court, which lay then at Paru about a mile from Constantinople.

Being aland, the Prince Pollemus consulted with Saint Georges three Sonnes, what course were best to be taken for their proceeding in the Court. For, saith hee, unless I may with the Emperour my Fathers consent, enjoy my dearest Dulcippa, I will live unknowne in her company, rather than delight in the Heritage of tenne such Empires.

At last, they concluded that the Lady should be covered in a black baile for being knowne, and Pollemus in black Armes, and the other Knights all sutable should ride together: which accordingly they did, and about tenne in the morning entred the Palace: where they found the Emperour, the seven Champions, with many other Princes in the great Hall: to whom one of Saint Georges Sonnes thus spake:

Great Emperour and noble Knights, this Knight that leadeth the Lady hath long loved her; in their births there is great difference, so that their Parents crosse their affections: for him she hath endured much sorrow, and for her hee will and hath suffered many hazards. His coming thus to your Court is to this end, to approue her the only desertfull Lady in the world; himselfe the faithfullest Knight against all Knights whatsoever: which with your Emperors leave, hee, my selfe, and these two my Associates, will maintain: desiring your Majesty to give judgement as we shall deserve.

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The Emperour condescended, and on the Green before the Palace, those four overthrew more than four hundred Knights: so that Saint George and three other of the Champions entered the Lists, and ran three violent Courses against the Black Knights, without moving them: who never suffered the points of the Speares to touch the Armour of the Champions: which the Emperour perceiving, guessed them to be of acquaintance: wherefore giving judgement, that the Knight should possess his Lady, at his request they all discovered themselves.

To describe the delightfull comfort that the English Champion took in the presence of his Children, and the joy that the Emperour received at the returne of his lost Son, requires more Art and Eloquence than my tyred senses can afford. I am therefore here forced to leave the Flowers of Chivalry in the City of Constantinople. Of whose following adventures I will at large Discourse hereafter: and how all these Famous Champions came to their Deaths, and for what cause they were called the Seven Saints of Christendome.

The second part of the



CHAP. XVII.

Of the renowned and prayse-worthy death of Saint Patrick, how hee buried his owne selfe: and for what cause the *Irish-men* to this day, doe weare their red Grosse upon Saint *Patricks* day.



Here must you suppose (gentle Readers) that time had run a long race before these aforesaid thyce honoured Champions had purchased so many right worthy Victories: and being now wearied with Age, Death with his gloomy countenance, began to challenge an end of all their worldly Achievements, and to draw their noble Names to a full perfection; therefore preparing a black Stage for Honour to act his last Scene on, thus it followed.

The valiant Champion Saint Patrick feeling himselfe weakened with Time and Age, not able any longer to endure the bruises of Princely Achievements, became an Hermit, and wandring up and downe the World in poore habilliments, hee came at last to the Countrey of his Birth, which is now called Ireland, but in former times Hibernia, where instead of partiall Achievements, hee offered up in the name of his Redeemer, devout Prayers, daily making petitions

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otions to the Deity of Glozy, in the behalfe of his desired peace; a life more delightfull to his aged heart, than all his former accomplishments. And now willing to bid farewell to the World, he desired a reclosure to be made, and to be pent up in a Stony Wall from the sight of all earthly objects. To which request of this holy Father (now no Soldier but a man of peace) the Inhabitants wholly condescended, and builded him a foure-square House of Stone, without either Windows or Doore, only a little hole to receive his food in, wherein they closed him up, never to be seene more albe by the eyes of mortall men. Also appoynting diuers of the Countrey to bring him at convenient times, food to maintaine nature, which they delibered in at the aforesaid hole, which they thought to be a deed of more than common charity, and hee (the receiver) to be an Honour to their Countrey, by this the seuer and strict course of life hee put himselfe to. Thus liued hee the Seruant of his God day and night kneeling on the bare ground, till thence the Winters cold had tane departure, and as oft the Summers warmth had cheared up the cold Earth, making his knees hard with kneeling, and his eyes dim with Lamentations for his former offences. In which time the Hairs of his Head were all over-growne and deformed, and the Payles of his Fingers (as it were) seemed like the Talons and Clawes of an old Raven, with the which by little and little he digged his owne Grave, prepared against the houre of his death to be buried in: the which by procelle of time came thus to effect as followeth.

When hee had wasted (as I said before) thrice twelue Moneths in Diuine Contemplations, by Inspiration (as it seemed) hee layd him downe in the Grave that his owne Payles had digged: and feeling his Body weak and feeble, ready to deliver up the ayre of Life, hee began to speak as followeth:

World (quoth hee) thou hast been long my kinde friend, and hast graced my Name with many Titles of Honour, making mee famous in thy large circumference: thou hast giuen mee Victories over all mine Enemies, and weakned the boldnesse of all my withstanders, that my Life and Name might be caratred amongst the rest of our Christian

The second part of the

Champions: for which I have thought my selfe predestinated to a lasting happinesse, in that the Title of my Fortunes challenge so long a memory. *World* (I say) fare thou well; my life lingzeth now to her last minute, which as willingly I bere deliber up, as ever I brandisht *Weapon* against power: full *Wagan*. I need no pompall *Traine* of *Princes* to attend my *Funerall*, nor solemn *Chimes* of *Bells* to King me to my *Grave*, nor *Troops* of *Hourners* in *Sable* *Garments*, to furnish out my *Oblequy*: my selfe bere *Buries* up my self, and all offices of *Lamentations* belonging to so sad a businesse, is my own hand *Labour*. *Earth*, I embrace thee: thou gentle mould my *Bodies* *Cobering*, with humility I kisse thee: no difference is between thy cold nature and my *Lifes* warm substance, we are both one. *Emperours* are but *Earth*, so am I. *Thou Earth*, gently doe I yeld my selfe into thy mouldy bosome. I come, I come, sweet *Comforter*, into thy hands I commend my *Spirit*. These, and such like, were the last words that ever this good *Champion* delibered: so yelding to death, the *Earth* of it selfe as it were burped up his *Body*, in the *Grave* which his own hands had digged.

Thus being changed from a lively substance to a dead *Picture*, his *Attenders*, as their usuall custome was, came with *Food* to reliebe him, and calling at the hole where hee had wont to receibe it, they heard nothing but empty ayze blowing in and out, which made them conjecture presently that *Death* had prevailed, and the fatal *Sisters* finished up their *Labours*: so calling together more company, they made an entrance therinto, and finding what had hapned, how hee had burped his own selfe, they reported it for a wonder up and down the *Countrey*, being an *Accident* of much strangnesse: for before that time the like never chanced.

Whereupon, by a common consent of the whole *Kingdome*, they pulled downe the aforesaid *House* or *Tower*, and in the same place, builded in processe of time a most sumptuous *Chappell*, calling it *Saint Patricks Chappell*, and in the place where this holy *Father* had burped himselfe, they likewise erected a *Monument* of much richesse, framed upon *Pillars* of pure *Gold*, beautified with many artificiall lights, most pleasant to behold: whereunto for many yeares after resorted distressed people, such as were
commonly

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commonly molested with loathsome Diseases, where making
their Prisons at Saint Patricks Tomb, they found help,
and were restozed to their former healths. By which means
the Name of Saint Patrick is grown so Famous through
the World, that to this day hee is entituled one of our
Christian Champions and the Saint for Ireland, where
in remembrance of him, and of his honourable Atchievements
done in his life time, the Irish-men as well in England as
in that Countrey, doe as yet in Honour of his Name keep
one day in the year Festival, holding upon the same a great
Solemnity, wearing upon their Hats each of them a Crosse
of red Silk, in token of his many Adventures under the
Christian Crosse, as you have heard in the former History at
large Discoursed. Whose Noble Deeds both in Life and
Death we will leave sleeping with him in his Grave, and speak
of our next renowned Tragedy, which Heaven and Fate had
allotted to Saint David, the Champion for Wales, at that
time entituled Camber-Britannia.

The second part of the



CHAP. XVIII.

Of the honourable Victory won by Saint *David* in *Wales*: of his death, and the cause why Leeks are by custome, of *Welsh-men*, worne on Saint *David's* day: with other things that hapned.

SOME certayne Months after the departure of Saint Patrick from the City of Constantinople, from the other Champions, as you heard before in the last Chapter, Saint David having a heart still fired with Fame, thirsted even to his dying day for honourable Achievements, and although Age and Time had almost wearied him away, yet would hee once more make his adventure in the Fields of Mars, and seale up his Honours in the Records of Fame with a noble farewell.

So upon a morning framing himselfe for a knightly Enterprize, hee took his leave of the other Champions, and all alone well mounted upon a lusty Courser, furnished with sufficient Habilliments, for so brave an Enterprize, he began a Journey home towards his owne Countrey, accounting that his best joy, and the soyle of his most comfort. But long had he not travelled, ere hee heard of the distresses thereof: how *Wales* was beset with a people of a savage nature, thirsting for blood, and the ruine of that brave Kingdome: and how that many Battels had been fought to the disparagement

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ment of Christian Knight-hood. Whereupon arming himselfe with true resolution, hee went forward with a courageous minde either to redeem the same, or to lose his best blood in the Honour of the Adventure.

Whereupon all the way as hee travelled, hee drew into his Aid and Assistance, all the best knights hee could finde, of any Nation whatsoever, giving them promises of noble rewards, and such entertainments as befitted so worthy a fellowship. But this meanes before he came upon the Borders of Wales, hee had gathered together the number of five hundred knights, of such noble resolutions, that all Christendome could not afford better, the seven Champions excepted. And these all well furnished for Battell, entred the Countrey, where they found many Towns unpeopled, gallant Houses subverted, Monasteries defaced, Cities ruinated, Fields of Corne consumed with Fire: yea, every thing so out of order, as if the Countrey had never been inhabited. Whereupon with a grieved minde to see the Region of his Birth-place so confounded, and nothing but uprores of murder and death sounding in his eares, hee summoned his knights together, placing them in Battell Array, to travell high up into the Countrey, for the performance of his desired hopes. But as they marched along with an easie pace to prevent dangers, there resorted to them People of all Ages, both young and old, bitterly complayning of the wrongs thus done unto their Countrey. Where when they knew him to be the Champion of Wales, whom so long they had desired to see, their joyes so exceeded, that all former woes were abolished, and they emboldened to nothing but revenge. The rest of the knights that came with Saint David, perceiving their Forces and Numbers to encrease, purposed a present on-set, and to shew themselves before their Enemies, which lay incamped amongst the Mountaines, with such strength and policy, that hard it was to make an Assaultment.

Whereupon the Noble Champion, being then their Generall and Leader, called his Captaines together, and with a bold courage said as followeth:

Now is the time, brave Partisallists, or never to be Canonized the Sonnes of Fame: this is the day of dignity or dishonour, an Enterprize to make us ever live, or to end our names

The second part of the

names in obscurity: let not chills feare, the Cowards companion, pull us back from the golden Throne where the Adventurous Soldier sits in glory deservedly: wee are to trample in a Field of death and dead mens bones, and to buckle with an Enemy of great strength, a Pagan power that seeks to over-run all Christian Kingdomes, and to wash our Cambrian Fields with innocent blood. To Armes, I say, brave Followers, I will bee the first to give death the on set, and for my Colours or Ensigne doe I weare upon my Burgonet (you see) a Greene Lark beset with Gold, which shall (if we win the Victory) hereafter be an Honour unto Wales, and on this day, being the first of March, be for ever worn by the Welsh-men in remembrance hereof, which words were no sooner spoken by the Champion, but all the Royall Army of every degree and calling got themselves the like Recognizance, which was each of them a Greene Lark upon their Hats or Beavers, which they wore all the time of the Battell, and by that meanes the Champions Followers were known from the others. This was not long adoring before Saint David and his Companions beheld descending from the Mountaines, an Army of Pagans, as it seemed numberlesse, People of such mighty statures, whose sights might even have daunted their noble resolutions, had not the brave Champion still animated them forward with princely encouragements. Time stayed not long ere the Battells joyned, and the Pagans with their Iron Clubs and Bars of Steele, so layd about them, that had not our Christian Army been preserved by miracle, such a slaughter had been made of the Champion and his Knights, that well might have caused the whole World to wonder at.

But the Queen of Chance so favoured Saint David and his Followers, that what with their nimble Lances, keene Darts, and Arrows shot from their quick Bowes, and Welsh Hooks in great abundance, the Sunne also lying in the Pagans Faces, to their great disadvantage, that in short time the noble Champion wonne a worthy Victory. The ground lay all covered with mangled Carcasses, the Grassy Fields changed from green into red colour with the mingled blood that ran from Horse and man thus murdered. A noble Policy was it for all our Christians in that Battell
to

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to weare græne Leeks in their Burgonets for their Colours, by which they were all known and preserved from the slaughter of one anothers Swords, only Saint David himselſe excepted, who being Witor, in the highest pride of his glory was last banquished. Oh unhappy fate, to cut off his Honour that was the only Darling of Honour! Help me Melpomene to bewaile his losse; that having wonne all, lost his deare life, a life that the whole World might well have misse of. Oh fatall chance! for coming from the battell, over-heated in blood, a sudden cold congealed in all his lifes members, that without recovery hee was forced to yeeld unto death, to the great griefe of all his Knights and Followers, who for the space of forty dayes mourned for him in great heavinesse, and after attended him unto his Grave with much sorrow.

Which being done, in the Honour of his Name they ordained a custome, that the day of his Wictory should be canonized, and called in all after Ages Saint Davids day, being holden still upon the first of March, and in remembrance thereof, upon the same day should likewise bee worn by all well-willers to the same Countrey, certain græne Leeks in their Hats, or on their bosomes, in true honour of this noble Parttaker, which is still a prayse-worthy Custome in these our Northern Climates. Which time-beloved Souldier wee will now leave sleeping in his Tomb in peace, and goe forward in our other intended Tragicall Discourses.

The second part of the



CHAP. XIX.

How Saint *Dennis* was beheaded in his own Countrey, and how by a Miracle shewed at his death, the whole Kingdome of *France* received the Christian Faith.



Saint Denis, being the third in this our Pilgrimage of Death, was likewise desirous of the sight of his own Countrey, which hee had not seen in many yeares, and purposing a toylsome Travell to the same, took leave of the other Champions, who not altogether willing to leave so noble a Champion: yet considering the desire of his minde, they quickly condescended, wishing him the best well-fare of Knight-hood: and so parting, they to their Princely Habillions, and hee to his restless Journey, as well mounted, and as richly furnished with Habillments of Knight-hood, as any Partialist in all Arabia, in which Countrey hee was then: but leaving that place, and to satisfy his desires, hee travelled day by day toward the Kingdome of France, without any Adventure worth reporting, till hee arrived upon the Borders of that faire Countrey that hee had so long wished to behold. But now see how Fate frowned: the welcome hee expected was suddenly converted into a deadly hatred; for there was remaining in the French Kings favour a Knight of Saint Michaels Order, who in former times hearing of the honourable Adventures of this noble Champion Saint Denis, and thinking the same
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to be a disparagement to his knight hood and the rest of that Order, conspired to betray him, and to bring all his former Honours with his life to a small overthrow.

Whereupon, this envious Knight of Saint Michaels, goes unto the King (being as then a Pagan Prince, one that had no true knowledge of the Deity) and said, that there was come into his Kingdome a strange Knight, a false Believer, one that in time would draw the love of his Subjects from him, to the worship of a strange God: and that in despite of him and his Countrey, hee would establish a falsified opinion: and that hee wore upon his Breast the Christians Crosse, with many other things contrary to the Lawes of his Kingdome.

Upon these aforesaid false informations, the King grew so enraged, that without any more consideration, hee caused the good Knight Saint Denis to be attached in his Bed Chamber, otherwise a score of the best knights in all France had not been sufficient to bring him Prisoner to the Kings presence: before whom being no sooner come, but with more than humane fury, without cause hee adjudged him speedy death, and by Partiall Law (without any further Tryall) to receive the same.

The good Champion Saint Denis, even in death having a most noble resolution, nothing at all dismayed, and knowing his cause to be good, and that hee should suffer for the Name of his sweet Redeemer, hee most willingly accepted of the same judgement, saying: Most mighty, but yet cruell King, think not but this thy exceeding Tyranny will be requited in a strange manner: thy censure I take with much joy, in that I die for him whose Colours I have worn from mine Infancy, and this my death seales up the obligation of all my comforts. And thou sweet Countrey where I first took life, receive it againe as a Legacy due unto thee: for this my blood which here I offer up into thy bosome, is the best gift I can bestow upon thee. Farewell Knight-hood, farewell honourable Adventures and Princely Atchievements. Never may this dauntlesse arme brandish Weapon more in the Honour of the Christians Crosse: for death waiteth at my back to cut off all such noble hopes, and I by Tyranny am betrayed therunto.

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Those speeches being uttered, hee was forced to stand silent, and in the presence of the King, with many hundreds more, was constrained to yeld his body to the fatal stroke, where his Head being layd upon the Block, was by a base Executioner quickly dissevered from the rest of his manly members. Which being no sooner done, and the Champion libelle, but the Elements burst with cloudy exhalations, sent down such a terrible Thunder-clap, that struck presently dead the Knight of Saint Michael that accused him, the Executioner, with others that were at his Attachment; at which strange and fearefull spectacle the King himselfe grew so amazed, that hee deemed him to be a blessed Creature, and that hee had suffered wrongfully, and how his cause for which hee so willingly rendered up his life, was the true cause, which all must have a desire to die in. Wherefore incontinent from a Pagan, the King turned Christian, and caused the same to be proclaimed through all his Provinces, ordaining Churches to be built in remembrance of this great man. And likewise in the place where hee suffered, hee caused with all speed to be built an Hermitage of reliefe, for poore Pilgrims to finde succour in, and such as travelled in the Honour of that God, in whose name this good Champion dyed. Thus received France the true Faith, in which we leave it flourishing, and speak of Saint Iames the Spanishe Champion, and how he dyed.

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CHAP. XX.

Of the tyrannous death that the Spanish Champion was put unto: and how God revenged the same in a strange manner: and of other things that hapned.



Here, gentle Reader, with a sad eye, prepare to give entertainment to the dolorous manner of the Spanish Champions death, who by Tyranny and cruell dealing of the Infidels, was likewise made away. For Age and Time, as upon the former, grew upon him, and so enfeebled his strength, that hee was no longer able to mannage the Adventures of Chivalry, nor fight the Battels of his Saviour, wherefore resolving to spend the remnant of his dayes in peace, he desired leave likewise to commit his fortunes to the Quene of Chance: which as the others did, hee quickly obtained, and so leaving Constantinople, he put himselfe to Travell toward the Countrey of his first being, not decked in his shining Armour, nor mounted on his Spanish Gennet: but poore and bare in outward habit, though inwardly furnished with Gold and Jewels of an inestimable value, which hee had solved up in the patches of a russet Caberdine, better to travell with: where instead of a bright shining Curtie-Axe, his Pilgrims Staffe served him to walk with, and for his Burgonet of glistering Steele, hee covered his Head (now as white as Chibble down with Age) with a Hat of gray colour, broughed with a broad Scallop-shell, his Princely Lodgings were changed to green Pastures,

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pastures, and his Canopies to the Skies azured covering,
where the Nightingale and Lark told him the times passage.
These were now his best contents and comforts, that Time
and Age bestowed upon.

In which manner travelling many a day and night, giving
still as he went to the poore and needy, such small peces of silver
as he well could spare; hee arrived at last upon the Confinnes of
Spaine: where in Honour of that God, for whom he had
foughten so many Battels, hee builded up at his own charge
a most sumptuous Chappell, to this day bearing the name of
Saint Iaques Chappell: and for the maintenance thereof pur-
chased divers Landes adjoynting; with Quiristers to sing day
and night therein Allelujah to his Redeemer.

This Celestiall gift and glorious Custome so prepared, be-
got such love of the meener sort of People, that they esteemed
him more than a man, with a reberence of such regard be-
stowed upon him, that the very Name of this Noble Cham-
pion wonne greater admirations than the high Tiltis of
their Countreys King, who being then a cruell Tyrant, and
a proud King, maintaining Atheism by his Government,
grew so envious thereat, that he caused good Saint Iaques, with
the whole Quire of his Celestiall Singers, to be closed up to-
gether in the Chappell which the Champion had created,
and so starved them to death. Oh bloody butchery, and
inhumane cruelty; a death of more terrour than ever was
heard of. Nero in ripping up his Mothers Tomb to see the
Bed of his Creation, was not halfe so cruell. But to be short,
hunger prevailed, and they dead, their Bodies petrified, and
in time consumed away to dust and mould. Whereupon
the Lord to shew how they died in his favour, and the love
of Heaven, inflicted such a Light in the Chappell, that it shined
day and night with such a glorious Brightnesse, as if it
had bene the glorious Pallace of the Sunne: and likewise,
continually was heard therein (though no creature remain-
ing) such a Quire of melodious Harmony, as if it had bene
the sound of Celestiall Musick. Which strange pleasures
both to the eye and eare, bred so great an amazement to the
whole Countrey, that all with a common consent, accused
their King for the Tyrannous putting to death of these good
men so cruelly murdered: but especially the noble S. Iaques,
that

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that they purposed to hold him for their Countreyes Saint and
Champion till the worlds dissolution. The proud King
perceiving now his own rashnesse, and his Countreys hate
against him for this deed doing, took such an inward conceit
of griefe, that without taking any food eber after, he lan-
guished away and died: Thus have you heard the Tragedy
of the Spanish Champion, whom we likewise commit to
the sweet sleeps of eternitie, and passe on further to more
deathfull Accidents.

Of the honorable and worthy death of the
Champion, how in the height of pleasure
own Conscience, Describ'd a Trophie he

After all this glorious proceeding,
the common fame of his death to be
the best of his death to be

For this, that he undertook the
death of his Countreyes, and having
slew the King, and having
slew the King, and having

And in the City of Rome, before the
Dominion kept his Court, and the
Dominion kept his Court, and the

And in the City of Rome, before the
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CHAP.

The second part of the



CHAP. XXI.

Of the honourable and worthy death of the *Italian* Champion, how in the heighth of pleasure in his own Countrey, Death by a Propheſie ſeized upon him.



After all theſe aforeſaid proceedings, Nature the common Purſe of us all, ſo wrought in the heart of Saint Anthony the Champion for Italy, that he undertook the next Tragicall Enterprize, and leaving S. George with S. Andrew, reſting their crazed bones in the Emperours Court of Conſtantinople, where they lately atchieved ſo many praifes of Knight-hood, he took his journey towards Italy, and knowing by courſe of nature, that his dayes were not many, purpoſed there to ſet up his limes reſt, and in death to ſmash up all Earthly troubles. So coming after long Journeys to the City of Rome, where the Emperour Domitian kept his Court, and the City being then in her chiefest pomp and gloze, won great deſire in the Champions minde to ſee the Monuments of the ſame.

So upon a morning going from his Lodging, he walked up and down the Streets with great admiration, and ſed his eye with many delightfull objects. Firſt, with great wonder hee ſtood gazing upon the Monuments that were erected in the Honour of all their famous Emperours, Conſuls, Orators, and Conquerours, things which yeilded him great pleaſure. The next thing that his eyes delighted in, was the Temple of the twelve Sybels, a moſt miraculous building: in which Temple were all their Propheſies inrolled, as alſo the beginning and ending

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ending of the whole Catalogue of the Heathen Gods, as Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Apollo, and such like, with their manner of worship. The next that hee saw was the House of Remus and Romulus that builded Rome, a building of much worthinesse. Next unto it stood an ancient Prison (an old rotten thing) where the man lay, that was condemned to death, and could have no body come to him and succour him, but was searcht, yet was kept alive a long space by sucking of his Daughters breasts. After this he saw Pompeys Theater, reputed one of the nine Wonders of the World: the Emperour Nero's Tombe maintained with disgrace, for the offence hee did in setting Rome on fire. To conclude, hee spent many dayes in viewing the Partyes Tombs, and other Reliques brought from Ierusalem. Amongst many other delightfull sights, hee came into a Chappell dedicated unto himselfe, called The Honour of Saint Anthony: wherein was portrayed in Alabaster Pictures, the true formes of all the Champions of Christendome, with the Stories of all their Adventures, Combats, Turnaments, and Battels, their Imprisonments, Dangers, and Enchantments, all Portrayed and Pictured up by Enchantment and Witchcraft, whereupon ran a Prophecie, that the Patron of this Chappell should ever live unconquered, and never embrace death, till his eyes were witness of the same Portraytures which in golden Letters were subscribed over the Chappell Dore or entrance. All which when Saint Anthony had beheld, and knowing by Inspiration himselfe to be the man, with a meek minde embraced his own end, and never after departed the Chappell, but remained kneeling in the same upon the bare Marble, making his Prayers of repentance to the eternall Desty, till pale Destiny had cut off the shreds of his old dayes.

And thus being converted to mouldy earth, the Emperour caused him to be Intombed in the same Chappell: and over his Grave, to set a magnificent Chaire, in which Chaire for many yeares after, the Roman Conquerours received their Laurell rewards of Parttall Victory, under whose Banner and Name, even to this day they make their Adventures: so with high Honour and Fame, both lived and dyed this prayse worthy Champion Saint Anthony of Italy.

The second part of the



CHAP. XXII.

Of the Martyrdome of Saint *Andrew* the Scottish Champion, and how his death was revenged by the King of that Countrey, and by what meanes *Scotland* was brought unto the Christian Faith.

Saint George and Saint Andrew were the two last Champions that stayed together, and as it seemed, the dearest love remained between them two: but yet rusty Time, with his swift course would needs part them, and break his their united Fellowship. For the summons of Honour so animated the bold heart of the Scottish Champion, that hee burned with desire to see his native Countrey, and to behold the place of his first being: so leaving Constantinople, only honoured with the presence of Saint George and his three Sonnes, in great jollity of minde hee travelled month by month, week by week, day by day, till time and Fate set him happily in the Kingdome of Scotland: where having not ben in many yeares before, hee received such entertainment as if hee had bene the greatest Emperour of the world: for all the Streets and Passages as hee went, were furnished with people of the best regard, to give him a gracious welcome to his native home; especially the King himselfe, who for the love and honour hee bore unto his Name and Knight-hood, lodged him in his own Palace, and Proclaymed for his Noble welcome, a Princely Turnament to be holden for the space of fifteen dayes: in which time all the Nobility and martiall Knights of Scotland performed such well approved Atchievements,

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Achievements, that not Greece, Constantinople, Rome, nor
 Jerusalem could equall them in the least regard: but Saint An-
 drew being now grown aged, and unapt for such princely
 Encounters, safe as a Beholder, censuring of the best deserber,
 and gave such due commendations as befitted so gailant a
 Company: and for a fare-well of such time-honoured Pa-
 trimes, hee desired leaue of the King to depart, and to spend
 the remnant of his life in priuate contemplations, for the
 good of his Soule, and to wash away with the water of true
 penitence, all the blood hee had spilt in his Travell about the
 World, in the maintenance of Knight-hood: a request so rea-
 sonable, that the King could not refuse but give his consent.
 So taking leaue of his Majesty, and the rest of the Nobility
 and Knights there present, hee departed up to a Mountain
 farre remote from the Kings Court, under which by Nature
 was erected a Cave or hollow Vault, wherem he remained
 for the space of a yeare, studying Divinity, and the com-
 mands of his Redeemer, Scotland being then a rude and
 heathenish Countrey, where the common sort of people
 inhabited, by which meanes hee was much admired, and
 supposed to bee sent from some place unknown, as a Mes-
 senger to bring them evill tidings. Whereupon those misbe-
 lieving people by a common consent (taking him for some
 subtle Conspirer against their Pagan Gods, which as then
 they worshipped) put him secretly to death, and after cut-
 ting off his Head in hope of Reward, bore it to the King,
 deeming they had done a Deed of much deserved commenda-
 tions. Which inhumane cruelty when the King saw, with
 much griefe hee lamented the losse of this good man, and with
 all speed in revenge of his death, raised a power of his best
 resolved Knights of Warre, putting every one to the Sword,
 both woman, man, and childe, that in any manner consented
 to the Champions Partydome: and after in procelle of time,
 appointed a Monastery to be built in the same place where hee
 died, causing the whole Kingdome to be brought in subjection
 to a quiet Government, and Chriskened in the right Beliefe of
 this holy Father. This was the last Deed of Saint Andrew,
 by whose death Scotland receibed the true Faith, in which it
 now remaineth.



CHAP. XXIII.

Of the Adventure performed by Saint George: how hee received his death by the sting of a venomous Dragon: and of the Honours and Royalties done unto his Name, being Entituled our English Patron of Knight-hood.



Now drops my weary Muse, for she is come unto her latest Tragedy; Saint George is summoned to the Barre of Death, where magnificent Honour stands ready to give his Name a Noble Renown to all ensuing Ages.

This illustrious Champion, when he was left alone, as you heard, in the company of his three Sonnes, Guy, Alexander and David, strange imaginations day by day possessed his minde, that hee could not rest nor sleep: sometimes supposing his companions were in great distresse: other while when they had won the chiefest goale of Honour, little needing his knightly service and assistance: sometimes one thing, sometimes another so molested him, that he must needs make his adventure to follow them. Whereupon taking his three Sonnes together, hee went to the Grecian Emperour and requested that they might all foure depart with his leave and liking; for knightly adventures had challenged them all to appeare in some forraign region where noble Achievements were to be performed; but where and in what Countrey his

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Destiny had not yet revealed to him. So furnishing them all four in Habillments of shining Steele, they left Constanti-
nople, as it were guided by Fate, untill they came into Eng-
land, then called Britaine, whose chalky Cliftes Saint George
had not seen in twice twelbe yeares, and now comming with
a sweet embracement to his native Countrey, he gave his three
Sonnnes thereinto a most ioyfull welcome, shewing them (to
their great comfort) the brave Situation of the Towns and
Cities, and the pleasant prospects of the fields as they passed,
untill they came within the sight of the City of Coventry,
where he was born, and receibed his first being: upon whose
glistering Pinnacles no sooner casting his eye-sight, but the
Inhabitants interrupted his pleasurable Delights with a
dolefull Report, how upon Dunsmore-Heath, as then, remained
an Infectious Dragon, that so annoyed the Countrey, that
the Inhabitants thereabout could not passe the Heath without
great danger: and how that fifteen Knights of the Kingdome
had already lost their lves in adventring to suppress the
same. Also giving him to understand of a Prophecie, That a
Christian Knight never born of Woman, should be the De-
stroyer thereof, and his Name in after Ages for accomplishing
the Adventure, should be holden for an eternall Honour to the
Kingdom. Saint George no sooner hearing thereof, and what
torments, his native Countrey received by this infectious
Dragon, and knowing himselfe to be the Knight, grew so
incouraged, that hee purposed presently to put the Adventure
in tryall, and either to free his Countrey from so great a
danger, or to finish his dayes in the attempt: so taking leave
of his Sons and the rest there present, hee rode forward with
as noble a spirit, as he did in Egypt, when he there comba-
ted with the burning Dragon. So comming to the middle
of the Plaine, where his infectious enemy lay couched in the
ground, in a deep Cave, who by a strange instinct of nature
knowing his death to draw neare, made such a yelling noyse,
as if the Element had burst with Thunder, or the Earth had
broke with a terrible exhalation: so comming from his Den,
and spying the Champion, hee ran with such fury against
him, as if hee would have devoured both man and horse in a
moment, but the Champion being quick and nimble, gave
the Dragon such way, that hee mist him, and with his sting

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ran full throo into the Earth: but recovering, hee turned again with such rage upon Saint George, that he had almost beate his Horse over and over, but that the Dragon having no stay of his strength, fell with his back downward upon the ground, and his feet upward, whereat the Champion taking advantage, kept him still down with his Horse standing upon him fighting as you see in the Picture of Saint George, with his Lance goeing him thorow in divers parts of the body; and withall contrariwise the Dragons sting annoyed the good Knight in such sort, that the Dragon being no sooner slaine and betwisted in his venomous gore, but Saint George likewise took his deaths wound by the deep strokes of the Dragons sting, which hee received in divers parts of his Body, that bled in such abundance, that his strength began to enfeeble, and grow weak, yet retaining the true noblenesse of minde, he valiantly returned Victoz to the City of Coventry, where his three Sons with the whole Inhabitants stood without the Gates in great royalty to receive him, and to give him the Honour that belonged to so worthy a Conquerour, who no sooner arrived before the City, and presented them with the Dragons Head which so long had annoyed the Countrey, but what with the abundance of blood that issued from his deep wounds, and the long bleeding without stopping the same, hee was forced in his Sonnes armes to yeld up his last breath, for whom his three Princely Sonnes long lamented, making the greatest moans that ever was made in any Kingdome, and againe they were so seconded with the griefe of the whole Countrey, that all the Land from the King to the Shepheard, mourned for him for the space of a Moneth: which heable time being ended, the King of this Countrey being a vertuous and noble Prince, advanced Saint Georges three Sonnes to noble Offices: First, the eldest of them named Guy, to be Earle of Warwick, and high Chamberlaine of his Household. The next named Alexander, according to his name, to be Captaine Generall of his Knights of Chivalry. And the youngest named David, to be his Cup-bearer, and Controulor of all his Revels and Delights. And likewise in remembrance of their Noble Father the Christian Champion, hee ordained for ever after to be kept a sollemne Procession about

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about the Kings Court, by all the Princes and chiefe Nobility of the Countrey, upon the 23 day of April, naming it Saint George's Day, upon which day he was most solemnly interred in the City where he was born, though now by the ruines of Time defaced and abolished. He likewise decreed by the consent of the whole Kingdome, that the Patron of the Land should bee named Saint George, our Christian Champion, in that hee had fought so many Battels in the Honour of Christendome. All which hee see (with many more Honours) to this day here maintained in remembrance of this good Knight, who (no doubt) resteth in eternall peace with the other renowned Champions of Christendom: so God grant we may doe all.

Amen.

FINIS.
